5¢ a copy

March 24, 1928

IOLA FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

THE WEEKLY

PETER B. KYNE !

Cover by Harold Brett

RING LARDNER !

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instinctively
. . they demand the best

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

Their chauffeurs are the smartest; their motors, the finest. Experience . . . the world they live in . . . has taught them to demand the best . . . instinctively.

It is significant that at almost every favored resort there has developed an overwhelming preference for Texaco Motor Oil.

But this tendency, however marked, is not surprising. It merely serves to indicate a growing realization that no engine, regardless of price, is ever superior to its motor oil; that no motor oil is really fine unless it can insure constant, trouble-free service. *And this golden Texaco can, and does.*

For Texaco is free of tars, paraffin wax and cylinder stock . . . substances present in many motor oils which tend to dull fine engine performance.

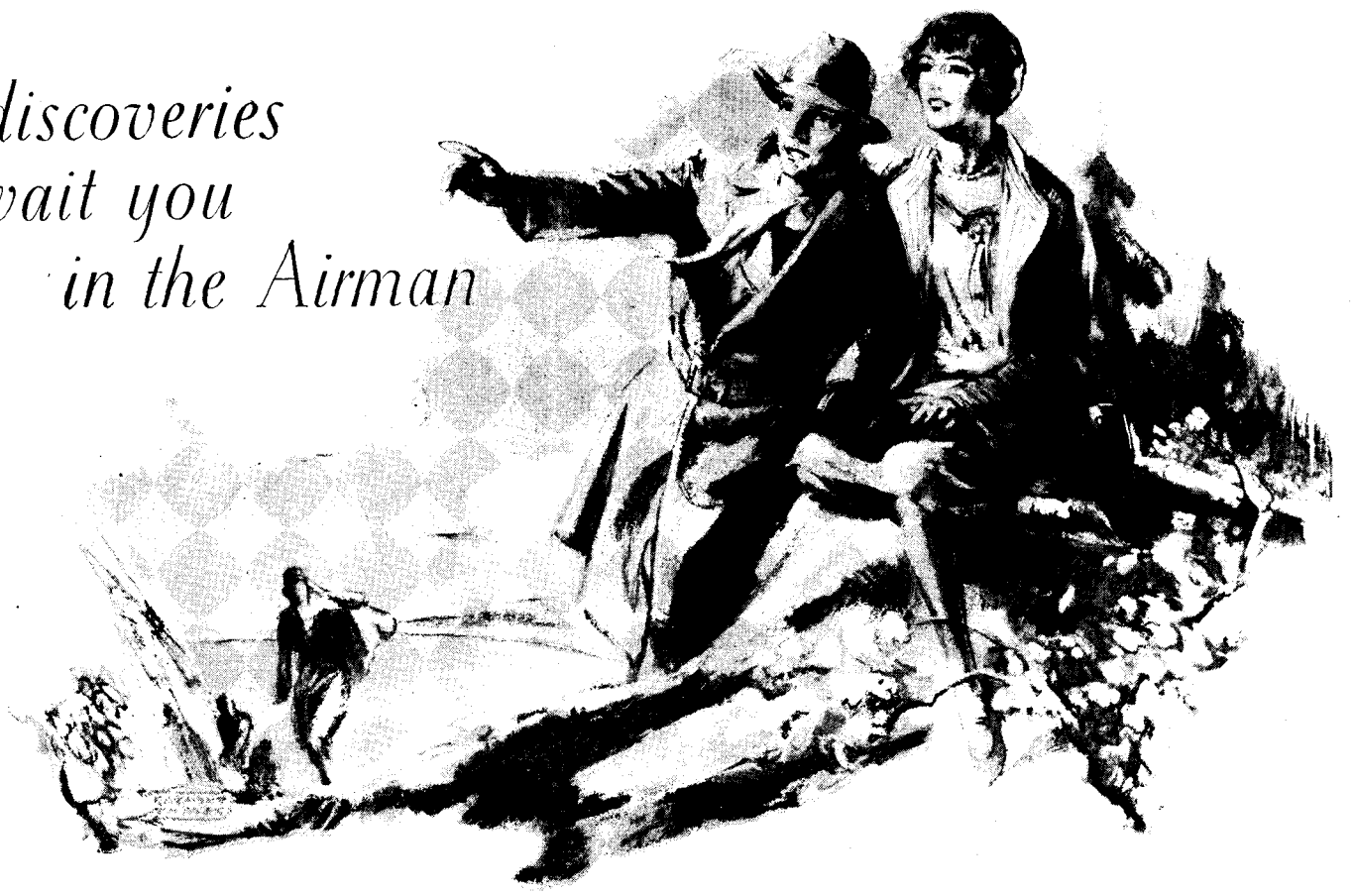
Whatever car you drive . . . whatever its type of engine . . . there is a grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil authorized for it, at the sign of the Texaco Red Star and Green T.

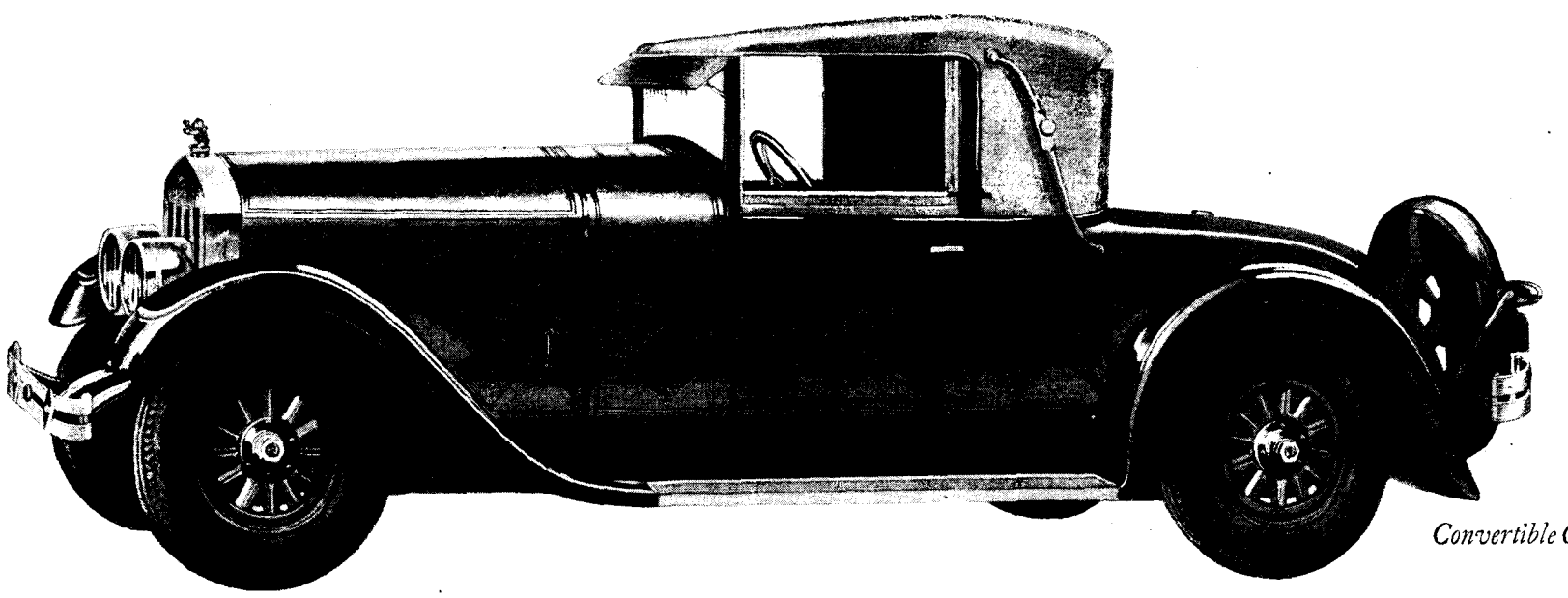
TEXACO
GOLDEN
MOTOR OIL

THE TEXAS COMPANY, 17 Battery Place, New York City, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

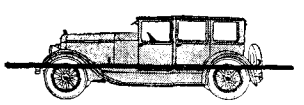
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New discoveries await you in the Airman





Convertible Coupe



Another Exclusive Superiority Feature—light unsprung weight—the weight of all parts below the springs. With scientific light-weight construction, the pounding of the road is greatly reduced—the chassis absorbing part of the shocks, the springs taking care of the balance—and the body riding easily and smoothly.

THIS year—more than ever before—automobile buyers realize that if a car is to be out-of-the-ordinary, it must be built specifically to achieve that distinction.

Aviation's spectacular endorsement of air-cooling affords the latest indication that Franklin possesses exclusive superiorities in performance. The powerful Airman motor has the zooming pickup of the airplane. A touch of the accelerator sends the car dashing ahead, eager to display its flashing ability. Road emergencies are always met with a liberal reserve of power that is thrilling.

And the exclusiveness of the Airman's motor extends equally to the car's handling, riding comfort and beauty. High speed can be maintained for hours on end—with no overheating or injury to the motor—and with absolute comfort for driver and passengers. Balancing this speed are synchronized, 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes to assure positive action and utmost security at all times. Scientific light-weight construction and Franklin's unique spring suspension make for a fuller, more restful comfort.

There are now thousands of experienced motorists ready to advise you not to select your next car, until you have ridden in "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built"—and investigated the favorable terms on which Airman ownership may be arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Airman Series **FRANKLIN**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walls..Ceilings..and Floors

Armstrong's Cork Products

in new home of Oneida Community, Ltd.

Beauty, silence, and warmth follow complete installation of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors and Armstrong's Corkboard Walls

CAN the spirit of an organization be expressed in its business home? How emphatically this can be answered in the affirmative is shown by the new home of Oneida Community, Ltd.

For years this company of craftsmen have been making Community Plate. All their effort has been toward the creation of things of beauty—things that also possessed the practical virtues of economy plus long wear.

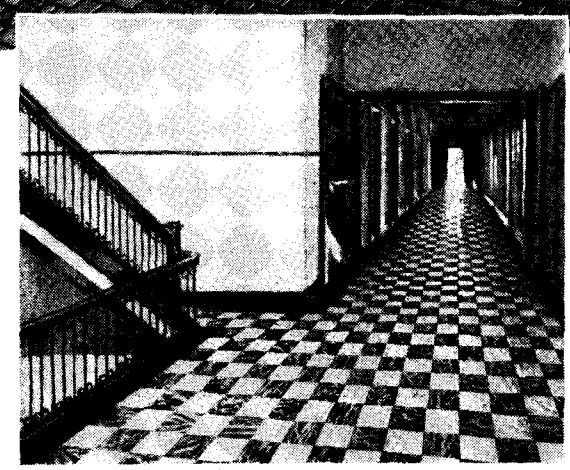
This spirit of beauty combined with the practical has been carried out admirably in their new office building at Oneida, N. Y.

To begin with, the walls and ceilings of the large general office are "plated" with blocks of corkboard made by Armstrong's. Apart from their unusual beauty, these walls of cork are sound-deadening and heat-insulating, and they call for no upkeep expense.

Blending with the walls in beauty as well as practicability are the floors of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum. Wherever you walk, your footsteps are cushioned and quieted by this springy cork linoleum. Wherever you look, your eyes are greeted by its smooth, colorful surface.

Albert L. Brockway, Syracuse architect, who designed this modern business home, will tell you that floors of Armstrong's Linoleum grace his own office, that he has used such floors in schools particularly for over ten years, that they were a natural choice for the new headquarters of Oneida Community Plate.

These new Armstrong Floors can help your own office, store, or shop express the spirit of your business. There are scores of appropriate designs to choose from at good department, furniture, or linoleum stores near you. Any floor you select can be laid quickly and inexpensively—cemented in place over builders' deadening felt.



ABOVE: *Board room of Oneida Community, Ltd. Ceiling is Armstrong's Corkboard, natural finish. The floor is Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, Design No. 6033 with border of black linoleum . . .* LEFT: *One of the corridors with an Armstrong Floor that adds to the lighting effect, Marble Inlaid Design No. 85.*

New book brings complete story. "Enduring Floors of Good Taste," a 48-page book on floor facts, will be sent you free. (In Canada, 25c.) Just address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 903 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPE · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y.: New York, N. Y.; Harrisburg, Pa., and Galesburg, Ill.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published weekly by P. F. Collier & Son Company at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. London: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. 2. *Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.*

Volume Eighty-one
Number Twelve

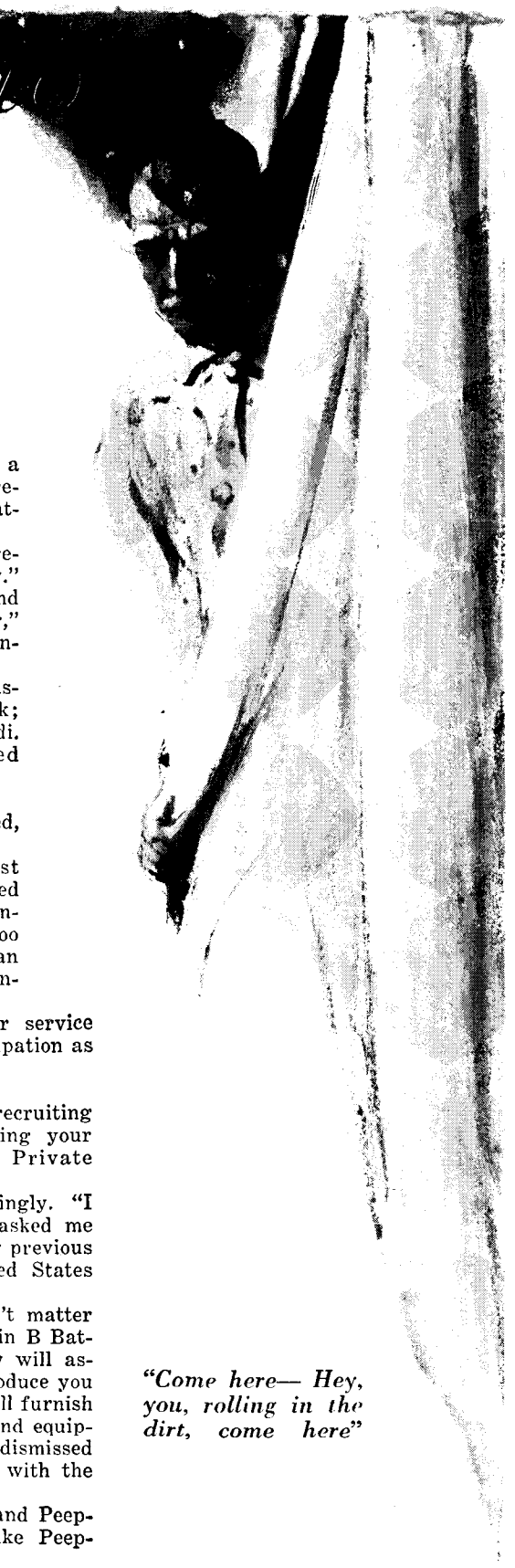
March 24, 1928

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries

Promoting Patricio

A red-headed Mexican with an Irishman's wit enlists in the U. S. army

By PETER B. KYNE



WHEN Patricio Diego Gradi of Casas Grandes, Mexico, decided to enlist in the United States army in 1917 he took advantage of a privilege which the recruiting officer informed him was his as a volunteer. He could choose his own branch of the service. So Patricio chose the —th Field Artillery, although, as a matter of fact, he preferred the cavalry. However, as everybody knew, the United States was not sending any cavalry to France, but was retaining such regiments as it did not "galvanize" into field artillery or machine-gun battalions, to guard the international border. Patricio knew there was going to be more or less shooting along the border for some time to come, and it was repugnant to him to make war upon his own people. So he chose a regiment of a division scheduled for service in France, because field artillery is horse-drawn and Patricio loved horses; never by God's grace could he be entirely happy far from the ammoniacal aroma of a stable.

They sent him to Camp Kearny, California, where he put in three miserable weeks. At the end of this period he was presumed to have assimilated the rudiments of military etiquette and company drill and to be free of all infectious diseases, so he was sent to the adjutant of the —th, who assigned him to Battery B, the destinies of which were presided over by a captain who had gone from private to first lieutenant in the regular army, and resigned, to return to the service as a captain in this National Guard regiment for the present emergency.

HIS men called him Peep-sight, a tribute to his uncanny ability to gaze into any aperture, no matter how tiny, and find dirt there. As a military man he was hard as lignum vitæ, but as a human being he was soft in spots, and the quickest and surest way to develop these spots was for somebody outside his battery to attribute unmilitary or scandalous conduct to a member of his battery. He knew his business and was beloved by his men, who feared him and trusted him.

Peep-sight was in his first sergeant's tent when Patricio Gradi arrived to report for duty. His cool, blue eyes rested on the recruit appraisingly; he drew a cool, blue, appraising look in return. The recruit came to attention, saluted and said:

"Private Patricio Gradi reports to the captain for duty."

"I have his service record and the order of assignment, sir," the first sergeant, Grasby, announced.

"I'll have a look at it, Grasby." So Peep-sight had his look; then he nodded to Private Gradi. "Your name is pronounced Grah-dee, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were you educated, Private Gradi?"

"At Chapultepec, the West Point of Mexico, sir. Graduated and commissioned in the infantry, but resigned. There are too many generals in the Mexican army and not enough lieutenants and privates."

Peep-sight grinned. "Your service record gives your civilian occupation as customs guard."

"Yes, sir."

"I observe you gave the recruiting officer no information touching your previous military service, Private Gradi."

Private Gradi smiled charmingly. "I thought he meant, when he asked me that question, if I had had any previous military service in the United States army, sir."

"Oh, I see. Well, it doesn't matter now. I hope you'll be happy in B Battery. First Sergeant Grasby will assign you to quarters and introduce you to the supply sergeant, who will furnish you with necessary clothing and equipment." With his eyes he dismissed Private Gradi, who departed with the first sergeant.

When Grasby returned he and Peep-sight exchanged glances. Like Peep-

"Come here— Hey, you, rolling in the dirt, come here"

Table of contents on page 53

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He clasped his abdomen and moaned horribly

sight, Grasby was an old soldier. "Well, what does the captain make of Private Gradi?" he queried. "I've never seen a Mexican like that bird before."

"Oh, nothing particularly strange about him, Sergeant. He's a pure-bred Castilian, that's all, and Titian-haired Castilians are not at all a rarity. Some infusion of northern European blood in days gone by. You'll see the same thing in northern Italy."

"Speaks perfect English, with just a faint Spanish accent."

"They educate them well in Chapultepec, and, then, he's lived along the border all his life, I suppose."

"He's big enough for a color sergeant. Another half inch and he'd be too tall for field artillery. Must weigh a hundred and eighty, yet he walks like a cat."

"I think he's a bluebird," said Peep-sight decisively. "He's too dog-goned military."

"Why not, if he graduated from Chapultepec?"

"He got a second layer of military training somewhere, and it looks like ours, Grasby."

"Quite true, sir. He's been in camp three weeks, and a man with his military background would slip into our methods as handily as the captain slips into his overcoat. He strikes me as a bright young fellow. You know, sir, some of these war-time rooks are more military after three weeks in camp than a peace-time soldier is after three years in the line."

"I know. Wooden-soldier stuff. None of that about Gradi, however. He didn't salute me with the exaggerated snap of the overanxious recruit or the solemn dignity of a Mexican. He stood before me easy, graceful and unembarrassed, and looked me over from heels to hair; when he stood to attention he stood as an American soldier stands, with every muscle relaxed; when he departed he made a correct enlisted man's about-face, like one who is no stranger to the movement. At any rate, I'm suspicious of him. Grasby, I can smell a bluebird no matter how hard he strives to conceal it. One enlistment runs a brand on a man; it causes him to do things, not like a man who is striving very earnestly to be perfect, but like one who *is* perfect, and does his job easily and automatically."

"Well, thank God his legs suggest that he knows horses. He'll be an asset if he behaves himself, sir. I'll make him a driver."

"Not with his background, Grasby. He'll be a scout on my battery detail. That auburn-haired rascal is highly intelligent."

Meanwhile Private Gradi was recalling the old service ribbons he had seen on Peep-sight's breast. "Thank God for a soldier," he reflected. "My last worry is gone. I was afraid I'd find myself up against some ex-bookkeeper for a battery commander when I chose this National Guard outfit. He's a sharp son. Had a funny look in his eyes when he looked me over. Guess I'd better watch my step."

THE following morning when the skipper came down to stables he found Private Gradi grooming a horse on the picket line. So he paused to observe Private Gradi's grooming technique, and the recruit, observing that he was under inspection, used the currycomb below the horse's knees. "If he knows his business he'll rawhide me for that," Private Gradi soliloquized. But Peep-sight said nothing, and while Private Patricio Gradi was marveling at his repression, the horse struck him with the leg he was grooming.

"They always do that when you curry their shins, Private Gradi," Peep-sight informed him kindly. "We learn by our mistakes. Currycomb to flesh, but brush to bone. You knew that too! Serves you right for getting a dab from your horse. You'll remember what you know next time."

"We didn't have any horses to groom in camp, sir," Private Gradi protested humbly.

"No excuse. You knew better, I tell you. Anybody should know better," he added, and passed on. But he was back again in time to see Private Gradi saddle the horse, and noted with satisfaction that the recruit cleaned the blanket thoroughly, even lightly scraping the caked sweat and dirt from the under side with the currycomb, then brushing it vigorously. Finally he passed his hand over it, and, satisfied that it would not gall the horse, folded it in the approved fashion, saw that it was free of wrinkles, grasped it exactly in the middle of the fold and set it on his horse in such a manner that, once on, it required no adjustment. Nor did he throw the saddle on, but first spoke to the horse and then gently lifted the saddle into place and drew the cinch. Then he glanced at his wrist watch, observed that it lacked fifteen minutes of drill call, and cinched the horse lightly. Later he would tighten the cinch.

Then he bridled the animal, and the captain saw that he examined the cheek straps, decided they were too tight and let them out a hole. Next he picked up his horse's feet, examined them, cleaned them with a knife that had on it a tool for cleaning hoofs, ran his hand over the animal's back and down his rump, felt his hocks for signs of incipient spavin and said to the stable sergeant: "Too much daylight under this horse, and his back's too long. Standard breed. I'm too heavy for him. Better let some light man have him, Sergeant."

JUST then he encountered the skipper's glance fixed upon him in vast amusement, and blushed.

"Come and look at the other mounts on the picket line, Private Gradi," the skipper suggested. "You might find a real saddle type." He walked down the picket line and Gradi followed. When they were safe from eavesdroppers the captain said:

"My son, you're a bluebird."

"What does the captain mean?"

"The captain means that you've done a hitch in our mounted service before coming to this outfit. For some reason you cannot legally reënlist, but since you can't be happy outside the service—and particularly the mounted service—you have enlisted anyhow. The bluebird, you know, is the symbol of happiness, according to poetic tradition, so such men as you are known in the army as bluebirds, and damned well aware you are of it. Did you desert or were you bobtailed out of our service?"

"Neither, sir—on my word of honor. I was honorably discharged."

"You stated in your service record that you had not had previous military service."

"Yes, sir."

"That statement you swore to. It constitutes a fraudulent enlistment. Do you know the punishment for that?"

"It varies, sir," said Private Gradi cautiously. "The recruiting officer warned me about making a fraudulent enlistment. In fact, he warned every man he enlisted—as a matter of routine, I imagine."

"You enlisted in Nogales, Arizona. Why?"

"It was the nearest recruiting station, sir."

"Hum-m! But you expressed a preference for this regiment. Why? I'll tell you. You didn't want to join a regular outfit, because you'd soldiered in one once and didn't wish to take a chance on being recognized. So you picked a National Guard regiment in federal service. Originally you served in a cavalry regiment on the border. But you had to serve with horses and as the cavalry was closed to you there remained only the field artillery—and here you are! Well, I'll take your word of honor that you aren't a deserter and that you were never dishonorably discharged. What reasons have you, therefore, for concealing your previous mili-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary service and making a fraudulent enlistment?"

"If I tell the captain, will he throw me in the mill and have me tried?"

"Of course not. You got by the physician that examined you in Nogales, and that means you're physically fit. And you look like a white man even if you are a Mexican. Did you enlist under your real name?"

"Yes, sir. And I concealed my previous military service because I was crazy to go to this war and see active service, and while I have an honorable discharge from the 12th Cavalry I got it on an S. C. D."

"Surgeon's certificate of disability, eh? You don't look like a cripple to me. Why didn't the last medico who examined you discover the disability?"

"It's a memory disease, sir. Amnesia."

"That's much too bad, Gradi. Do you still suffer from it?"

"I haven't since I was discharged, sir."

"Well, let us hope you've entirely recovered. Amnesia is said to be congenital—nervous origin and occasionally, I am told, it is due to intestinal trouble, toxic poisoning. Well, let's understand each other, Gradi. The first time you forget who you are I'll have you up before a medical board for another S. C. D. I'd hate to do it, but you know as well as anybody that a victim of amnesia is a military nuisance. I could never trust you on a mission alone."

"I'm certain I'll not have any more attacks, sir. If the captain will give me a chance—"

"The captain will, because the captain sees you know your business. You're a trained soldier and you know horses; so if you retain your mental health and behave yourself—well, I'll have my eye on you, Gradi."

"I THANK the captain. The captain understands exactly the fix I was in. I just had to go to this war, sir, and I couldn't take a chance on being recognized as an S. C. D. and snaked out again."

Peep-sight smiled indulgently.

"That dark-dappled brown with the black points will do me nicely, sir."

"That's the battery outlaw, Gradi."

"Just a misunderstood horse, sir. He hasn't the eye of an outlaw. I imagine he's merely embarrassed. I'll gentle him."

"Very well. You're relieved from all other duty while gentling that horse. And when he's safe for me to ride I'll rank you out of him. That nag always did look good to me."

"It will be a very great pleasure to gentle him for the captain. I think I owe the captain that much."

"Well, anyhow," the skipper remarked, as he walked away, "you're not a liar—that is, not very much of a liar. And that little I can forgive. How long since you had your last attack of amnesia?"

Private Patricio Gradi pondered. "All of three months, sir."

"Did you have them with great frequency prior to that?"

"I only had one attack, sir. One was enough. They caught me at it."

For three months Patricio Gradi was a perfect soldier; if he had a physical defect nobody in B battery knew of it. Then the battery was paid, and the day following that being Saturday and a half holiday, Private Gradi decided to go to San Diego for the week-end. In San Diego he ate a good dinner in the best restaurant, went to the theatre and retired in good order to a cheap but respectable hotel, where his Nemesis overtook him. In the room next to him a poker game was going on—going on so noisily, in fact, that presently Private Gradi arose, dressed, went to the door of that room and knocked. A voice bade him enter.

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

"Hello, buddy, what's gone wrong with you?"

At a table in the center of the room he found five infantrymen engaged in the national pastime. "You fellows talk too loud and too much for poker players," Private Gradi protested gently. "I have the room next door, and you are keeping me awake. I have called to ask you to pipe down."

"Fair enough, buddy, fair enough," the banker agreed. "We got a spare seat here, if you got any jack. How about buyin' a stack? You can sleep all day tomorrow. It's Sunday."

Patricio Gradi considered the invitation. He was a soldier, and down where he came from all men were gamblers, all white men poker players. He decided suddenly that no infantryman could play better poker than he; silently he slid into the proffered seat and paid for his stack of chips.

AT EIGHT o'clock Sunday morning, when the game broke up temporarily, so that the players might breakfast, he was a wealthy soldier. Following breakfast he went back into the combat and played with varying fortune until 10:30 P. M., when, quite suddenly, he remembered he had a hotel bill to pay; also he was under the necessity of buying a railroad ticket back to Camp Kearny. So he quit the game, paid his bill and walked down to the station, where he discovered he lacked fifty-five cents of the sum requisite to purchase a ticket!

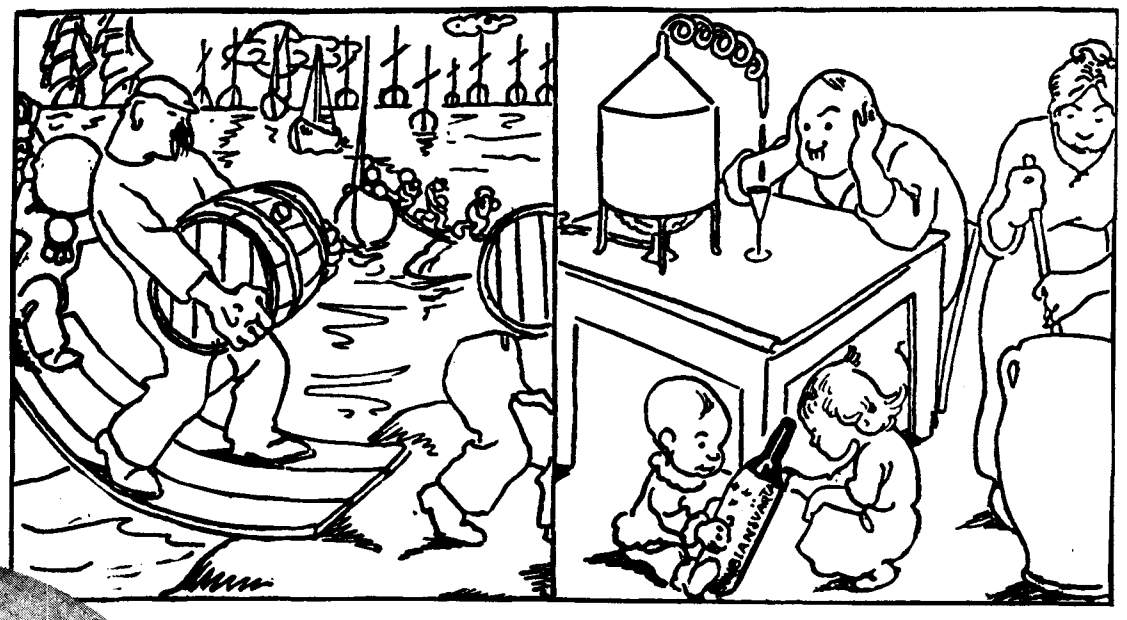
He reviled himself for his thoughtlessness in neglecting to purchase a round-trip ticket when leaving camp the day before and hurried to a local hotel, much frequented by officers off duty. Some of them, he felt certain, would be driving back to camp in their motor cars, and he planned to beg a ride of such a one; failing that, he would endeavor to borrow from some officer the price of a taxi ride back.

To his horror, he discovered no officers around that hotel; there was not a human being (*Continued on page 34*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swedish Punch

NEARLY 2,000,000 members of Swedish prohibition societies voted for the country to be bone-dry; only 20,000 wanted a modified form. Then young Dr. Bratt got them to delay until he could experiment with a system of control and education. Five years later more than half of the original voters favored modified prohibition. The Bratt system had converted a million Bone Drys. Mr. Thorpe explains this amazing system—and its lessons.



Smuggling. **Lönnbränning.**

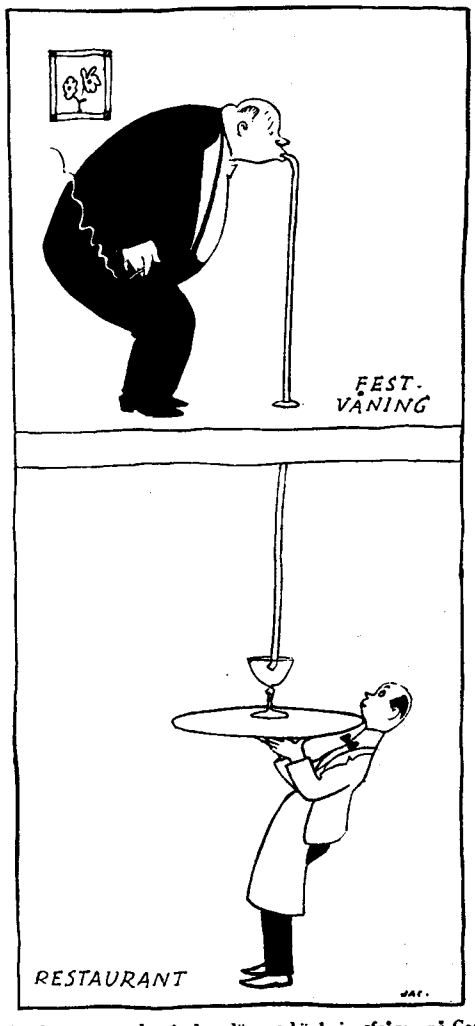
Scandinavian version of familiar prohibition phenomena:

By
MERLE THORPE
Editor of "The Nation's Business"

Ivan Bratt fought Wets and Drys and made them like rational liquor distribution

The Stockholm system solves the liquor problem at the Hotel Carlton

Salomoniskt.



Stockholmssystemet har lyckats lösa utskänkningsfrågan på Carlton

SUPPOSE, ten years ago, when the question of prohibition was first generally up in the United States, someone had issued this challenge to us:

"If you will give me the exclusive job of handling your liquor, I will agree:

"*First*, to reduce the consumption one half quietly and without any general objections.

"*Second*, to eliminate financial incentive all along the line, on the part of manufacturer, distributor and retailer.

"*Third*, to deal with each citizen as an individual, controlling, restricting, and if necessary preventing him from using intoxicating drinks.

"*Fourth*, to administer the whole problem in the interests of morality."

Well—if any person had been audacious enough to make the foregoing proposals, you and I and the great American public would have greeted him with loud guffaws of skepticism.

Such a proposal was made to Sweden in 1909 by a doctor, Ivan Bratt. It was met with ridicule and skepticism.

But Dr. Bratt was a fighter, a persuasive writer, a forceful debater. He hurled himself into as stormy a session as we have experienced and finally beat down both Wets and Drys with his arguments. The City Council of Stockholm in desperation gave him a chance to try out his plan in that city.

FOUR YEARS LATER HE WAS GIVEN ALL SWEDEN.

Dr. Bratt took charge of Stockholm in 1913. The prohibition question was a burning one in Sweden. Only a few years before the prohibition societies had taken a plebiscite of their members, for and against absolute prohibition. The vote was:

For absolute prohibition, 1,800,000.

For modified prohibition, 20,000.

Five years after Dr. Bratt had put his plan into effect all over Sweden the same prohibition societies took another vote—this time of an official character, on the same question. The result was:

For absolute prohibition, 889,000.

For modified prohibition, 924,000.

Dr. Bratt's plan had converted some 900,000 militant Bone Drys to limited prohibition.

I called upon Dr. Bratt in Stockholm recently and listened to a story full of the drama of human interest and human nature. HUMAN NATURE is at the bottom of the drink business, says Dr. Bratt.

Dr. Bratt is a gray-eyed, personable man of forty-five or thereabout, as human in action and conversation as the question with which he deals. I talked with him in his office, where he directs the importation, manufacture, distribution and sale of all the liquor used in Sweden.

"What was it that caused a promising young physician like you to get off into this business?"

To Give Common Sense a Chance

"MY PRACTICE had led me into the study of inebriety and alcoholism, and, in fact, the whole question of stimulants always has had a fascination for me. I thought much might be done by small means—by the application of common sense to the heart of the problem.

"Well, in 1909 there was a violent agitation here for absolute prohibition. It seemed as irresistible as fate. There were some of us, however, who felt strongly that the solution of the liquor problem was not so simple as that. We were scientists, removed from the heated arena and could take a practical view. I had been trained to diagnosis entirely detached from emotion. The liquor question is too old and too much a human-nature one to be settled by legislative edict. It's not so simple.

"So we resolved not to go along with the hot-headed crowd, neither the Wets nor the Drys, without some resistance."

Dr. Bratt is modest. Men of judgment in Sweden told me that he alone was the brilliant champion of the cause. He was between two fires. The rabid Drys fought him because he believed in moderate drinking. The Wets fought him because he advocated a restricted distribution to the individual, and they raised the cry of personal liberty.

For Morality—Not Money

DR. BRATT threw himself headlong into the fight. He attacked both extremists with that most disconcerting strategy, a flank attack.

He maintained that it would be impossible to enforce prohibition so long as influential and socially unobjectionable good citizens refused to regard the moderate use of alcohol as a crime. He declared that since alcohol was so easy to make it would be impossible to prevent its manufacture, its use, and bootlegging. Finally he insisted that the natural overwhelming disregard for law in this quarter would break down the general regard for all law.

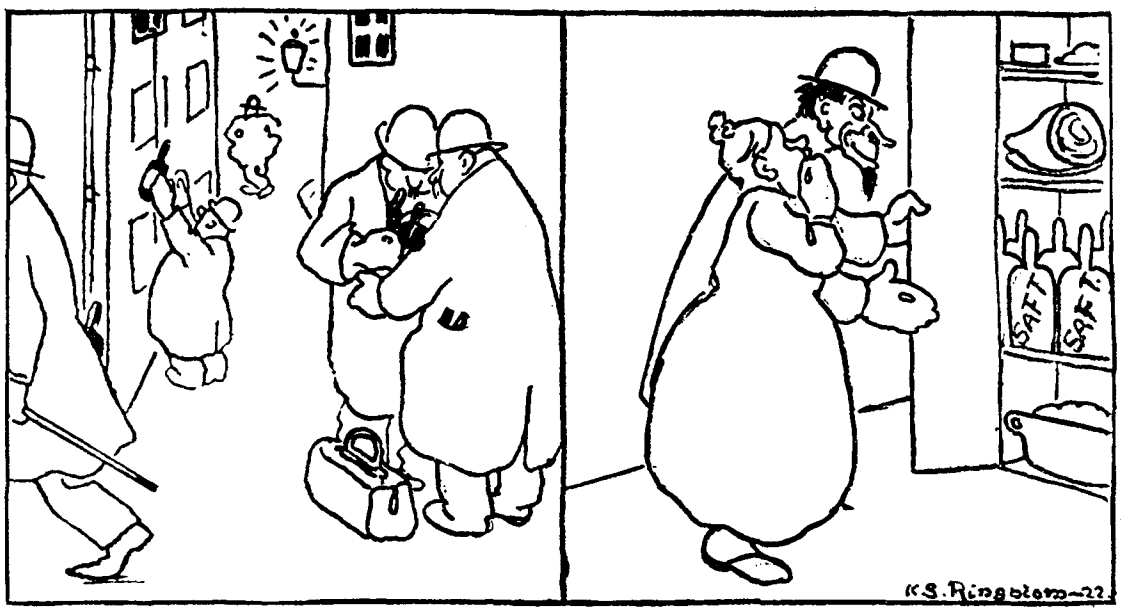
On the other hand he was profoundly convinced that the community should adopt energetic measures to fight alcoholism. He believed such a fight could be made practical and triumphant because in his medical practice he had found what amazingly good results could be obtained if proper methods were used with those who abused alcohol.

I think he probably made himself so pestiferous with his steely logic that both Wets and Drys in self-defense agreed to give him a chance.

Dr. Bratt went to his friends and said: "We're going to organize a business corporation to handle this liquor traffic. We want you to buy stock. You will get only 7 per cent on your money, no matter how big or how small a business we do. Sort of a bond, in fact. We'll give the rest of the profits to the state. Furthermore, as a shareholder you will be permitted to appoint only two of the five directors. We'll let the government appoint the other three as well as a chairman."

So the semiofficial business corporation called the Vin and Spiritcentralen was organized to handle the importation and wholesale and retail sale of spirituous wines and liquors. After the whole of Sweden was given to Dr. Bratt's system, he also took over manu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Langning. **Spioneri och angiveri.**

Smuggling, Home Brewing, Bootlegging and Snooping as cartooned in Sweden

facture—immediately going out and buying 180 liquor-making establishments. The money was raised as before and under the same conditions—a limited income from the investment regardless of the turnover or profits made.

It's the only corporation in the world, I believe, where the stockholders cheer when the manager reports that sales have been constantly falling off.

Thus did Dr. Bratt make good on one of his four promises, the second—he took all financial incentive out of the liquor business.

"But, Dr. Bratt," I said, "since the surplus profits go to the state, the politicians have a financial incentive, haven't they?"

"No," he replied. "We thought of that. The state is not allowed to budget anything from our corporation."

"But you turned over $5,000,000 last year, and won't the Ridsdag just naturally expect money from this source?"

"No," he came back; "we may cut the retail price of liquor tomorrow so that there won't be any profit."

I asked Dr. Bratt to tell me just how he operated.

"We started out—" (Dr. Bratt always used the plural although he could use the perpendicular pronoun in this case with becoming modesty. Furthermore, he always refers to the plan as the Stockholm plan, while every other single person I talked with in Sweden calls it the Bratt System. This is the manner of man able to handle so delicate a job.) "We started out," said Dr. Bratt, "with one idea firmly in our minds: To control the use of liquor properly we must know where each liter goes, and when, how, and for what purposes it is used.

"So, one day in February, 1914, a day I remember very well, we announced that no person would be allowed to buy liquor of the corporation—and remember we had the monopoly—if he had not first obtained a pass book which we would issue upon application only after looking up that person's fitness to have intoxicants."

Not So Dry: 4¼ Quarts a Month

"AH," I interrupted, "I felt there was a catch in it somewhere. We Anglo-Saxons would never stand for that kind of paternal prying into our affairs. We in the United States"—a puffing out of the chest here—"couldn't tolerate a swarm of government spies leering at us from behind every telephone post!"

"Wait a minute! Not so fast!" In his eagerness Dr. Bratt was up and pacing the floor. "Our investigation includes a man's police record. You wouldn't object to our checking up on a longshoreman who applies for liquor and who has been convicted of sticking a knife into a law-abiding citizen, would you? No, of course not. And for that protection you would swallow your Anglo-Saxon pride and let us glance at your police card, wouldn't you? A law-abiding citizen has nothing to fear. A man who beats his wife or who has a record of failing to support his family is persuaded to get along on a little less.

"And"—here the doctor's eyes twinkled—"I understand that it is a bit difficult in certain liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon countries to get a permit to drive an automobile. Examinations, and things!"

I acknowledged the hit, and went on:

"Tell me just how I should go about it to get liquor if I lived in Sweden?"

"First you go to one of the corporation's 120 retail stores, choosing naturally the one in the district where you live, and apply for a pass book. You give your name, address, occupation. You might be called upon to answer a few questions intended to throw light upon your social qualifications—whether you have received poor relief, how large a dwelling you occupy, how large a family, whether you pay taxes, and what quantity of liquor you require a month.

"This information is entered on a card, and after it has been confirmed, and there is no reason for refusing the right to buy, you get your pass book. It carries a serial number corresponding to the number on the card kept in the shop where you are assigned to make your purchases. When you want liquor you fill out an order form in the pass book, sign your name, and get your wine or brandy.

"No one person is allowed more than 4 liters [not quite 4¼ American quarts] a month, the majority of pass-book holders only about 2 liters a month. We are not hidebound in this, however. If you are to have a family-festival, say, we would grant your request for additional liquor. A married woman can get a pass book as well as her husband, but the two of them cannot hold books at the same time. A single woman who earns her livelihood can obtain a pass book—but for a smaller quantity—if not too young. And such pass-book allowance for single women may vary from 1 or 2 quarts a year to 1 or 2 quarts every three months. An unmarried man cannot obtain a pass book until he is twenty-three years old, and the right to purchase then granted is very much restricted.

"Alcoholics and habitual drunkards naturally get no pass books. And if you were found to be irresponsible, paying no taxes, unwilling to work, getting help from charitable institutions, we might give your pass book to Mrs. Thorpe."

"Of course," I commented, "everyone calls for the maximum amount?"

"You say that because you are from the United States," he replied. "I told you this liquor question had its roots deep in human nature. Here's one proof: When the system went into effect everyone demanded the 4 liters—that is, 98 per cent of the people did. Gradually, when the fear of not having liquor had disappeared, men and women found that they did not want so much so often. In a little while less than 40 per cent *asked* for the maximum, and the 60 per cent asked for so much less that the total consumption of spirits had dropped to half what it was before the new system was inaugurated."

Score two more for Dr. Bratt—the first and the third of his promises.

"Human nature," said Dr. Bratt earnestly, "controls the secret key to the liquor question. It is more a matter of the head than of the stomach. The head wants liquor when the stomach is indifferent or even rebels. Reformers, honest and courageous, don't always appreciate this. Let me give you another striking instance:

Human Nature Won't Be Bossed

"WHEN the system went into effect in Stockholm there was an immediate dropping off in the number of arrests for drunkenness. Then in 1919 Sweden had to go on a war-rationing basis and alcohol was included. Only enough liquor was distributed for bare medical purposes and the cases of drunkenness dropped almost to nothing. But only for three months! Then, with the restrictions in full blast, drunkenness began to increase at a terrible pace, until it was higher than when there was the regulation distribution of liquor. The restrictions had reached the breaking point. This (*Continued on page 39*)

Swedish State Railways

The service bar of a Swedish restaurant

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Bill

At last, his final bond gone under the bulging of muscles, he surged up the bank

LARRY and Judy sat on a bale of hay behind an empty wagon in the menagerie tent of the Mighty Marvel Circus, oblivious to their surroundings. This was a day of great reckoning.

Twenty miles away the Top Notch Wagon Shows existed as best it could for the day without a managerial head and its two star performers. Only a matter of the utmost importance could accomplish this, for when Larry Lane did his work upon the high trapeze one seemed to forget the patched tent and faded paint of the wagons; when dark-eyed Judy appeared, airy and buoyant, with her broad-backed riding horses, one watched her with a gasp of surprised pleasure! One rarely saw a pair like this with a wandering wagon show.

Time was when the spotlights of the World's Greatest had gleamed upon Larry Lane as he swung at the top of a mammoth tent; the day had been too when all else had halted in the big top of the World's Largest Circus when Judy came into the ring. But that had been when she was Judy Meridith and before the day when, by tradition, the placing of a silver-mounted bridle upon a favorite ring horse plighted a troth between two performers, soon to be stars of the World's Greatest no longer.

They had talked it over many times during their engagement. Stars in their youth, they were not blind to the fact that there might be other days when, growing older, they would see other stars take their place. Three years ago they had turned to the precarious task of building a circus of their own—and now the greatest day of all had come.

"There's no doubt about him being a money-maker for us," he said. "The only thing, of course, is what would happen if he ever should break out."

Judy nodded.

"Still," she said, "there isn't much danger of that, chained like he is. I do wish we knew what causes him to go on these rampages."

Her husband laughed.

"Well, if that was known the Mighty Marvel wouldn't be parting with him for $500. They'd straighten him up and make him the $25,000 elephant he ought to be. Let's go see the elephant boss."

They rose and walked toward a hulking form which stood a little distance apart from the picket line where were tethered some fifteen members of the Mighty Marvel's elephant herd.

He was a gigantic Indian elephant and towered a full foot higher at the peak of his back than the largest of the near-by herd. His tusks were tremendous: full, unmarred ivory ending in brass knobs dented from many collisions incurred during the spasms of wreckage which had made him an outcast.

GAUNT and wrinkled—his suspicious eyes rolling wickedly at their approach, his massive legs held almost in immobility by heavy chains running first in a rectangle as they hobbled him from all sides, then crossing and recrossing in a steel network until they reached the bands at his upper joints, and held in place by another crossing of chains across his back—the great beast in this bondage gave, indeed, the appearance of what the circus world had named him, a demon. Time was when his picture had been upon the billboards as a circus feature; possession of the biggest elephant in captivity had been a circus ambition ever since the days of Jumbo. But outbreak after outbreak had changed all this; now a circus was willing to part with him for even a niggardly sum if by so doing its responsibility might be ended. It was this tremendous beast of evil reputation which had brought Larry and Judy Lane that day to the Mighty Marvel. Small circuses often gain their menagerie by taking risks.

The elephant keeper noticed them as they came before their prospective purchase and hurried to join them.

"Well," he asked jovially, "decided to give Old Bill a new home?" Then frankly: "Now, listen: I don't want you folks coming back here and saying that I done you a dirty trick. If you ask me, Old Bill's just plain bad. Understand now," he hastened to add, "he's all right as long as you keep them chains on him. But don't you ever make the mistake of letting him bull you into believing he'll be good if you take them off."

"But surely," said Judy, with feminine insistence, "there must be some reason. Was he beaten or treated cruelly?"

"You'll have to go back farther than America if you find that out. Old Bill here's about seventy years old; we know his history for ten of it and that's all. A tramp freighter brought him to San Francisco; some guy had picked him up in India on account of his size. Well, when he started to go bad the World's Greatest tried to find the guy to make him stand hitched on a guarantee he'd given. Swell chance; he never showed up again. Yeh," he added, "all anybody'll ever know about Old Bill is just what has happened in this country. And that ain't any bed of roses. Still, a guy can't kick at the price, can he? And the fact that he's safe as long as the chains are on him."

So went the conversation.

LATE that afternoon they made their way from the treasury wagon to the menagerie. Slow fire burned in their eyes; theirs was the pride of progress and ownership, mingled with apprehension in the taking of tremendous chances. That the Top Notch might hold its little place in the circus world, they had purchased that which might either make or break their show. The next day the tiny menagerie tent of the Top Notch shows suddenly seemed to contract to even lesser proportions. Judy and Larry had arrived after an all-night cross-country trip, bringing Old Bill with them.

"Didn't have a bit of trouble getting him over here," said Larry to the personnel of the little circus, assembled in welcome. "Followed right along. Fact is, he's never caused any trouble that way. It's just a case of him deciding to move out at certain times, especially if his chains have been loosened."

"Sort of temperamental, I guess," said a performer. "I've heard of ele-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Judy Lane's belief that there must be something good in the worst of elephants is put to the test

phants getting that way. Ain't any cure for 'em either."

Thus went the conjectures and conversation of a highly interested little show. To this tiny, struggling aggregation Old Bill was more than an elephant. He typified a tremendous advance. Few indeed were the wagon shows, exhibiting in villages and out-of-the-way hamlets, that could boast the possession of an elephant, much less one of the bulk of Old Bill. For this reason there was a different attitude from that which generally existed when Old Bill went to a new circus. The gruff commands and surly suspicions were absent; instead, as the days passed, there existed always before the heavy row of stakes to which caution bade that the beast be pinioned, a kindly, admiring little throng, which spoke to the elephant in cajoling tones or tossed him from their safe distance dainties in the shape of peanuts, or watermelon rind, or perhaps an apple.

As for Old Bill, he watched them with the old suspicion, it is true. But now, mingled with that older feeling, was a strange animal sensation, which alleviated somewhat his galling bondage. What this sensation was, Old Bill did not know. He only realized, as the days passed and the little circus, athrill with the possession of a new and wonderful feature, made its way from town to town, traveling the dusty highways at night in a shadowy cavalcade, that an unfamiliar feeling of calm was slowly taking hold of him, and that something which for years had cried in vain for appeasement was in a slight degree at least relieved and softened.

THEN one night, as the wagons jolted along, their drivers weaving sleepily upon the high seats, Old Bill raised his trunk, and, placing the delicate nostrils in the pit of an ear to form a sounding box, gave a queer cooing sound of satisfied delight. Fate was giving to an unfortunate beast the solace of a missing necessity, the absence of which had made Old Bill a demon.

He had not understood it; those about him had not understood it; Old Bill's condition had been brought about by a natural sequence of ignorance which had caused him first to be distrusted, and, when he had rebelled against undeserved punishment, had brought only more distrust, more misunderstanding, more punishment. For the thing which no one had known about Old Bill was that his life in India had for fifty years been that of a worker.

A full half century had he spent in the compound and the teak forest, clearing the way for the tree cutters that they might level to the ground the tremendous stands of hard timber, straining gigantic muscles as the logs were snaked to the loading place, and then lifting them in his giant trunk upon the heavy wooden-wheeled wagons to be hauled up rocky hills and through stinking, slimy swamps to the compound; these things Old Bill had done year without end, and he had been happy.

Freedom is only a state of mind; Old Bill had been free in every sense of the word in India. But his transfer to America had ended all this. He had been condemned to inactivity, and, with the first urge for a cessation of his idleness, he had been punished and chained more securely. He had rebelled again, that aching muscles might be given the activity which they had known for so long. The vicious circle had continued, until at last, Old Bill, when he freed himself, went forth on a tour of muscular intoxication that could take only the form of destruction. Now after all these years had come a slight degree of surcease and Old Bill had chirruped with delight at its arrival.

In all the time since he had left India there had been nothing such as this; his life had consisted of being shunted from the circus tent to the railroad cars and then back again. But here was a difference; the Top Notch Shows moved by their own motive power; sometimes the distance to be traveled in a night ran as high as twenty-five to thirty miles; Old Bill reveled in the joy of stretching muscles which had ached for years; he liked the soft feel of the dust beneath his heavy hoofs or the slosh of mud in wet weather and the beat of the rain upon his wrinkled back.

But of this Larry Lane knew nothing. Being human, he could only accredit this behavior to the belief that, hateful of others, Old Bill had found in him likable qualities which former trainers had lacked and at last he confided his plans to Judy.

"Now don't you worry," he assured her when she voiced her fears for his project. "I'm not going to make any experiments for a few weeks. I'll give him plenty of time really to reform."

Those weeks passed swiftly and happily. The addition of a giant elephant had proved even more of an attraction than Judy and her husband had dreamed. In less than a month Old Bill had brought through the front door more than three times his purchase price: money that could go into the hiring of more clowns and a ring act of Shetland ponies and monkeys. Besides this, his friendliness increased steadily, and at last the decision was made.

"Tell the women to get off the lot right after the matinée," commanded Larry Lane one afternoon. "We're going to give Old Bill his chance."

But that night Old Bill was again in chains. Once more the evil light of hatred shone in his eyes; a ring of stakes was about him and extra chains led from them to his spraddled legs. When at last the show moved, extra men marched beside him, armed with bull hooks, and Larry, walking in a position where he could aim quickly at a spot behind the beast's left shoulder, carried a rifle loaded with steel-jacketed bullets. The experiment had failed.

WHEN they had hesitated, before releasing the last of the bonds, he had broken free, tearing the few remaining stakes from the ground, then moving forward in an aimless circle of delighted activity which soon changed to terror and fierce rebellion.

It would have meant so much, had Old Bill really reformed; there had been the hope, so priceless in the event of its fulfillment, that (*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by W. T. BENDA

Men, dogs—everything that had legs and liberty—made a wild break for safety

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Battle of Palm Beach

If Ring Lardner hadn't drawn a caddie who had fallen out of a toy balloon in his infancy, he might have had a different tale to tell the wife and servants

Mr. Rickard almost socked Mr. Tunney

By RING LARDNER

THE synopsis of the preceding chapter is that nine years ago next June myself and a cartoonist named Rube Goldberg were among those training for the Willard-Dempsey fight in Toledo and Mr. Goldberg challenged me to a golf match or vice versa and the match was set for eight o'clock on a certain morning and my training activities kept me from getting to bed until half past six that same morning, but Mr. Goldberg insisted on playing the match willy-nilly, and on the fifth tee my caddie, Mr. H. C. Witwer, borrowed a towel from the Inverness Country Club and tossed it on to the sward in token of defeat.

I did not consider that encounter a fair test of our respective prowess, and two or three times a year thereafter I challenged Mr. Goldberg to another match, but he kept declining on the ground that he had drawn the color line. However, public clamor for a return engagement became so loud this winter that he was obliged to listen, and it was arranged that we should battle at Palm Beach for $10 per hole during the Artists' and Writers' tournament.

Rickard, the Money Man

FROM thousands of applicants we selected Mr. Gene Tunney, Mr. Grantland Rice and Mr. Tex Rickard to play around with us. It was decided that Mr. Tunney and Mr. Rice should participate in a foursome with my adversary and me for $2 Nassau. Mr. Goldberg and I tossed for partners, and I lost, getting Mr. Tunney. Mr. Rickard said he would play individual matches against me and Rube for $10 a match. Ah, that we had made it $1,000!

Well, I will end the suspense and state that Mr. Goldberg and I were all even going to the last hole and that Mr. Goldberg beat me that hole with an eagle six against a par eight, winning the match one up. On the foursome Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Rice won $2 each from Mr. Tunney and Mr. Lardner. Mr. Rickard gave Rube and me $10 apiece and said he hoped he could play us again some time.

"All the time would suit me," said Mr. Goldberg, blushing.

Now, I think I owe it to the wife and servants to say a few words in explanation of my defeat. In the first place, there is a trained elephant named Rosie at Miami Beach, and one of her stunts is to caddie. Mr. Jess Andrew, who owns a controlling interest in Rosie, had promised to have her on hand to walk out with me to the first tee, carrying my clubs. I had depended on this to kind of upset Mr. Goldberg. But at the last minute Mr. Andrew was called to Michigan City, Ind., to repair the screen door on the penitentiary and Rosie wouldn't come to Palm Beach without him. In the second place, I can't play my best golf when I am infuriated, and if there is anything that makes me more infuriated than one photographer, it is eighteen photographers. There was a wait of twenty minutes between every two shots to clear the woods of photographers, to kill which, even in season, is a misdemeanor in Florida.

Mr. Rice (right) and Mr. Goldberg (below), the lucky fellows, cleaned up two dollars apiece on Lardner and Tunney

Mr. Lardner was infuriated by the photographers

Mr. Lardner lost the toss for partners, getting Mr. Tunney

Mr. Goldberg and I drove well to start, my shot going 219 yards down the middle and leaving me a 170-yard shot for the green. My caddie silently handed me a mashie niblick and I silently lifted the ball into a trap 100 yards short of the green. Rosie would have insisted on my using a midiron. I found out later that the caddie had fallen out of a toy balloon in infancy and was a chronic follower of comic strips. Mr. Goldberg won the hole with a nice par four. I took the next three and was

(*Continued on page 51*)

P. & A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No more Parties

A Short Short Story

By DON MARQUIS

The party, wherever it was, now had a very, very serious note creeping into it

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

The story of a wedding at which somebody answered yes to the wrong question

I GO to too many parties . . . or something. And after I have been to a party I really shouldn't go anywhere else until that party has had time to wear off. It was all right to go to Tommy Jarvis' bachelor dinner the night before Tommy was to marry Rosalie Evans. And it was all right to go to Tommy's and Rosalie's wedding.

But I shouldn't have gone to the party *between* Tommy's bachelor dinner and the wedding. And I always will think it was *that* party which caused all the trouble and got everybody in town to wondering about me.

That party—the party I *shouldn't* have gone to: *the one between* the bachelor dinner and the wedding—was a mistake, because I got to thinking, and every time I get to thinking things go wrong. Because at *that* party there was a fellow named Jones . . . or something.

Anyhow, some of the fellows who were at Tommy's party went along to this fellow Jones' party, and there were some other people there, and I've got an idea now that there were some girls there too, and the party was in Fortieth Street . . . or somewhere. And this Jones got serious . . . or somebody did. And then I did.

It was about matrimony and all the different kinds of marriages there are nowadays: trial marriage and companionate marriage and regulation ball-and-chain marriage and everything. And it's a pretty deep subject.

And one of these girls, or somebody, said to Jones it was her wedding anniversary, and she cried, and there was a fellow there she said she used to be married to, and life was terribly hard on a woman, and why did this bozo she used to be married to have to butt in and spoil her wedding anniversary party?

And so we all sympathized with her and threw this husband downstairs and went back and got to talking seriously about matrimony and what a terrible gamble it is these days.

And Jones cried and said, "Poor Rosalie!"

"Rosalie who?" I said.

"Rosalie Evans," he said. "I've loved her ever since we were children together, and now this fellow Jarvis goes and *marries* her! *I* always was too thoughtful to marry her! Too much shivvery!"

AND then the girl that was having the anniversary says few men have got shivvery any more, and that's what's the matter with most marriages, and some people came in who were hunting another party, and said they liked our party better and would stay. And *they* got serious about matrimony, for it seems a good many of them had thought about marriage in a pretty solemn way from time to time, and one fellow says to Jones:

"What you mean isn't shivvery; it's chivalry, old man!"

Nobody will take words like that, and there was a fight, or something, and then I saw the party was somewhere else, and these people that had come in to Jones' party had found the party they had really started for. And I was a very, very dear friend to most of them and was *always* going to be with *them*, and the party, wherever it was, now had a very, *very* serious note creeping into it.

It was so serious it was almost tragic, and everybody was talking about matrimony and what a gamble it was, and I got to thinking deeper and deeper and deeper how melancholy it was for two young things like Tommy and Rosalie to be getting married in that happy-go-lucky way, for the chances were neither one of them had ever thought it all out seriously and deeply as I had.

AND I got out of a cold bath, thinking very deeply, and there were my striped trousers and tailed coat, and I couldn't think at first why they should make me cry. And then I remembered that I was going to wear them at Tommy's and Rosalie's wedding, and I got to thinking deeper and deeper about the terrible time they had ahead of them and how unprepared they were to meet it.

And then there was a church, and it was packed full of careless people with not a serious thought among a thousand of them—just gay and happy—and it struck me it was a crime. And the preacher said something or other about if there was anyone knew any good reason why Rosalie should not marry Thomas, or vice versa, he had better speak up now or forever hold his peace.

"I do!" I said.

And somebody said, *"Oh! Oh!"* And somebody said, *"Good God!"* And there seemed to be a sea of faces floating in front of me, and the preacher said, *"For God's sake, hush!"*

"Don't," I said to the preacher, "take advantage of your position to swear at me! Be logical and not quarrelsome! You wanted to know if there was anybody knew any reason why Tommy and Rosalie shouldn't marry each other, didn't you?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" he says.

"No," I said, "*that* isn't argument; you can't get away with that. You asked a plain question, and I gave you a civil answer, and I expect you to be civil to me."

And then there was a big bulky voice came from somewhere, and I saw Rosalie's father, and it came to me in a flash the voice must belong to him, for he is such a big bulky man, and he said:

"For God's sake, explain yourself!"

"WILLINGLY," I said. "I don't ask anything better than a chance to explain peaceably and quietly. This is a matter that I've thought deeply and seriously about. There's probably not another person in this church—"

And then there was a woman said, "You can't say anything against my boy!"

That was Tommy's mother, or somebody, and then the fainting began, and people began carrying women in every direction, and it seems even the ones that fainted were asking, *"What did he tell? What did he tell?"*

"I want to talk matrimony over with you people," I said, "if there's any of you serious enough to listen to a subject on which I have thought very, *very* deeply—"

But nobody seemed to realize how solemn the occasion was, and then there were some reporters, and they were the first serious people I had met since the wedding. What I mean is, you could *discuss* things with them; *important* matters. But they wouldn't believe I didn't know some terrible scandal—imagine that! As nice and sweet a girl as Rosalie and as fine a fellow as Tommy Jarvis! And that was some time last week, and to this day, if you can believe me, people won't credit me with meaning what I said—that nobody, the way things are nowadays, should rush into matrimony without thinking it over pretty seriously, for it's all a terrible gamble. But so many young people these days are thoughtless, just absolutely thoughtless!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There aren't Many More

A few pictures that will awaken memories if you're one of those who can get a kick out of antiques and rarities. Many of these sights were by no means uncommon not so awfully long ago

Wide World

Above: The ranks of the old-school racing drivers are thinning—and you don't often see a veteran Blitzen-Benz like this any more, either. Here's Barney Oldfield, decked out from cap to goggles and cigar, as he used to look at the height of his whizzing glory

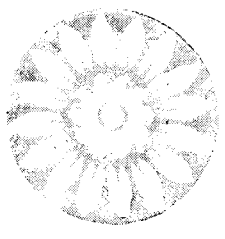
Keystone View

Above: They might have made this photograph—if they'd had cameras — Heaven knows how many years ago. As a matter of fact it was made quite recently in Georgia but the flintlock rifle and outfit was not

Ewing Galloway

Above: Even in Athens you have to wade through acres of tourists before you'll come upon a guard in the unique costume that once was the uniform of hundreds. The shock-absorbing bootees were a great help to one given to stubbing his toe

Ewing Galloway



Above: The Once-Mighty gets his come-uppance. The wooden horse was once the inevitable ornament in front of harness shops and livery stables. He was almost as well known as the cigar-store Indian. Now this one is used to attract attention to an automobile salesroom

Right: Harvey Dykes, from under his silk topper, still calls out the hours in Ely Place, Holborn, London, between 10 P. M. and 5 A. M. He's one of the few remaining elegantly clad watchmen - what - of - the - night lads. What a help he'd be in the Chicago Loop an hour before dawn!

© Keystone View

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keystone View

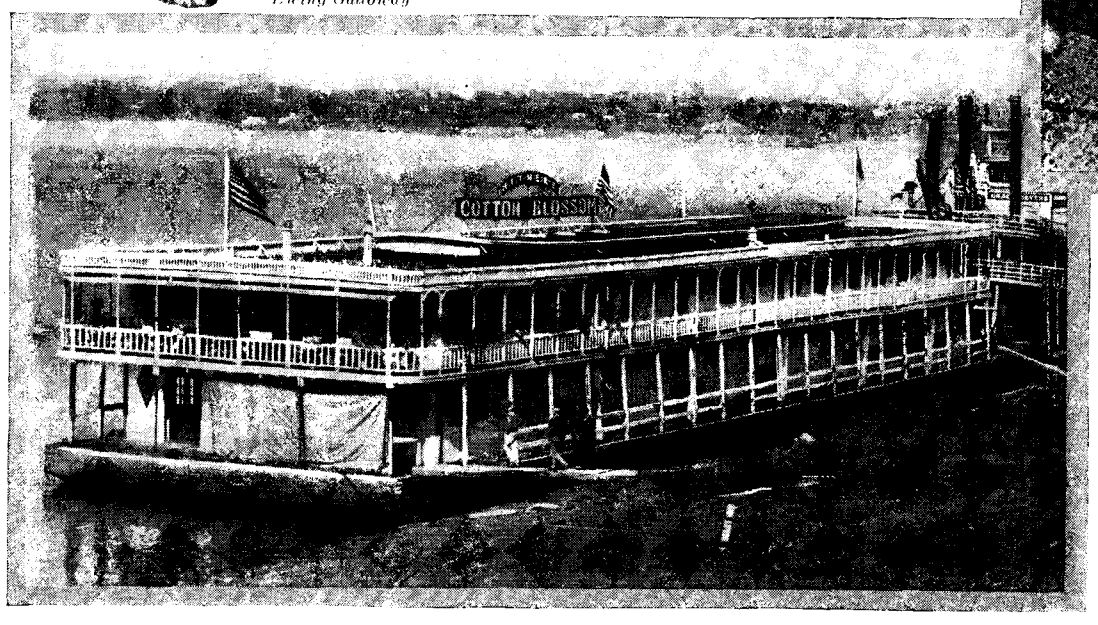
Above: Well, there's one advantage in wearing a high hat if you're going in for chimney-sweeping: it doesn't show the soot. This Swiss gentleman is on his way to do an unusually neat job—and thorough too if that plentiful equipment means anything

Charles Phelps Cushing

Above: When your Missouri huntsman wants to call in his hounds he sounds a mighty blare on a crude horn hound-caller—at least he does if he still clings to the old customs and hasn't been able to acquire a modern sporting-goods shop tooter

Keystone View

Above: Commandant Westbrook of the Salvation Army is the only surviving member of the little band of seven lassies who came over here in 1880 to start the Army in America. Although she's now seventy-four years old she's still actively interested in the organization. Her voice is firm and her memory clear and her zeal burns as warmly now as on that February day when she landed at the Battery in New York with her sister Salvation Army workers



Ewing Galloway

One of the few showboats still operated is Hitner's "Cotton Blossom," which was photographed while tied up at Evansville, Ind., on the Ohio River. What a thrill the youngsters used to get when the cheery whistle announced the showboat was approaching the river bend

Wide World

Above: No, there aren't many more of these—and, for that matter, there never were. Peter Duncan of Antrim, Ireland, covers quite a bit of country every day on his unique tricycle, equipped with bells and a mirror

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Between Times

The easy way to spend a vacation is the wrong way. Babe Ruth learned that lesson. Gene Tunney has always known it

By GRANTLAND RICE

220 pounds in the air — the Babe spearing a high one

TWO or three years ago the Hon. Babe Ruth decided that the baseball season began with the training campaign of March and closed with the October schedule.

It took Mr. Ruth about two weeks of wastrel days and nights to discover the melancholy error of his judgment. He reported overweight with a mutinous digestion and that tired feeling between the heels and ears. He started training with his usual gusto, but the old wagon refused to carry on. In a short while he began to collapse at stated intervals until they finally had to park him in a hospital for several weeks. At last he recovered sufficiently to have one of his poorest years.

He then saw that the in-between time had just as much to do with his ability as the regular season had—that a big-league season meant twelve months out of a year.

So, having absorbed his lesson, the Babe secured Artie McGovern as a trainer and began to use the miscalled off season as a medium for improvement.

If Ruth had thought about it, he might have looked back a few years to 1906 for his lesson. In the autumn of that year Nick Altrock, the brilliant left-hander working with the White Sox, helped to demolish the great Cub machine in two games. His wiry left arm was a big factor in the Cub overthrow.

When Nick reached his Cincinnati home he was immediately surrounded by admiring friends who led him from one banquet to another. He forgot all about training and condition. He left Chicago in October with a great arm and a great record. He reported next spring with an extended waist line and a left arm minus its old elastic snap. He found one could slip faster than one could climb, and he never came back again to take his place with the elect.

Ruth, using the open interval right, soon began to reach new heights.

Loafing and Losing

HE HAD one of his greatest years the next season, 1926. Still mindful of his lesson, he broke all past records in 1927, where he finished the season with 60 home runs and a bank account healthy enough to care for his old age. He used his off periods watching his diet and taking enough exercise to keep healthy and fit, ready at a day's notice to start work again. He found this system paid interest at the rate of something like 25 extra home runs a season.

Few in competitive sport seem to appreciate the importance of the in-between season. A leading trainer remarked not long ago: "Championships are won in between campaigns—not in the field. The time to be ready is before you start." Right there he said enough to fill a book.

Take the case of Jack Dempsey. When he met Carpentier he was one of the greatest fighting machines of all time, a marvelous-looking animal with power and speed combined. Two years later he took on Gibbons and Firpo, and his showing then should have been a warning of what was to follow. He was still good, but on the downgrade. Then he rested for nearly three years. Through those three years he neither smoked nor absorbed any alcoholic liquors. But he went to the softer life, and those who saw the Dempsey of 1926 walk out against Tunney were astonished. At the age of thirty-one, when most star athletes are near the peak of their prime—when Cobb, Johnson, Speaker, Tilden, Hagen and a flock of others were ripping through the field—Dempsey had lost his old speed of foot and hand with the fine coördination that once made him the most dangerous of all ring stars. He may or he may not have been the equal of Jeffries or Fitz, but he was more devastating in his attack.

The Dempsey of Philadelphia had gone a much longer distance than seven years from the Dempsey of Toledo, yet he had trained hard and long.

He tried again a year later. This time he began his training in March to be sure that he was right for the next September start in Chicago. But those three idle years had taken away something no trainer and no training could ever replace.

How could Ty Cobb last twenty-three years and Max Carey remain a great base runner after nineteen seasons? Look over their winter performances, between October and March. Cobb was off for the woods with dogs and gun, tramping many miles a day. Carey was off for the sunny spaces to fish, play golf and keep hard at it in the open air. Approaching the age of forty, both were lean, tanned and healthy-looking.

After beating Dempsey in Philadelphia, Tunney put on a vaudeville act that included bag punching and sparring. Later on he left for the woods to work outdoors at rowing and running. He doesn't like cities or crowds much, anyway. But he was quite careful of that in-between period, where one either renews or rusts.

In the seventh round at Chicago Tunney took seven of Dempsey's wallops on the jaw and head. He lay on the floor for something like fourteen seconds. Within the next few minutes he was cutting Dempsey's face into crimson gashes, especially above the eyes, apparently a fresher and a better Tunney than he had been at the start. Tunney's training period runs through fifty-two weeks a year. So he could still finish at top speed through the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds.

There is a big difference between training and overtraining. No one would ever suggest that the off-season interval be devoted entirely to continued hard work. There must be rest, used in the right way.

"When are you going to start your road work?" I asked Tunney in Miami. "Not until I reach the Adirondacks in the spring," he said. "Down here it will be golf and swimming and walks, rest, sleep and the right food. If I started in road work this far ahead, I would be overtrained before summer.

"I want to keep in shape just enough to feel healthy and ready for the grind that will come later. Thirty-six holes of golf mean about ten miles a day. They also mean arm and shoulder exercise, enough at least to keep legs and body elastic.

"I am doing just enough work here to get all set for the final push up north. No parties or banquets or crowds or staying up late or overeating. And I'll be in better shape than I was before, for I learn something about training and condition every year."

True Champions are Always Ready

THE average man plays thirty-six holes of golf on week-ends and enjoys a generous intake of Scotch or gin, then wonders why he reaches the office on Monday morning feeling as if he had been fired from a cannon!

The business of physical condition (and this also means mental fitness) isn't a matter of scattered interludes of exercise. Tilden held the tennis championship for seven years because he was ready to play championship tennis on a week's notice through any period of the seven years. The human system can start downhill at fair speed when given a push or two. Speed is no eternal quality. It has to be nursed. The same is true of coördination and concentration. Duck all forms of concentration for a spell and then see how slowly the knack returns to the beanery.

Inactive muscles begin to lose their snap quickly. It is one thing to break training, and it is quite another thing to smash it into a number of small pieces. There would be no need of any highly intensive training campaign if the in-between season was handled in the right way, somewhat after the manner Ruth and Tunney have followed in the last two years.

It is better to use that open interval in staying ready than it is to wonder what lead pipe hit you as you lie on one ear in the dust. It is better—and much more fun.

P. & A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They don't want the ring back. They want the cold cash. And I can't run away"

You've got to know Life

There was a serpent in Eden but this time Eve was equal to it

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

I FOUND the letter in the grist of my Vermont daily newspaper's evening mail. The letterhead bore the imprint of a Chicago jewelry house — one of those firms selling diamonds by mail. I read its terse message with increasing concern.

Sam Hod, my partner, came in from the composing-room. A grayish, philosophical man is Sam—the type of employer who spends a day in bed before and after discharging a workman. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Young Sanford out back?"

"Yeah—settin' up th' town-meetin' story on No. 3 machine. Why? . . . what of it?"

"One of us should talk to that rattle-brained young Indian." I held out the letter. "Read it and weep!"

Sam took the sheet, standing beside the green box safe, right elbow upon it, features screwed up where cigar smoke stung one eye. I waited while he read it, the clicks and thumbs and groans of No. 3 linotype sounding faintly from out back.

Publisher, The Daily Telegraph,
PARIS, Vt.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Sanford C. Spencer of your city has given us your name as financial reference, with the information that he is employed by you as linotype operator at regular wages. Our prospective customer wishes to purchase a $300 diamond ring in Engagement setting, on installment payments. Will you kindly advise us if you consider him reliable, industrious and competent to carry out a purchase contract with us?

We inclose stamped envelope and whatever you write us will be considered strictly confidential.

Thanking you, etc. . . .

"Hell's bells!" growled Sam.

"A whole carillon of bells," I qualified.

"What does he want with a ring so expensive?"

"Not only that, but *Engagement* setting!"

"Any special girl the colt is in love with?"

"Ellen, I suppose. He sticks round her close enough."

"Ellen Perry? Right here in this office?"

"Sure. Haven't you noticed?"

"Bah!" growled my partner. "The boy needs his chin wiped."

ELLEN was an assistant office girl one year out of high school. She still wore her hair in a pretty girlish braid and it ended down her back in a rich chestnut curl. She had oversized eyes and lips which were constantly parted in wonder. . . . In fact, I may say she possessed a constitutional weakness for accepting such phenomena as the cows in Asia walking on two legs—had Oriental livestock been the topic of discussion and Sanford C. Spencer thus contended.

Ellen "superintended" our paper's circulation. That is to say, she kept the records of expiring subscriptions and audited quantities of vital brown pennies brought in from carrier routes by the score of damp-nosed young wildcats who nightly endeavored to ruin our pressroom.

For such weekly labor we paid her eight dollars.

She was one of Pat Perry's girls, fourth in a family of nine brothers and sisters, and over in the Hudson Street neighborhood the ménage was described as "the Pat Perry Chicken Coop." Every small town has a similar family—perfectly respectable and reasonably behaved, but alarmingly fecund in offspring and racket.

"How does an apprentice linotyper, making less than twenty a week, expect to pay for a stone of such value?" Sam Hod demanded, his scowl growing deeper. "When I was engaged my wife got a garnet."

"Times have changed," I responded. "They don't sell garnets by mail on installments."

Our office at the moment was cozily quiet. Like the thumps of Spencer's linotype, the sounds of Main Street traffic seemed faint and far away. In that thick, mellow silence my partner cogitated:

"It's what happens, I suppose, when a lad like Sanford is raised by his grandmother. What chance has he had to learn financial balance?"

"He probably wants to make a smashing hit with Ellen. If she ever went

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home to the Chicken Coop flashing a stone worth three hundred dollars, he imagines the Perrys would receive him like a caliph."

"All the same, for the boy's own good we'd better put a crimp in such extravagance at once."

"I'll see what he says when I take him more copy."

I went down the long room.

With a single exception, the boy labored alone. That was Nicodemus Pott. Nicodemus, being slightly drunken, had returned after supper to clean up his ad stones. We usually knew when Nicodemus had been looking on the wine when its color was red, letting it bite him like a serpent and sting him like an adder; a contrite impulse possessed him to work overtime.

Sanford was a tall, dark-complexioned boy of a physical build which the village termed lanky. He always worked with vest unbuttoned, the collar of his khaki shirt upturned about his neck, and was somewhat finicky in the matter of ties. On the whole, however, Sanford will be remembered in the Telegraph office for the quantities of "glue" he smeared upon his hair. He probably believed it gave his cranium that sleek, patent-leather aspect of the screen's foremost sheiks, whereas it more often appeared that he had thrust himself head foremost into a maple-syrup vat, and the soggy stuff had hardened.

I might add that he was also the sort of boy who caught the loop of his watch chain in his matrix elevator twenty times a day when arising and totally forgot we had a paper to print if anything dramatic happened in Main Street.

I FELT a twinge of pity when he recognized the letter. His eyes became hectic; his lips lost their color.

"Who's it for, Sanford . . . Ellen?"

"Yeah—Ellen—sure!"

"She's a good kid, Ellen. But how'll the Perrys react to this engagement? A girl of sixteen—"

"She's eighteen," he corrected. "She had a birthday a week ago Saturday."

"Well, eighteen, then. Seems a serious step for either of you to take. What really interests Sam and me, however, is the economics of the thing—buying such a ring with nothing to back it up."

"I'm not planning on my wages here," the boy answered dully. And he got up hurriedly, catching his watch chain.

"No? What are you planning on? Someone dying and leaving you a legacy?"

"I can't tell you now. It's a secret for the present."

"But this jewelry firm is asking for a recommend!"

He resumed his seat after putting some corrected lines on a galley. "That letter's the bunk. Too late now for you to tell them anything."

"That so? How come?"

"Because the deal's gone through. I don't know where that letter's been, but they sent on the ring a week ago Wednesday. Ellie had it for her birthday."

"We haven't noticed it here in the office."

"You don't think she'd wear such a stone as that to *work?* Besides, I asked her not to. We didn't want anyone to start asking questions."

"They sent you the diamond without any references?"

"Granny guaranteed it. She showed them she had property. That letter you got is a matter o' form."

"All your grandmother has is a house with a mortgage. How big a first payment did you have to put down?"

"F-f-fifteen dollars."

"Two hundred and eighty-five still to be paid? Over how many weeks?"

"I agreed to send them five dollars each Monday."

I did some brief figuring. "Then for fifty-seven weeks you've cut your wages to thirteen dollars—"

"No, I haven't. I'll send the balance all in one payment."

"You planning to go in some sort of business?"

He shut off the motor whirring on his linotype. Then he reached for his pipe, his brow screwed in thought. At last he said, with a trace of defiance:

"I don't know any reason why I shouldn't tell *you*. I've decided to write!"

"Write?"

"Stories for the magazines."

I watched him ignite the callow little briar.

"You mean to infer," I sputtered finally—"you expect to meet with such astounding success, *at once*, that you can pay for this ring, let alone getting married?"

"There isn't a big-money writer today who wasn't a beginner at some time or other."

"But don't you know it's necessary to serve an apprenticeship at writing—like learning the linotype or anything else? Moreover, people who draw down big money for writing have to do a lot of *living* before they're halfway competent—"

"Ellen says my stuff's good. She copies it for me."

"Ellen knows about your plan?"

"She's crazy about me doing it. That's one of the reasons I'm going to marry her. She knows how to handle a typewriter, from the year of stenography she had in the high school. She'll make a first-rate author's wife."

"Then the qualifications for being an author's wife are a year of stenography and wearing big diamonds on small payments down?"

"Go ahead," he said hotly. "Make all the fun o' me you want. But some day you'll see. Talk about *living!* I guess I've been an orphan. . . . I guess I've suffered."

"And you're going to suffer more," I sighed as I left him.

A DOZEN times a week in the autumn which ensued my heart ached for the pair—especially the girl.

It was her first engagement, her first diamond, almost her first love affair. Anticipating herself the spouse of a literary celebrity, she was filled with a thrill that was flavored with the sacred. Like a golden-hearted maiden—of whom there are yet a few left, thank God!—she was fired with a holy zeal to be a real helpmate. And banging away night after night on an antiquated caligraph, transcribing Sanford's sophomoric pabulum when her maturing young body demanded its repose, embodied all virtues of imminent wifehood.

No one knew what became of the manuscripts. Probably many went forth to the magazines. Certainly had any met with acceptance, neither author nor sweetheart could have kept it quiet. Meanwhile her office work suffered.

No world was ever quite so beautiful as little Ellen's world that winter. No man in it could quite compare with Sanford. The thought that he might fail never entered her head. Why should it? There were cynics in the village, even in our office, who beheld the pair always in each other's company and made facetious comment. But as winter came on apace older heads on the Telegraph sensed a serpent in Eden.

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

A look of bravery, absolution, sheer nobility came into her face

All was not going as it should in Sanford C. Spencer's career in current literature. Even as the girl's columns were added incorrectly, and many blots showed on our tables of subscriptions, so likewise Sanford's proofs grew increasingly unbearable.

And one winter twilight we found Ellen sobbing.

"Well, Sanford," I said, going out to his machine, "had any nibbles for the stuff you've been writing?"

"An editor wrote me a personal letter."

"That so? Bully. Care to let me see it?"

"Ellen's got it. She keeps it like an heirloom."

I FELT a heart pinch when I finally read the letter. For it wasn't a personal letter at all . . . merely a mimeographed form with his addressed name filled in. And it said the usual thing . . . "rejection does not necessarily imply a lack of merit." I knew that form as I knew my right hand. Likewise I knew the man who had signed it. He was a kindly man, with a wife and four children, and his editorial labors were as those of ancient Atlas. I had all too often recognized from the lines in his face, the frostbite in his hair, the softness of his voice, that his own heart pinch over many a rejection was fully as strong as those who saw fat, bulky envelopes slapped down by stoic postmen in icy front halls. For he read the stories behind the stories. . . .

"That's fine, Ellen," I told her. "But you and Sanford won't be getting married, will you . . . till things look a bit more definite?"

"Papa says he's perfectly willing for me to get married when Sanford's got five thousand dollars in the bank that he's made from his writing. Papa made Sanford promise."

I thought of tired-eyed old Patrick Perry in the home of noisy youngsters out on Hudson Street, struggling along from week to week on the thirty dollars he made in the Process Works. And while I admired the father's diplomacy, there was also cruelty mixed with its irony. Youth was youth, longing to be served—prolific with tragedy if Success overtarried.

I gave Ellen back the letter which was not a letter. I saw her fold it away in her wallet. Ten days passed. On the morning of the eleventh the office door opened, and in walked Sheriff Crumpett.

"Sarah Spencer's grandson works here, don't he?" the officer demanded, with one of his cautious coughs.

"Yes," I responded, "but why are *you* asking?"

"Sorry, William, but some time back last year he bought a ring on installments from a firm in Chicago."

I closed the office doors so Ellen could not hear. "I know it. What of it?"

"Firm's got a judgment. He ain't made no payments. They writ him an' writ him. Now Wessel's collectin'."

Jonas Wessel was our local ambulance-chasing lawyer, a bucolic attorney whom life had treated roughly. He collected bad bills and was known as a Shylock. He seemed to delight in the troubles of others.

"Wessel's forcing collection?"

"He's sworn out a warrant f'r Spencer's arrest."

"What for?" (*Continued on page 45*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gladder Rags

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD OSBORNE

MONEY alone won't make a woman appear chic and well-groomed. The chief requisites are time and a little headwork. Observe the rules set down here and, money or no money, you can achieve that well-cared-for look which is more precious than a new Vionnet gown.

THE time or money spent at picking out your clothes is not so important as that devoted to taking care of what you buy. Old clothes well pressed, neatly brushed and intelligently cleaned look far better than new clothes wrinkled and slovenly tended to.

I am not so much concerned here with the slender, elegant woman who is rich enough to buy expensive clothes and who has the time and money to maintain such garments as they should be. What I am trying to teach is how any woman, rich or poor, may keep herself chic, crisp-looking, with a minimum expenditure of money and brains.

There are women who may be called background people—bread-and-butter females. They may be quite likable once you know them, but there is little about their appearance which awakens the desire to go to extraordinary lengths to become acquainted with them. They lack distinctive qualities, and mourn the lack. These are the women who must make up with grooming what they lack in physical charm.

Oh, it is all very well to say: "But I am the picturesque type. I look my best when a bit rumpled. It's my—ah—personality." No woman honestly means it when she says she loves wrinkles, whether they be in her skirt or her face. What such a woman needs is a few instructions in how to look well-cared-for.

Think, before you buy a dress, how you are going to clean it. If you seek an economical dress, don't buy a pleated one; each time you send it to the cleaner's you will pay extra for the pleating. Also it is wise, if you will buy pleats, to have such frocks in dark colors or figured fabrics. They do not need cleaning so often.

There should be one washable silk dress in everyone's wardrobe. The dainty look and fragrance that go with a freshly tubbed frock give an astonishing amount of pleasure both to the wearer and whoever may be looking at her.

Other dresses should be sent to the cleaner's frequently. A spot should be removed with a dependable cleaning fluid immediately after taking your dress off. Don't let it get a grip on the vitals of the fabric.

B. Altman & Co.

Any woman can be chic and crisp looking if she follows the rules

Keep a clothes bag over all light dresses or any that you are not wearing constantly. Have one for each dress and buy the kind that snaps up the front.

Unless you have a skilled laundress or maid, you had better wash out your silk garments yourself. This kind of washing ought not to be a hardship for anyone.

Don't rub a hunk of soap on a dirty spot. Use soapsuds and squeeze the soapy water through the garment.

There is loose dye in some fabrics which comes out in the washing, but it will do no harm if the garments are dried correctly. No damage is ever done in the washing of a colored fabric. It is in the DRYING that streaks form.

Wash the garment quickly and never let it soak. Rinse in two or three waters. This is important.

The next problem is to get the water out as quickly and thoroughly as possible. Squeeze, but never wring: wringing will pull the threads of the silk out of place. Wrap in two or three towels and roll in as tight a bundle as possible. Press down on this to get out still more moisture.

But don't leave it rolled. Take it out of the damp towels, and shake it until it is nearly dry—crêpes and light silks dry very quickly. Iron before it is fully dry. I must go back to say that one towel should be slipped inside the dress, one placed under and one over, with the sleeves on top of the top towel. If the sleeves have different colors in them, stuff a small towel in each, the object being to avoid letting one color touch another while there is moisture in the material.

Woolen fabrics can be washed successfully the same way. In this case be sure that the rinsing water is of the same temperature as that in which it was washed. They should not be shaken or hung in drying, but laid on dry towels, after rolling, and left in a flat position.

If the towels are laid on a window screen and this balanced between two chairs, the air will circulate under as well as over, and the garment will dry much faster. Measurements should be taken before the garment is washed, and it should be stretched into the right width and length before it is allowed to dry.

The three things to remember are: Don't rub, don't soak, don't wring.

While on the subject of washing, how about your stockings? Do you wash out each night those you have been wearing during the day? Every healthy skin exudes a moisture which contains chemical properties extremely antagonistic to silk. If you want that little spot at the top edge of the heel of your slipper to remain intact as long as possible, never leave that moisture in it overnight.

Do you put shoe trees in your shoes the minute you take them off? They must be snapped back into shape while they are still warm if you want them to keep their original lines. Put them where they will air AFTER the trees are in them.

How often do you wash your jewelry? If the pieces are valuable and intricate, send them to the jeweler's, but soap and water will do no harm to anything but pearls, and soapless water won't hurt them.

Keep what jewels you have in their separate boxes so they won't get scratched. Even semiprecious stones will show their appreciation of tender care.

Hats are more fragile than jewels, yet most of us toss them down in a reckless manner. Straw hats are much more delicate than felt, but every hat should have its hat stand if you wish it to do its best. Most hats should be kept on a hat stand in a box, but those which you are wearing every day may be arranged on low stands along your closet shelf. You will find they will keep their cleanliness as well as their shape much longer when treated thus.

As soon as they show a little dirt clean them with gasoline, naphtha or ether. The former is the easiest to obtain and will prove perfectly satisfactory if used properly.

Use a piece of similar fabric and concentrate on the outside edge, rubbing in toward the center, with the grain of the cloth as much as possible. The rubbing must be done quickly and an outside line never allowed to form. A bit of fine sandpaper will keep a white felt looking new if each scrap of dirt is rubbed off as soon as it collects. It should be touched up each time it is taken off the head. A hat that is worn constantly should be sent back to the milliner's to be cleaned or steamed and reshaped every two months.

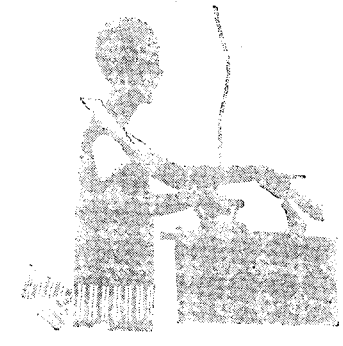
The Little Things That Count

COATS should be pressed more frequently than they usually are and should be cleaned as soon as the lining is soiled. The first dirt can be taken off with gasoline, but there comes a time when the coat has a whipped look. A trip to the cleaner's will give it back its old dash. If there is a great deal of good fur on it, take it to the furrier's rather than the cleaner's, for the ordinary dry cleaning is bad for furs.

Don't put furs in the sun or near anything hot. It is safest to send them to storage for the summer, and it is wise to let a furrier look them over from time to time.

These are all little things, but the difference they make is very great.

It is true that those who look well-cared-for spend more time or money on it than those who do not, but not so much more as you might think. They spend both to better advantage.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free, White and Female

The Story Thus Far:

MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when the daughter of the family announces that she is going off to the big city *to live her own life.*

The Blades, enemies of long standing since the time that Mortimer Blade's great-great-grandfather seduced Martha's great-great-grandaunt, live near the Bundys on Long Island.

The Bundys go into real estate in order to add to the family fortune and the Blades determine to ruin their game. The father gets control of the mortgage on the Bundy estate and Mortimer sets about perpetrating sabotage on the building venture.

In the meantime Martha is seeing life in New York. She sees a great deal of Mortimer and of a Richard Lame, who mysteriously resembles Mortimer.

She gets mixed up in the murder of a movie magnate when she goes with Mortimer to the man's apartment. The murder is committed by the man's paramour, who escapes. Martha unconsciously picks up the gun and puts it in a handbag. The gun later falls from the bag at Miss Patty's speak-easy, where her father and a party of people are. Her father covers the episode wonderingly.

Then Martha starts living a life of fear. Richard Lame, who loves her, realizes that Mortimer is bent on doing harm to Martha. He takes her home from Miss Patty's and tells Mortimer to clear out.

RICHARD LAME, having impressed his identity upon the clerk of Martha Bundy's hotel, signaled a taxicab and drove to another and more pretentious hostelry on Park Avenue, where he inquired at the desk for Mortimer Blade. Mortimer was not in, so Richard found for himself a corner from which he could watch the lobby, and waited. Rather more than an hour elapsed before Blade appeared and went hurriedly to the elevator. Richard allowed him to ascend without accosting him, and then himself took the next elevator to follow.

Mortimer's door was ajar—as if that young man had been in such haste as to be guilty of this carelessness—and Richard paused outside to listen. He heard Mortimer's voice ask the operator for Martha's number, and then stepped softly inside. Blade's back was toward him, and he permitted the conversation to go forward briefly before he stepped forward, catlike, snatched the instrument from Blade's hand, and tossed it upon the desk with a crash.

Mortimer leaped up and away, to stand with face pale to the lips, facing the young man who had interrupted so rudely.

"What's the idea?" he demanded furiously, but Lame noted a tendency to tremble in his voice.

"I never did admire you," said Richard quietly, "but I did credit you with ordinary or garden intelligence."

Mortimer picked up the telephone and replaced it in an upright position.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Well, a little coöperation will help."

"In what?"

"Has it occurred to you the police of this town may take a slight interest in the Colburn affair?"

"What of it?"

"The tradition of our family never was brains," said Richard wearily.

"Why shouldn't I telephone Martha?"

"For one reason—because I tell you not to. When I'm gone you may ponder on my reasons. What I want to impress on you is that any connection between you and that young woman ceases with the late interrupted conversation."

"Oh," said Mortimer, lifting his brows, "does it?"

"You will not write, phone, meet, accost or otherwise get into communication with her from now on."

"Until the end of time," said Mortimer ironically.

"Precisely," said Richard.

"Are we by chance rivals?" asked Mortimer.

"Not since your elimination," said Richard.

"Which took place when?"

"The transaction," said Richard, "has just been completed."

"You always were," said Mortimer, "a meddler."

"My brother," replied Richard, "always required meddling with." He paused. "It's curious," he went on, "but the only decent standard our family has been at pains to maintain through the past few centuries has been health."

"I understand we are building up a new æsthetic standard—art and the like."

"It is remarkable," said Richard, "that we haven't taken on any decent qualities from the women we've married. We've been pretty careful about our women. The Blade strain seems always to dominate."

"Except, of course, in your case," said Mortimer.

"I've often wondered about myself," Richard said. "It's strange I should have formed a distaste for the family character so young. I can't remember when I wasn't ashamed of being a Blade."

"Oh," said Mortimer with a shrug, "it will be cropping out in you sooner or later."

"I have always had a horror of that very possibility. But I think not. By some miracle I must derive from Mother."

"Did you come here to patter about heredity?"

"No, I came to lay down the rules of the game. . . . By the way, aren't you a bit decadent?"

"As how?"

"Well, we Blades usually have hunted for our own benefit. We never were weasels to be sent down rabbit holes to fetch out the game for somebody else. Just why did you become Colburn's weasel?"

"The Bundy girl again?"

"Yes."

"I never wanted her myself—not that I wouldn't have accepted the gifts the gods provide. No, brother, I never was Colburn's weasel—he was cast to be my catspaw."

RICHARD considered this. "You didn't care who smashed her toys so long as they were smashed," he said finally.

"Exactly."

"Not wholly to avenge our great-great-grandfather, I imagine."

"No. More personal. Those Bundy boys have enjoyed knocking me about more than I could tolerate."

Richard nodded. "Ours is a malignant blood," he said.

"Well," said Mortimer coolly, "Colburn's out of it."

"And you," said his brother.

"Probably not. After all there's a sort of bond between us now, you know. Fellow fugitives, and that sort of thing. It may be all to my advantage."

"Did you happen to notice Mr. Bundy at the party tonight?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you think," Richard asked, "he was thereabouts purely for a bit of enjoyment in the autumn of his life?"

"I didn't think," Mortimer said shortly.

"You should. He was a symptom—that the

Martha was flushing. She turned her head in angry embarrassment to face her father and four brothers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"Pa's just making an excuse to speak to a flapper"

Bundy family is taking notice and becoming prevalent. As the twins used to say, they are rallying around."

"Not interested," said Mortimer.

"Would you figure it a good bargain to break Martha's toys and pay for it by occupying the position of the late lamented who came to an untimely and violent death?"

"I can take care of myself."

"You never could," said Richard judicially. "No. You always pulled your mischief and then bolted—for somebody else to get you out of the mess. You never could help being a regrettable sort of individual, but you never had the spine to face the music."

"BUT I'm here yet, fairly comfortable, moderately prosperous—and certainly not daubing paint in a cheap studio for a living."

"You're here, but you're going to cease to be here. Almost immediately. Your car is handy?"

"Naturally."

"You are driving home in it this morning. And staying there. For two reasons: you'd be giving yourself away if you remained in town, and thirty miles is the minimum of distance I wish to see between you and Martha."

"I'm going home all right. But for neither of your reasons. And I shall stay as long as my business keeps me." He smiled crookedly. "It's a pleasant business," he said.

"Then someone is going to suffer a meanness."

"The fact of the matter is," said Mortimer, "Father and I are fed up on Bundys. We've been neighbors with them too long."

"Ah," said Richard. "Are you thinking of moving?"

"No, we are thinking of moving them."

Richard regarded his brother gravely and shook his head chidingly. "You always did talk too much," he said.

"Meaning what?"

"The words are to be taken in their most ordinary and simple meaning."

"Listen," said Mortimer, "why don't you go back to Paris?"

"You don't welcome my presence here?"

"Not warmly. What for did you come back, anyhow? Doesn't Mother miss you?"

"She does," said Richard. "Is Father worried about my repatriation by any chance?"

"I think," said Mortimer, "he would be willing to make it worth your while to go back."

"Did he say so?"

"We discussed it."

"Well, now! Father seldom pays for something without getting rather more than the worth of his money. Have you an idea why my absence would be worth dollars and cents to him?"

"I think your sanctified attitude bores him."

"And, of course, he hates being bored."

"Exactly."

"I'll consider it. Did he mention a sum?"

"Before long I imagine he'll be in a position to speak of important money."

"When I deal with Blades it must be cash in advance."

"That can be arranged—in, say, two or three months. In the meantime I'm sure he'll be reasonable—and you can come back again if he doesn't make good."

"Oh, the idea is that I'm to go immediately?"

"You can't go too soon to make him happy."

"We'll have to discuss it," Richard said gravely, and then: "Mortimer, did I mention that, if you have a defect, it is talking too much?"

"You did."

"I am even more confirmed in my opinion," said Richard. "But to get back to our muttons. Within an hour you leave for home, and you lie low. Restrain these impulses to talk which seem to seize upon you. And forget that you ever heard of Martha Bundy."

"What is your concern with her—aside from the Sir Galahad angle?" Mortimer's voice, sneering.

"Why," said Richard, still gravely, "I intend to marry her."

"Old Timoleon and all the twins will be tickled to hear that."

"Possibly. That's beside the point. You got Martha into this mess. I'm going to keep her clear of it."

"I'm not so sure."

"And why?"

"Because," said Mortimer, "if worse comes to worse, I don't know that a little notoriety could ruin *me*. And, as your figure of speech puts it neatly, it would smash her dolls. Anyhow, it's merchandise to trade with."

Richard nodded his head a couple of times as if in confirmation of some private belief. "Yes," he said, "you certainly are a low form of animal life. . . . By the way, why does the boy Jimmy, in that speak-easy, hate you so fervently?"

"Does he?"

"You should notice people's eyes."

"Jimmy is someone else I haven't time to worry about."

"You might take time. I suppose it's his sister—that little Katie."

"Going to Sir Galahad her too?"

"They're a family you have to disassociate from their occupation," said Richard. "Rather admirable, on the whole. Cohesion and loyalty, and a sort of innate decency. Molly and Tom go on about the job of being parents just as if they were running a greengrocery. They interest me. So does Miss Patty. . . . What does she give them in return for their loyalty to her?"

"Not interested," said Mortimer.

"Well, I'll be getting along—so you may pack and be on your way. You've heard the rules. I'm the umpire. If you break one, I'll have to impose the penalty."

"You," said Mortimer, "will oblige by going to the devil."

"GOOD night," said Richard, still gravely, without display of rancor or other emotion.

"Good-*by*," said Mortimer pointedly.

Richard found a chair in a corner of the deserted lobby and waited for his brother to descend. While he did so he reviewed their conversation and selected from it those points which seemed to him to be salient.

First, it was (*Continued on page 43*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lady Learns to Shoot

Katharine Cornell, who came to loathe green hats—and you know why!—ought to have a distaste for revolvers soon too

By

JOHN B. KENNEDY

ON THE stage of the Bonstelle stock company in Detroit ten years ago Romance paraded in many guises — smart comedy, melodrama, tragedy and staccato mystery plays. All interesting, all pretense. But real romance lurked in the wings.

There was a brisk young stage director and a pale, raven-haired ingénue. At least, she had been engaged as ingénue. She had proved adequate, for she was young, eager and lived herself in her lines. In one of those thrillers without which no stock repertoire is complete an agonized wail was needed at a crucial moment. While the varied talents employed in the Bonstelle company could produce all manner of off-stage noises, from stockyard squeals in The Jungle to drawing-room laughter in The Famous Mrs. Fair, nobody could wail realistically or with sufficient agony to impress the stage director.

He showed disappointment which mounted to dismay. He rose abruptly from the director's table to demonstrate the kind of wail he needed. The table was knocked over. It fell on the foot of the ingénue. He got his wail.

"Miss Cornell," he commanded. "You'll do that bit, if you please. You know the cue in the séance scene, when the lights go out and the medium moans. You wail as if you'd been suddenly stabbed."

"I have been," said the ingénue, soothing her injured foot.

Thereafter the director, whose name was and is Guthrie McClintoc, displayed a professional interest in a newcomer who so readily satisfied his demand for realism. Professional interest ripened into personal interest, and the brisk young director and pale-faced ingénue were married.

"That," says Miss Cornell, "was as much the beginning of my career as any other. And there is at least this convenience in being married to one's stage director: arguments over work can be extended after working hours. What woman can't win overtime arguments —if she wants to? But the wise woman, if she's an actress, doesn't always want to if her husband's stage director."

Miss Cornell was arrayed, as she spoke, for one of those lurid rôles that have marked her swift ascent to the front rank of America's new generation of stars. She was the English murderess of Somerset Maugham's The Letter. She looked it. Lithe of figure, her hair a sheath of black silk above a wide brow and flashing dark eyes—she was the perfect sharpshooting vampire.

Although born in Berlin, Germany, where her father made a postgraduate course in surgery, she spent childhood and youth in Buffalo.

There is no trace of the professional theatre in her family background, but circumstances brought the stage into her early life. Dr. Cornell, her father, acquired an interest in the Majestic Theatre, Buffalo, and there little Kitty Cornell enjoyed the paradise of free seats.

Nat Goodwin Enters Her Life

THERE too she was one of innumerable females who fell in love with Nat Goodwin, although this experience came to her earlier than to most American women of the decade following the turn of the century. Nobody was more versatile than Goodwin in affairs of the heart. And nobody was more good-natured than Goodwin in his casual acquaintances. Indeed, he once said himself that the acme of politeness was to propose marriage to a lady and that his only embarrassment was the readiness with which so many accepted.

Leaving the stage after a typically Goodwin speech at a matinée performance, he saw large eyes staring raptly at him beneath beribboned hair. Young Miss Cornell had squeezed herself into the curtain wings. Her father explained to Goodwin that the child was stage-struck, adding that the attack was premature.

"We'll try to cure her," said Goodwin.

At the matinée three days later he surprised the little lady in the wings and promptly seized her hand and led her onstage. The glare of lights and faces scared Kitty Cornell. She wriggled from Goodwin's grasp, loosed one piercing shriek and scampered off amid roars of laughter. That was her début.

"I fancy," said Goodwin to her father, "she's cured of stage fever."

"Cured?" said Dr. Cornell. "She's vowed revenge on that audience for laughing at her."

In time this retribution came, for a Buffalo audience sat like audiences in many another city, with the strained silence of the workaday hard-boiled melting at some moment of thrilling pathos. It was the high spot in The Outsider—at the climax when Miss Cornell, as the crippled daughter of a great Harley Street surgeon, is cured by the romantic quack whom all the practitioners of orthodox medicine had decried. Some wondered why she wept in that moment of triumph. Maybe a haunting vision of a little girl running panic-stricken from Nat Goodwin's embrace explained the tears.

Incidentally, one of the few hall-marked coincidences in her life is the way it fell to her lot to be cast for one of her most telling rôles as what she was in private life—the daughter of a distinguished doctor.

"Atmosphere for that part," she admits, "was not difficult to acquire."

She has memories of a grandfather who strode in buskins and muttered many a "Gadzooks" in private theatricals.

"He was a tall man with a deep voice, and when he played Macbeth it gave me a thrill to see Grandpa take the final thrust from Macduff and roll out on the stage gasping through viking whiskers. I always relished that bit of the play because Grandfather had prejudices against little girls eating candy."

His business interest in the theatre gave her father a close-up or box-office view of stage life that led him to discourage his daughter from taking to the drama as a livelihood. Many Thespians, he knew, had the corners knocked off their three square meals a day. Dr. Cornell did not welcome the prospect of his girl, in strange cities, living at third-rate hotels as he saw the daughters of other men living in Buffalo even with glamorous troupes.

Training is for the Timid

THERE were none of the usual arguments of the stern-parent and talented-offspring variety. Katharine calmly enrolled as a member of the Buffalo Institute and in her late teens was thrilling the collegiates with her reading of Pinero heroines. Her mental diet was chiefly plays—Shaw, Galsworthy, Fitch and all the morose Russians.

"See, my daughter," said her father on her twenty-first birthday, "I've got a pleasant surprise for you. A course in a dramatic school."

"See, my father," said she, "I've got a surprise for you that I hope is pleasant. I'm going to give a course in acting."

And she celebrated her majority by taking a job as dramatic coach at the Oakmoor school for girls, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Minus professional experience, without even the formal (*Continued on page 48*)

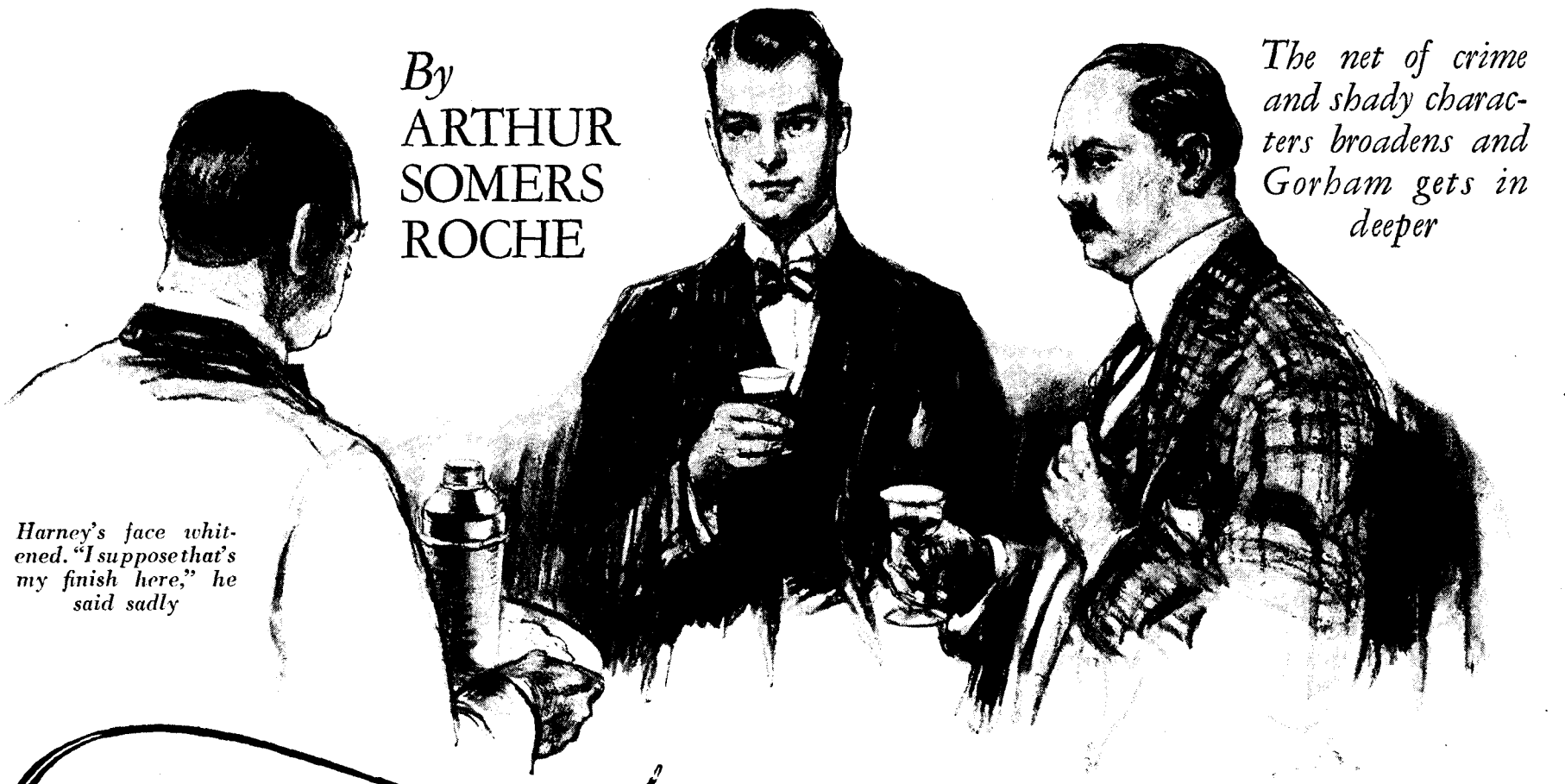
Katharine Cornell, fire-armed adventuress, may soon adventure in comedy

Culver Service

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By
ARTHUR
SOMERS
ROCHE

The net of crime and shady characters broadens and Gorham gets in deeper



Harney's face whitened. "I suppose that's my finish here," he said sadly

The Woman Hunters

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM, a young New Yorker who earns his living at cards and who left New York in disgrace five years before because of a false accusation of cheating, returns from Europe and lands in the middle of a concerted move against him by a rotter by the name of Runyon, his backer, a man named Calhoun about whom Runyon knows something detrimental, and the gangs at the beck and call of these two men.

Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, the daughter of a new millionaire. Runyon is out for her and her thirty millions and will brook no interference. Gorham has no idea of marrying Vonny but determines that Runyon will not either.

Gorham is taken up again by Erica Loosich, society leader, but he runs into all sorts of difficulties with Runyon, meets him once face to face and knocks him down, and is finally threatened with a lawsuit by a man named Bleakie, from whom he won $16,000 in France at cards. Gorham feels that Runyon is somehow responsible for this suit, backed by his cousin Fred Gorham, who hates Allen and who is married to Anita, the only girl Allen has ever loved. Allen goes to see Fred, finds him away and then before he knows it Anita is in his arms and his lips pressed to hers. On his way home he realizes that Anita really set this trap for him knowing that Fred was away. He feels that he does still love her but his mind keeps reverting to Vonny.

He moves from his hotel into an apartment and hires a servant. Gorham and Morgan, his detective friend, have decided that the way to get at Runyon is through Calhoun. Morgan promises to come right over to Gorham's apartment for dinner and arrange things.

MORGAN'S "right over" was a woman's "in a minute." It was fully two hours before he arrived and in the meantime I had made the acquaintance of Tim Harney, the cook-butler sent me by the employment agency.

I have in my bachelor career employed many servants, but I had never engaged one like Tim Harney. To begin with, he looked more like a punch-drunk pugilist than a servant. His nose had no bridge, but was a mere blob above his mouth; the mouth lacked a couple of teeth; the lobe of one ear was puffed and discolored as though it had collided with a fist within the past forty-eight hours. Short and fat, although extremely lithe of walk, he was about as unprepossessing a figure as I had seen in a long time. But his blue eyes held a twinkle that made me forget the rest of his appearance. His references were quite in order and, although I had doubts as to his ability to answer even my modest requirements, I engaged him.

"And what would you like for dinner, sir?" he asked.

I glanced at my watch; it was after six o'clock.

"Too late to prepare dinner now, isn't it?" I inquired.

"Give me till half past seven, sir, and I'll have everything ready."

"There'll be one guest," I said doubtfully.

"One or ten—it's all the same," he answered confidently. "What cocktail do you prefer, sir?"

"I have no liquor," I told him.

"I intended getting that as I stocked in the ice box," he replied.

I couldn't help smiling, and he grinned merrily at me.

"Wines?" he asked.

I threw up my hands. "I leave it all to you," I said.

"That, I think, would be best," he said. "If you don't mind, sir, I'll be needing money."

I stared at him. I thought I was beginning to understand his competency. It looked, as Broadway would say, like a swell racket. Yet there was something disarming about his grotesque face.

"Will fifty dollars be enough to start you off?" I asked.

"I wouldn't think so," he replied. "A hundred would be better, sir."

I HESITATED a moment, and then, inwardly laughing at my credulity, I gave him the amount he wanted. As the door of my apartment closed upon him I very much doubted if I would ever see him again.

But within half an hour he was back in the apartment, burdened with more packages than it seemed possible for one man to carry. He had even, I discovered, managed to secure a piece of ice from somewhere in the building, and when I dropped into the kitchen shortly after his return I saw a couple of bottles of champagne nestling in the ice box.

Morgan arrived shortly after the dinner hour which Tim Harney had set.

"What's the old gag? Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die?" greeted me. "Thought we'd go out and spread ourselves on this brisk fall night. We ain't got many more evenings to spend in this town, Al. Let's knock over those bottles we've been talking about."

"Why not do it here?" I suggested. "Dinner will be ready in a few minutes, and here come the cocktails now."

Morgan pursed his lips. "Ever since that time in Paris I've known you were an action kid, but how did you manage this? This afternoon you were living in a hotel; this evening you're serving dinner in your own home. How come?"

"A miracle worker was sent over here by an employment agency," I answered. "Here he comes now."

Harney wore a freshly laundered white jacket. His large round face was adorned with becoming gravity. He presented us the cocktails. I sampled mine and found it excellent. Mack Morgan smacked his lips and reached for a second almost instantly. He nodded commendation to Harney.

"You must have tended bar somewhere," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Harney. "My last employer, Mr. John Fergus, had the same thought about me."

"When did you work for him—before or after you were working for Mr. Joliet?" inquired Morgan. "Mr. Joliet's references helped you to get the long job you had with that gentleman with the Chinese name—Mr. Sing Sing, wasn't it?"

Harney's face whitened. He set the tray upon a table. He shrugged his shoulders in a resigned fashion.

"I suppose that's my finish here," he said sadly.

"How did you work it? The references and everything?" demanded Morgan.

"There's always someone at an employment agency that's taking a bit of a vacation, and dropping in simply to pass the time of day with other servants of his acquaintance. The agency offers him a job, and he lends his references, for a consideration, to someone like myself who really wants work. I think," he said to me, "you'll find everything quite in order in the kitchen."

I made an instant decision. Perhaps the superbness of the cocktails influenced me, or perhaps it was merely pity for the man's evident regret at losing a job.

"You aren't fired," I told him. "A man that can mix cocktails like this deserves encouragement. If dinner comes up to the cocktails, we'll forget Mr. Joliet."

I THOUGHT I saw moisture in Harney's eyes. He bowed, turned his back and walked through the dining-room toward the kitchen.

"How did you guess?" I asked Morgan.

He shook his head. "I didn't guess. I've seen his picture. Ex-prize fighter turned bartender, and thrown out of work by prohibition. Got in a couple of strong-arm jobs." He eyed me curiously. "You're kind of soft-hearted, Al. This is one time I don't think you're making a mistake."

"We'll decide that when we see how he cooks," I laughed.

And before dinner was half over I knew that Tim would have to be dragged out of the kitchen by detectives before I would part with him. The soup, the fillet of sole, the steak with mushrooms, the potatoes and peas, his salad dressing and, above all, his black coffee entitled him to commit an occasional crime. I said as much to Morgan.

"You've got the right idea, Al. If a guy is a swindler, or if he strong-arms somebody for dough, then don't keep him around. But if he just gets in jams and beats somebody up, then he's simply full of high spirits."

I told Tim, as we drank a liqueur, that so long as he was honest as regards myself, his past wouldn't matter. He said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing, but after he had left the room Morgan said that I had made a friend for life.

"And a friend that can use his mitts may come in handy," he commented grimly.

"You told me over the phone," I said, "that you had been ordered out of town."

"Not exactly ordered. But a plain-clothes man from headquarters gave me the office to blow. Same thing. But you'll notice I'm here. You really want to meet Calhoun?"

"I certainly do," I told him.

"It ain't the champagne making you brave?" he laughed. "Well, you can do it. And you can do it in the next half hour. But when you meet him, what are you going to do—what are you going to say?"

"Lord knows," I replied.

Morgan puffed luxuriously at his cigar.

"Well, that's as good a way to go about it as any, I guess. Not knowing exactly why he's interesting himself in Runyon and you and the Candaces, an open mind is the best thing to bring him."

"Provided," I said, "that I can get at him at all. You weren't very encouraging about that the last time we discussed it."

"A bit of luck has broken our way," he replied. "Short of stopping Calhoun on the street—and that wouldn't be healthy if he happened not to like it—I couldn't see any way of getting to him unless you managed to pull some social wire to get next to him. But this afternoon, while I'm figuring on it, in blows an old acquaintance. Jenkins, his name is; keeps an eye on congressmen and senators for a few big business houses here in New York. Lives in Washington, and when an official gets out of step Jenkins shoots the dope here, and some day, when the servant of the people acts like he's going to vote wrong, somebody reminds him of what he did eighteen months ago.

"NICE little rat, Jenkins, with the same scruples you find in a Mexican bandit. But I have to know all kinds, and be friendly with them. Well, we got out a quart of Scotch and began using it. He tells me that he's got a date to see Calhoun tonight. I don't show any interest, so he begins to boast. Calls Calhoun by his first name, and all that sort of thing. And because I sort of high-hat his talk he loosens up more and more. Not that he's sap enough to tell me the exact nature of his errand to Calhoun, but he hints around.

"Somebody in Washington is a bit out of line, and Calhoun can use the dope. I suppose I could have made Jenkins unbuckle the whole business, but what good would it do me to know stuff that isn't any of my business? All I wanted to know was if there was any chance for you to horn in."

"Well, is there?" I asked.

"Jenkins is due at Calhoun's house at eleven. Suppose you arrive there earlier? His servants don't know Jenkins. You could get to Calhoun—"

"And be thrown out instantly," I interjected.

Morgan nodded soberly.

"You mean to say that you intend to kill me here and now?" he asked

"There's always that chance. But listen, Al: you'd get thrown out if you went to him under your own proper name."

I mulled over the situation. A man of dubious prominence had actively interested himself in my private life and affairs. At least, if he had not been personally active, he had condoned and given tacit encouragement to the activities of others. These activities threatened my liberty of action—might very well be construed to menace my life. Bizarre ills sometimes require bizarre cures.

In Morgan's words had been an unintended hint. He had referred to the possibility of my meeting Calhoun through some social connection. It was ridiculous to suppose that I didn't know anyone in New York who could introduce me to Calhoun. But it would take some time, possibly, for me to find a mutual acquaintance. Furthermore, in view of Calhoun's relation to Runyon, it was almost a certainty that Calhoun would refuse to meet me.

Another thing: I didn't propose to go to Calhoun as a suppliant. Not merely ordinary pride forbade any pleading, but common sense told me that a man who did not hesitate to exercise such illicit power as Calhoun used would hardly be influenced by any meek request. Calhoun being a man who permitted violence to be used in his henchman's behalf, would only understand the answer of violence.

I would go to Calhoun to threaten, then. And a threat is more impressive when it is delivered without warning. The element of surprise has contributed to most of the victories of history.

"Not weakening, are you, Al?" Morgan misinterpreted my long silence.

I shook my head. "Just looking at it from every angle. It seems a silly thing to be contemplating a visit to a man I don't know, with the end of preventing my own murder."

"And that's just the object of your visit," said Morgan grimly. "There ain't an ounce of exaggeration in a ton of your talk, Al."

"And you're positive that Calhoun is behind Runyon?" I asked.

"You can bet your life I'm sure," he replied. "As a matter of fact, your life is just exactly the size of the bet you make. If you don't believe that Calhoun is in the affair up to his neck, you're betting your life on your disbelief. If you take what I say as fact, you're betting your life when you visit Calhoun."

I PURSED my lips, "You don't think Calhoun would dare—"

"Don't be silly, Al. Runyon made it pretty clear last night that he dared plenty. And Runyon is just one of the boys. Calhoun is the big fellow. I don't believe you've got it all through your silly head yet. Al, every day the papers are full of stories about men that hold up banks and shops and don't mind an incidental murder. The best they get is a slice of a hundred grand or so, and what Runyon is shooting for is a slice of thirty millions. And for some reason or other, in this particular matter, when I say Runyon I mean Calhoun, and it goes both ways.

"And there's something else that makes the *Runyon-Calhoun play go double*: you whammed Runyon right on that face that the ladies love to kiss, and he's never going to laugh that off. He's never going to stick out his mitt in a nice manly motion-picture-hero manner and tell you that he did you wrong and deserved what he got. When he sticks out his hand to you it'll wear brass knuckles, and there'll be a gat in the palm.

"You're in up to your neck. You can walk right out of the game, but be dead sure that when you walk out you're through. Or you can stay right with it, but if you stay you've got to bet it all."

"I'll bet it all," I told him.

He nodded. "Sure, I knew you would. Only, keep it right in front of your eyes that you're betting it every second. This game don't stop for lunch or dinner or anything else."

He reached into an inner pocket and produced a scrap of paper. He handed it to me, and I read a permission for Allen Gorham to carry a revolver.

"The word hasn't gone everywhere, so far, that I'm a joker in the deck. I couldn't have got this license for you at five this afternoon, but my drag was strong enough to get it about noon. Got a gun?"

I told him that I had.

"Well, you take it with you tonight. And now tell me—have you decided what you're going to say to Calhoun?"

I shook my head. "Beyond that I'm going to let him know that it won't be healthy for him to keep up his game, I don't know."

"Well, I've seen you in action in Paris, and you weren't so bad last night with little Kenneth, the ladies' pride. You know when a crack in the jaw is wittier than a wise crack. Only—you're not dealing with any gangster that has eased himself into a dress suit and learned the tango. You're going against a man that's sitting in a lot of big games. He's a man that could talk to a president as easily as he could chat with the teller of a bank. He's big, Al, awful big."

"Are you trying to scare me out before I start?" I demanded.

Morgan grinned.

"I didn't (*Continued on page 50*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeps food fresh *and* wholesome
— and it's QUIET too!

That sums up in a few words the advantages of Iroquois Electric Refrigeration—the modern method of food preservation. The convenient way, the sanitary way, the economical way, the healthful way.

And because the *quiet* Iroquois not only produces the "crisp dry cold of a frosty night" so necessary to proper refrigeration, but constantly maintains that same desirable low temperature, it is noted for its efficiency.

This dry cold checks the growth of bacteria and mold, and by preventing decay it safeguards the health of your family.

The moment you plug the electric cord of the *quiet* Iroquois into the electric outlet, you are through with mopping up the kitchen floor after every visit of the ice-man, through with the moist clamminess of the ice-cooled refrigerator and the unpleasant task of frequent cleaning. There's not a thing left for you to do or think about.

And the Iroquois is so *quiet* in operation—as *quiet* as the "gentle whispering of the woodland pines." Mechanically it is so simple and compact that it is practically trouble-proof; and in most localities the *cost of operation is less than the cost of ice.*

The *quiet* Iroquois is the delight of housewives, too, because of the wonderful variety of dainties which it enables them to make so easily, and they need never be without a liberal quantity of sparkling ice-cubes.

Any woman would treasure the *quiet* Iroquois shown in the illustration—would consider the beautiful all-metal cabinet, white enamel inside and outside, a distinct addition to her kitchen. And while it is roomy enough for homes with four or five persons in the family, it is so compact that it is ideally adapted for apartment use.

It is only 61″ high, 22½″ deep, 26¼″ wide. It has *unusually large shelf space* (9½ square feet) and food storage capacity (5½ cubic feet); and its *ice-cube capacity is 110 cubes, or more than 9 pounds of ice*—with an extra tray for storing ice-cubes.

There are eight other different types of the *quiet* Iroquois in all-metal porcelain enamel white or gray cabinets—and every Iroquois is backed by a $40,000,000 corporation. A product of The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company, associate of The Barber Asphalt Company, engaged in world-wide business for a half-century.

Write us for illustrated booklet showing the *quiet* Iroquois line, including a *quiet* Iroquois electric refrigerating unit for installation in your present ice box. We will also gladly send you a copy of the Iroquois recipe book, "Chilled and Frozen Delicacies." You owe it to yourself to find out about the *quiet* Iroquois and to see it in operation.

Bellevue Salad
—a delicious salad easily made and thoroughly chilled in the *quiet* Iroquois.

Grapefruit Cocktail
—one of the savory relishes you may add to your menu, if you have a *quiet* Iroquois.

IROQUOIS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The QUIET electric REFRIGERATION

THE IROQUOIS ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATION COMPANY
1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Associate of The Barber Asphalt Company

The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company C-3
1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Please send me, without obligation, full information regarding the *quiet* Iroquois, together with the name and address of nearest Iroquois dealer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dirt Disher

THE pinkly alluring Police Gazette knew its palmiest days under the able publishership of Richard Kyle Fox, once of Belfast, Ireland. When Mr. Fox died in 1922, full of years and experience, he had watched his original stake of $2 multiply to $2,000,000 through the business of peddling scandal and racy chitchat. His only failure was the Fox model flats—and they would have succeeded had not the informal tenants sold the marble staircase for beer money.

Object: matrimony. But this villain was foiled, so we're told

By WALTER DAVENPORT

OUT of the hold of the great ship Tuscarora on the twelfth of July 1874, came Richard Kyle Fox from Belfast, Ireland, and his slip of a wife. They had reached America with little to weigh them down, Mr. Fox's material wealth being not more than $2.

They knew no one in New York nor elsewhere in the New World; not that it worried them. Mr. Fox was a smart man, and he had the instinct of the cat at landing on his feet. It was a gorgeous morning, but not so much so that the quickly perceptive Mr. Fox did not sense a certain disquietude in the air.

The pair of them had scarcely landed when a large man with profuse whiskers addressed them.

"You're from the north, I'd say," observed the stranger.

"Belfast," said Mr. Fox, vigorously shaking the man's hand although it had not been offered.

"You know what the day is?" went on the man.

"It was on this day in 1690 that William of Orange at the Boyne River—"

"Three years ago this day," interrupted the stranger, "we Orangemen paraded the streets of New York and before it was over sixty-two men were killed on both sides. Since then the police have forbid us. Are you a freeman or are you a man at all?"

Mr. Fox said something about being more concerned about getting a job, although by birth and home and business training he was a thoroughgoing Orangeman. At the age of eight he had gone to work in the offices of the Banner of Ulster, the official organ of North of Ireland Protestantism. There he had learned to read and write. At twelve he had transferred his energies (which seemed boundless) to the Belfast News Letter, where he had absorbed a fine command of the English language and developed something like genius as a business getter.

Nevertheless he struck a bargain with the man. If the stranger would show him to a respectable boarding house which was willing to wait a little for its money, he would install Mrs. Fox therein and walk as far as Orange headquarters and talk it over. He discovered that the stranger had recruited several hundred like him.

An Irish Barnum

THERE was no parade, but there was a brisk skirmish in the street because the Paddies, as the opponents of the Orangemen were contemptuously called, had resolved to stop it before it began. Mr. Fox took no active part in the brawl, but was whacked on the head, anyway, by a stray dornick or half brick and revived to find that his crown was being bathed tenderly by a gentleman named O'Brien, who became so violent when he discovered it was to a Protestant head he was ministering that he smashed a window with his bare fist, severely cutting his arm.

It was Mr. Fox's turn to succor the wounded, and he did such a neat job on Mr. O'Brien that the two of them became fast friends and Mr. Fox remembered that it was a job he had come out after, not to fight.

Mr. O'Brien worked for the Wall Street Journal and that evening introduced Mr. Fox to the business manager of that newspaper. On the following morning Mr. Fox went to work soliciting advertisements.

Within a month it became apparent that the Wall Street Journal had done a wise thing in hiring him. Fox had energy, initiative, imagination and a way about him. Busness was something to be fetched in, and Fox fetched it.

But he was likewise a showman—a Barnum and Tony Pastor of journalism. The Wall Street Journal, while a going, responsible institution where pay day was as regular as its Republicanism, cramped the style of Richard Kyle Fox. Too sedate. He had been raised on sedate journals. He had left Ireland to be rid of them.

A few blocks uptown, rapidly going to the dogs, was the National Police Gazette. It was owned at the time by two engravers who had taken it for debt from George W. Matsell, one-time chief of police of New York City. Once it had been a brilliant weekly, edited by a brilliant man, George Wilkes, who had founded it in 1845. But in 1874 it was a pathetic rag without character, circulation or other good reason for existence. It was in debt, and it had a habit of paying neither wages nor commissions: but it had possibilities for a man with imagination.

In desperation its owners asked Fox to come to its rescue as advertising solicitor, and Fox was just reckless enough to accept. How well he did is best told by what happened two months later. The Gazette owed him about $1,000 in commissions, and he asked for his money.

"Sorry, Fox," they replied, "there isn't that much money in the bank. But please hold on a bit. Don't quit."

"I'm not quitting," he assured them. "But I have a proposition. Give me one-third interest in the paper and we'll call it square."

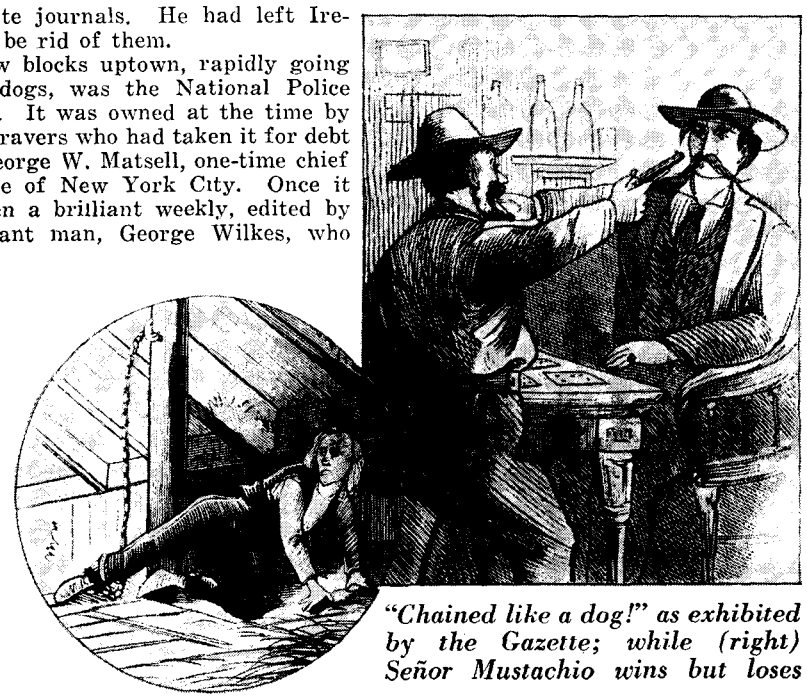
The proprietors of the National Police Gazette hastened to seal the bargain lest America's best advertising solicitor think twice. They withheld their grins until he had departed. And to their huge delight Mr. Fox went forth and worked harder than ever.

Early in 1876 a similar scene was enacted. The two engravers found that the weekly owed their sprightly partner $5,000, and there was no cash in the treasury.

Whisky Makes the News

"I HAVE another proposition," said Fox. "It is this: let you boys go back to your engraving and I'll take the whole paper over and we'll call it square."

It is said that the two engravers departed with great speed lest this madman reconsider. (*Continued on page 30*)



"Chained like a dog!" as exhibited by the Gazette; while (right) Señor Mustachio wins but loses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"FOR 6 YEARS *I struggled to get back my health"*

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Continuously strenuous work, even in an office where the atmosphere is one of beauty and calm, can be very wearing.

"Finally I had a breakdown. My weight dropped to 101 pounds. For six years I struggled along, trying everything I knew to build myself up again—but without success.

"When at last Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me I grasped at the hope as a drowning person clutches at a straw. But there the comparison ends, for in less than a year the Yeast had restored me to my normal weight and brought back my health. I am now vigorous and well. And happy in my work."

Mae Hennessy

Miss Mae Hennessy, Buffalo, N. Y.

VIGOR, stamina, a cheery outlook depend largely on regular and *complete* elimination of food waste.

Doctors for years have known this. And more and more they are recommending Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, as fresh as any green vegetable. It helps to keep the intestines free of poisons. Strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles. Banishes constipation.

Your new intestinal health soon reflects itself throughout your body. Your blood clears. Your digestion improves. Your skin is freed of embarrassing eruptions.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. E-53, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

RIGHT

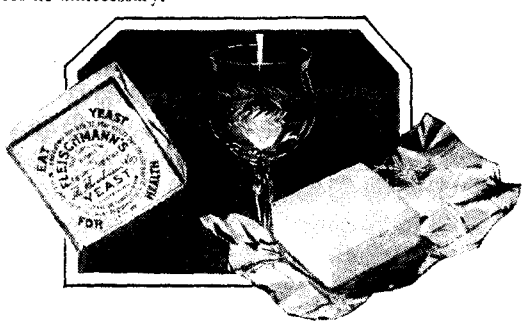
Mr. Devaney at his linotype machine in the composing room of a Cincinnati newspaper. It looks like a big typewriter, but it's a man's size job to operate one. The work is both exacting and confining.

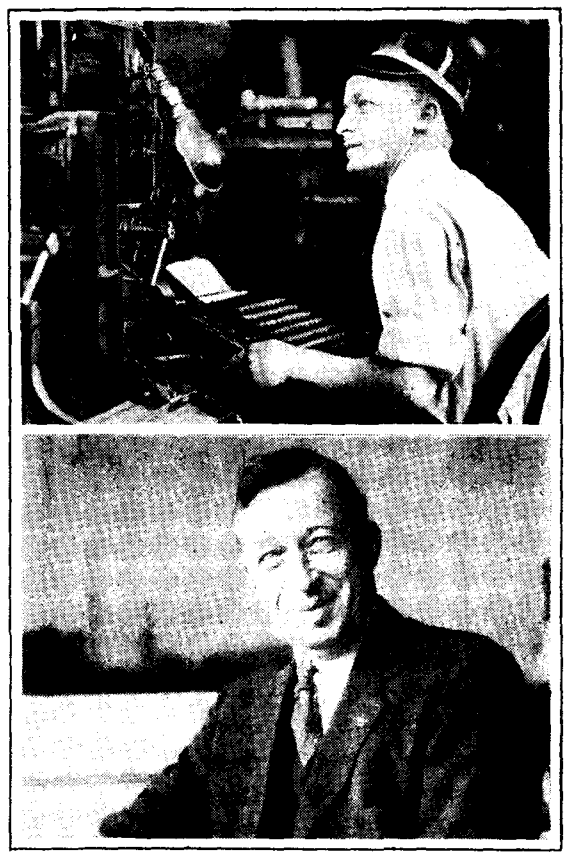
"I began to suffer from severe indigestion caused by constipation," Mr. Devaney writes. "I became so badly run down that I lost twenty pounds in weight . . . Being advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast, I began to eat three cakes a day. In two or three months' time I recovered my normal weight and entirely overcame my constipation. And my stomach trouble has never bothered me since."

Edward J. Devaney, Cincinnati, Ohio

Do this—to be energetic, well:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water—hot or cold—or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink it in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.





ABOVE

Mr. C. B. Webber, manufacturer of ball bearings, in the office of his plant at Boston. He writes:

"Some years ago I was sick in bed for about a week. After I got up I still didn't feel my old self, so I ca" ' for the doctor. He said that I hadn't got rid of all the from my recent illness, and ordered me to eat three cakes every day of Fleischmann's Yeast, one before each meal. At that time I had never heard of eating Yeast for health, but I followed the doctor's suggestion and gave it a fair trial. I can truthfully say that Yeast did all he said it would do. I am now entirely well."

C. B. Webber, Boston, Mass.

ABOVE

"When I graduate from school I hope to become an athletic instructor. (I now hold high points in running and jumping and the highest athletic average in my class.) When I take up my instruction duties one thing you may be sure of is that I shall recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. Here is why:

"Some time ago I was bothered with severe skin eruptions, all the way up my left arm. Tonics and salves had no effect whatever. At last, seeing in a newspaper what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for many others, I began to eat it myself. In a few weeks there wasn't a blemish of any kind on my arm. This was about three years ago, but I still eat Yeast every day about mealtime, and am in the best of health."

Bessie Blackie, Cleveland, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

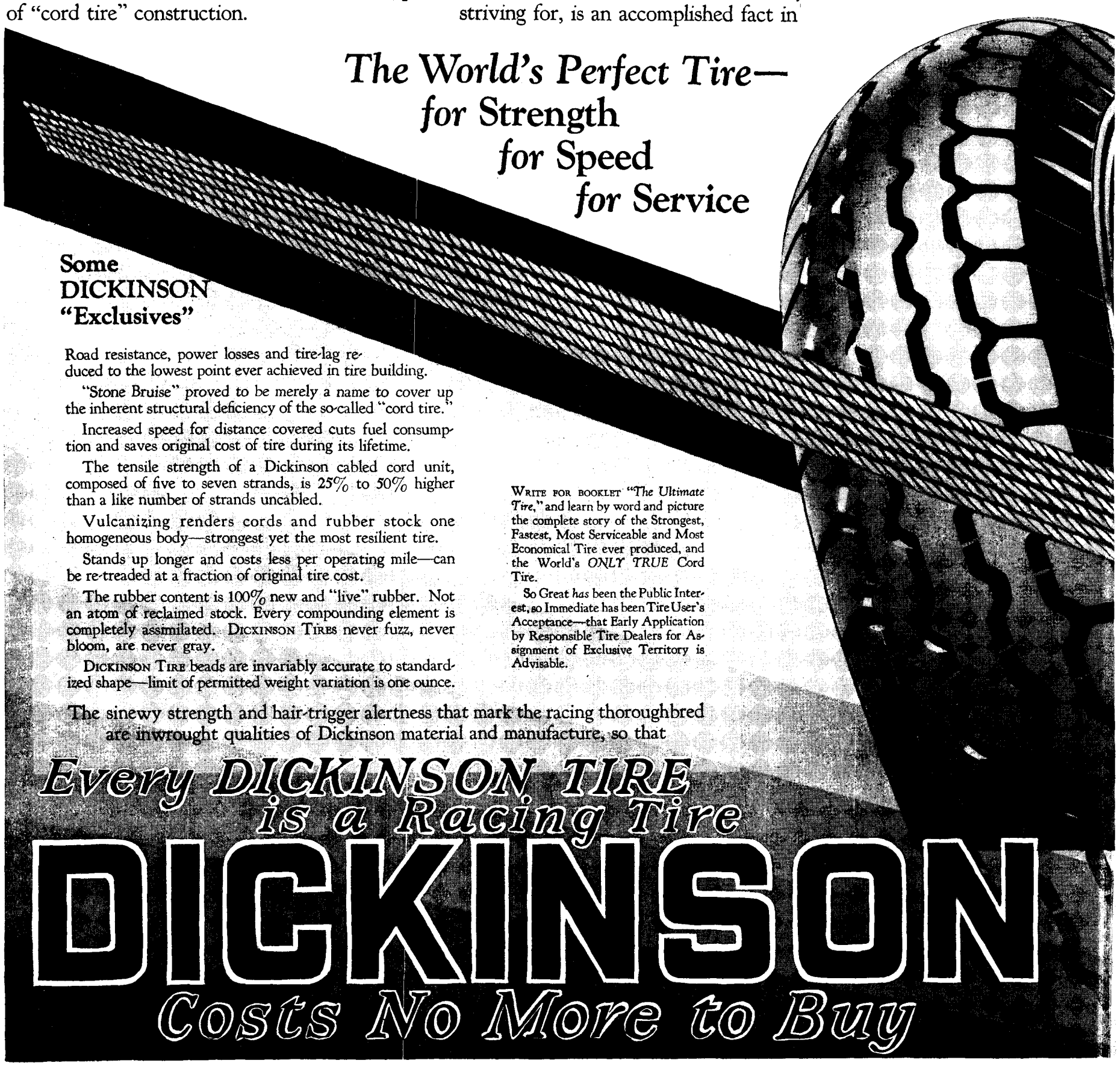
The World's PERF

THE TIRE INDUSTRY has for years been busy with new ideas of design and improved manufacturing processes, in the effort to produce the *True and Ultimate Cord Tire.*

Today the tire user is confronted with a confusing choice of "cord tires"—and more "cord tires"—and still more "cord tires," none of which is more than a mere "improvement" in detail of the already existent *cotton-web* type of "cord tire" construction.

Comparison of the structural features of any conventional standard "cord tire" now on the market, point by point with the corresponding features of the DICKINSON CORD TIRE, will demonstrate that what the tire industry is still striving for, is an accomplished fact in

The World's Perfect Tire—
for Strength
for Speed
for Service



Some DICKINSON "Exclusives"

Road resistance, power losses and tire-lag reduced to the lowest point ever achieved in tire building.

"Stone Bruise" proved to be merely a name to cover up the inherent structural deficiency of the so-called "cord tire."

Increased speed for distance covered cuts fuel consumption and saves original cost of tire during its lifetime.

The tensile strength of a Dickinson cabled cord unit, composed of five to seven strands, is 25% to 50% higher than a like number of strands uncabled.

Vulcanizing renders cords and rubber stock one homogeneous body—strongest yet the most resilient tire.

Stands up longer and costs less per operating mile—can be re-treaded at a fraction of original tire cost.

The rubber content is 100% new and "live" rubber. Not an atom of reclaimed stock. Every compounding element is completely assimilated. DICKINSON TIRES never fuzz, never bloom, are never gray.

DICKINSON TIRE beads are invariably accurate to standardized shape—limit of permitted weight variation is one ounce.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "*The Ultimate Tire,*" and learn by word and picture the complete story of the Strongest, Fastest, Most Serviceable and Most Economical Tire ever produced, and the World's *ONLY TRUE* Cord Tire.

So Great *has* been the Public Interest, so Immediate has been Tire User's Acceptance—that Early Application by Responsible Tire Dealers for Assignment of Exclusive Territory is Advisable.

The sinewy strength and hair-trigger alertness that mark the racing thoroughbred are inwrought qualities of Dickinson material and manufacture, so that

Every DICKINSON TIRE *is a Racing Tire*

DICKINSON

Costs No More to Buy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CTED Cord Tire

A STATEMENT OF FACT—not a mere "advertising" assertion subject to check by any competent technical man—verifiable by an inspection of the Dickinson Cord lay that any Dickinson dealer will gladly show you—

As Nearly the True and Ultimate Cord Tire as a Motor Tire has Ever been Made.

Assured in scientific principle because the complex engineering proposition involved has been worked out *perfectly.*

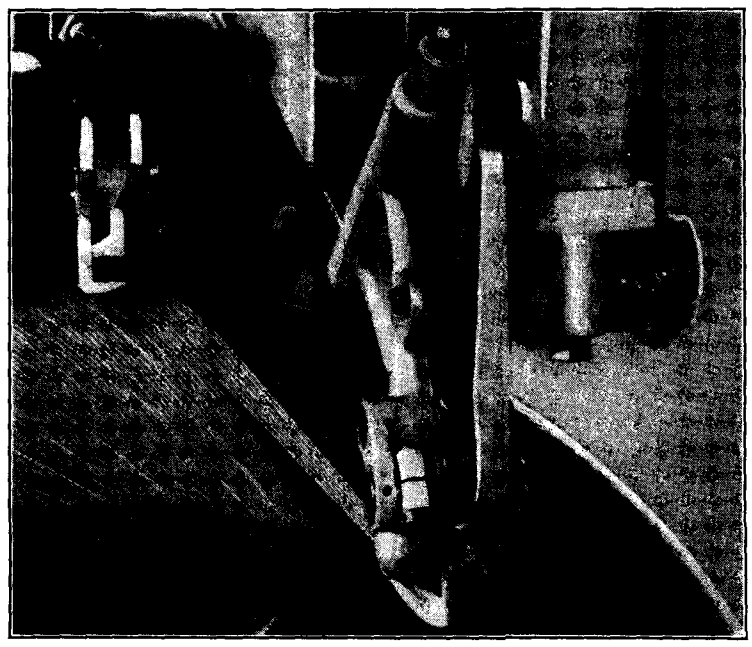
Assured in actual practise by the *unique* mechanical accuracy with which the cord structure is laid.

Embraces in design and manufacture every principle of standard tire building approved by experience. But furthermore embodies absolutely *unique* principles and processes that set it apart, in a class by itself, from all other tires.

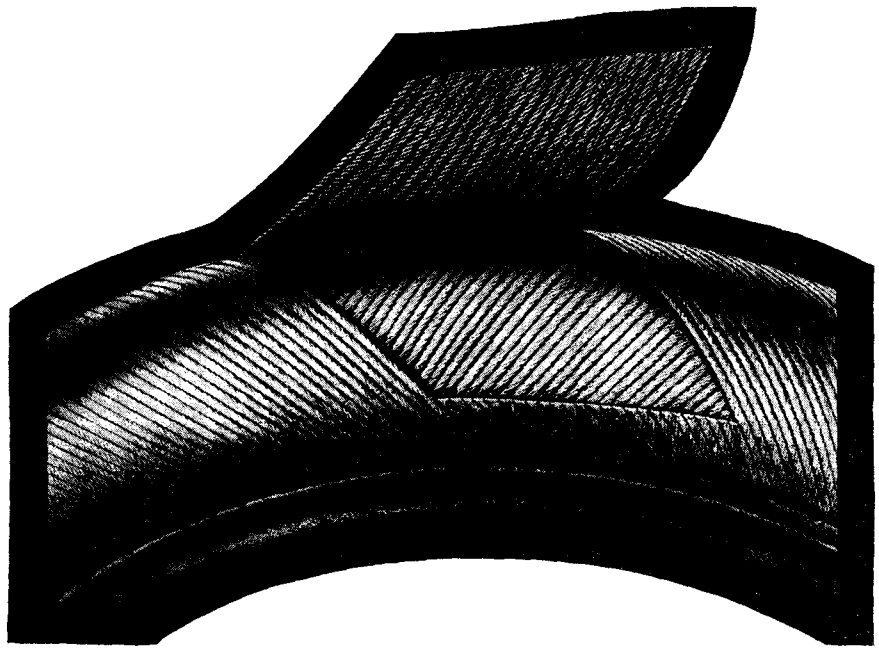
There are no Dickinson Tire "seconds." Every Dickinson Tire is precisely like every other Dickinson Tire and—every Dickinson Tire is

Insured for One Year against Everything that can Happen to a Motor Tire except Loss by Theft or Damage Due to Wilful Abuse.

The HYDRO-UNITED TIRE CORPORATION
J. G. FEIST, *President*
Pottstown, Pennsylvania



"CLOSE-UP" of cord laying mechanism of Dickinson Automatic Tire Building Machine. Precise to 1/2000 inch and timed to split-second accuracy in an operating cycle of five seconds.



No other tire in the world, with tread laid back and cord structure revealed, can show this *unique* TRUE CORD *structure.* Every cord, as in the LAY above, is in absolute alignment with the tensional stress imposed upon it and lies in the same straight relative path with every other cord, no single cord touching any other cord.

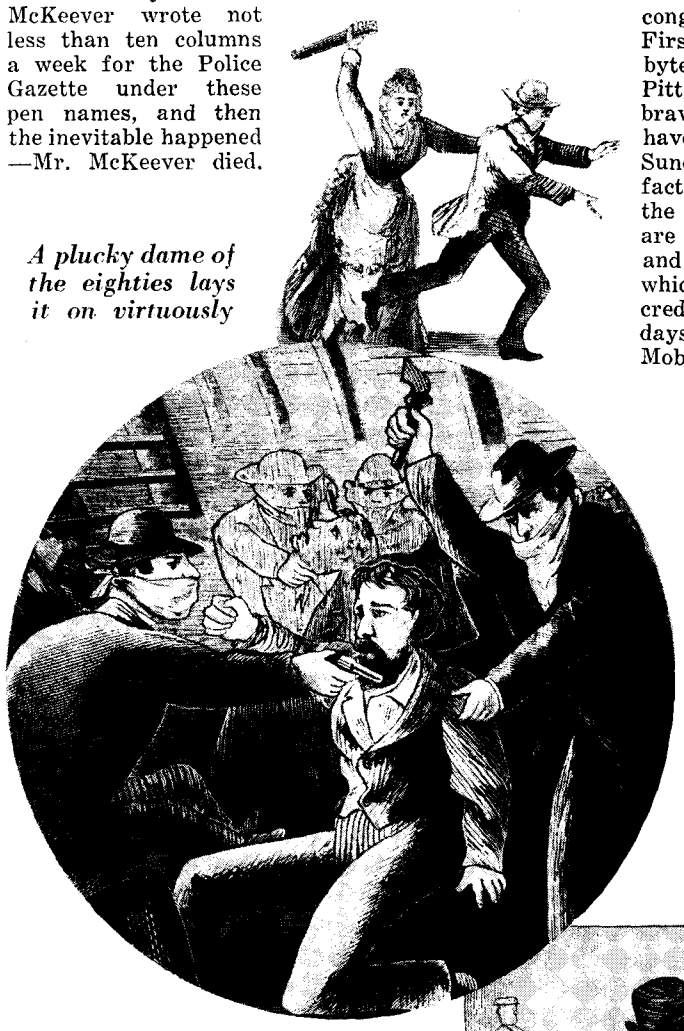
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were getting rid of a debt of $5,000 for nothing!

Just where he got the money to do what he immediately did remains a mystery. His motto was "Trust nobody but yourself; then you'll know who betrayed you."

Almost overnight the Police Gazette came to vehement life. With a sweep of his hand he fired the whole staff and hired Bracebridge Hemyng, writer of the Jack Harkaway stories, and Samuel A. McKeever, a picturesque journalist who captured fame under Mr. Fox as Paul Prowler, Colonel Lynx, The Old Rounder and The Marquis of Lorgnette.

For four years Mr. McKeever wrote not less than ten columns a week for the Police Gazette under these pen names, and then the inevitable happened —Mr. McKeever died.



A plucky dame of the eighties lays it on virtuously

Truth is truth, but news is news: gory pirates in Flushing Bay

Mr. Fox hired a large staff of artists, among whom were George G. White, Matt Morgan, Charles Kendrick and Phil Cusachs. New York City was teeming with picturesque journalists who shared a common weakness. Mr. Fox used to hire them by the squad to write for him over the week-end, and to make sure that they produced literature he used to lock them in a room on Saturday afternoon, give them four bottles of whisky, which was enough to keep them burning but not enough to render them impotent, and release them Monday morning. A retired pugilist named Gripman Matthews stood guard at the door of the room to see that Mr. Fox was not cheated.

There were couches and a well-stocked lunch counter in the room, so that the boys did not suffer for sleep and food, and Mr. Fox always paid them $10 for their week-end efforts. His only instructions as he locked them up were:

"Write! Write a lot! Write the stuff the dailies don't dare use! Be as truthful as possible, but a story's a story!"

There was nothing gradual about Mr. Fox nor in what happened to the moribund Police Gazette. With a scream it bounded from four (and very occasionally eight) pages, which since the Wilkes régime had been consistently, soddenly dull, to sixteen pages of illustrated furor.

Behold the cover page! A pen-and-ink drawing of the interior of Barney McGlone's Chatham Street dive, Helligo Hall. Four heavyweight ladies in tights and bangles—Pearl Butterworth's Troupe of Female Pedestrians —are shown in a frisky walking match. On tables and at the track side tipsy gentlemen with Dundreary whiskers and tall hats are toasting the athletes with champagne while wicked trulls of enormous tonnage are picking the tipsy gentlemen's pockets and otherwise disporting themselves.

Inside we see the congregation of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh in a terrific brawl on what should have been a peaceful Sunday morning. Rival factions, battling over the choice of a pastor, are mingled in rough-and-tumble warfare which would have done credit to Pier 6 in the days of the McGonigal Mob. Pews are overturned, hymn and prayer books fill the air; the pastor is at the throat of a deacon.

And then a delectable account of "An Unpleasant Surprise — Prominent Judge Does the Agreeable to a Lady Passenger on an Albany Street Car — She Lifts Her Veil — HIS MOTHER - IN - LAW!"

"Noose Notes" is the heading of the next column, and therein the country's hangings for the week are reviewed with the fine detachment of the dramatic critic.

New York's Deadly Dives—This Week Owney Geoghegan's Hurdy-Gurdy—Unadulterated Deviltry. New York's Gas-Lit Life—the Ghastly Fate of Sarah the Unknown. A High-Toned Scandal—Upper Tendom Shocked in Hartford. Miss Esther Scattergood, Employed at Georgia House, in Deshler, Ohio—Eats 50 Raw Eggs in 50 Minutes—For a Wager of a Calico Dress and the Price of the Eggs. Mrs. Maggie Allen, the Female Desperado—Pursued Across Kanawha River, West Virginia —Escapes.

In those bold days the first thought of the offended citizen was not of his lawyer but of personal satisfaction. Owney Geoghegan himself called upon Mr. Fox not, as he explained, to exact an apology for the nasty things the Police Gazette had said about the Geoghegan hurdy-gurdy but frankly to kill a couple of editors.

Being informed that Mr. Geoghegan was without, and familiar with Mr. Geoghegan's reputation as a prize fighter and gunman, Mr. Fox turned to Mr. Joe Hartman, his secretary, and said:

"Hartman, go and throw that coward out. I am sure you will find that he lacks courage if properly approached."

Cited for Valor

MR. HARTMAN put on his hat, intending doubtless to tip it to Mr. Geoghegan as he passed him on his way out of Mr. Fox's life, but as he approached the great bully his agitation overcame him, and he stumbled. He was a large man, although soft, and in his wild effort to save himself from a tumble down a flight of stairs at the top of which stood Mr. Geoghegan, he crashed into that gentleman.

When Mr. Geoghegan regained consciousness at the bottom of the stairs two policemen hovered over him, and he was escorted back to Chatham Square and warned to let Mr. Fox and the Police Gazette alone in the future. Of Mr. Hartman the record tells no more.

On the following week the Police Gazette recounted this episode, but gave Mr. Hartman unwarranted credit for valor and pugilistic strategy.

"It is only fair," the piece concluded, "to warn all such as Owney Geoghegan that a similar fate awaits them if they invade us."

Shepherds Find a Fox

IT WAS in the early days of the Fox régime that a delegation of clergymen called at the Police Gazette. A Mr. Musser was its spokesman. Mr. Fox, impressive in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat, greeted the clergymen affably and asked what service he could perform for them.

Without preamble Mr. Musser held aloft the latest copy of the Police Gazette, on the cover of which was a pen-and-ink drawing of all of Miss Blanche Pruitt, Queen of the Ballet at "The" Allen's Bal Mabrille in Bleecker Street —a whole page of voluptuous grandeur. Mr. Musser's first words were:

"Let us pray."

To the consternation of the clergymen Mr. Fox promptly fell to his knees, which example they instantly followed. Mr. Musser prayed fervently that the heart of Mr. Fox be touched and that he be shown the error of his journalistic ways. When he had finished, Mr. Fox shook his hand warmly and asked what else he might do for his distinguished visitors.

"Stop this," thundered Mr. Musser, again holding aloft the portrait of the terrific Miss Pruitt.

"Stop Miss Pruitt?" cried Mr. Fox, shocked. "Why, gentlemen, I don't even know the lady."

The delegation, in the words of the next issue of the National Police Gazette, departed nonplused.

It must have gratified Mr. Fox, later, to receive from Samuel D. Smith, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Fort Shaw, a letter dated January 10, 1880.

"At a late meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of this place," wrote Mr. Shaw, "it was unanimously voted to add your valuable paper to our already immense list of Christian and reformatory periodicals. Hence as secretary and treasurer of the association it becomes my pleasant duty to send you post-office money order for four dollars for one year's subscription to the National Police Gazette."

At least one delegation or individual, overflowing with indignation, took the National Police Gazette to task each week. Sometimes they visited Mr. Fox's offices eager to do him injury; usually they were satisfied to denounce him from a distance. What appeared to be the foundation for sanguinary race riots came of the Gazette's shuddering account and illustrations of "Dreadful Predicament of Miss Medary of Forest, Ohio—Fell in (*Continued on page 52*)

A muddy day on Broadway was as good as a windy one later on

She could kick when necessary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Dean Cornwell

A noisy street car disturbed his sleep so he telephoned "Mr. Fixit"

A crosstown car line, in an Ohio city, ran one rickety old car with a flat wheel which bumped and squealed.

Housewives said it got on their nerves. A minister was so much bothered that he couldn't prepare his sermons. Finally, a man whose nocturnal rest was being disturbed, telephoned to "Mr. Fixit" of the city's SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper, and complained of the noisy nuisance.

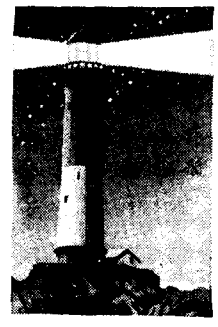
"Mr. Fixit" got busy with the officials of the traction company. A new and silent wheel replaced the old one. And so the neighborhood quiet was immediately restored.

"Mr. Fixit", or some one like him, is on the staff of every SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper. His business is to help abate the minor irritations in the city's life. His ear is ever attuned to any citizen's complaint, if it concerns some shortcoming in the city's streets or service.

If the branches of an elm extend over the sidewalk and brush pedestrians' faces; if a crack in a pavement imperils safe walking; if a manhole cover seems about to break; if there's any one of a thousand civic annoyances that Mr. Citizen wishes to remedy, without knowing how to go about it, "Mr. Fixit" is the man to consult. If action is to be had, he will get it.

In most cities, life is so complex that the average person has little idea where to go to get things done. The newspaper that befriends him in the problems that arise daily is, in turn, sure to win and hold his friendship and confidence. His *heart-deep* confidence, which in the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers extends to the advertising as well as to the editorial columns!

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* · SAN FRANCISCO . *News* · DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* · WASHINGTON . . *News* · DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* · CINCINNATI . . . *Post* · TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* · INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* · COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



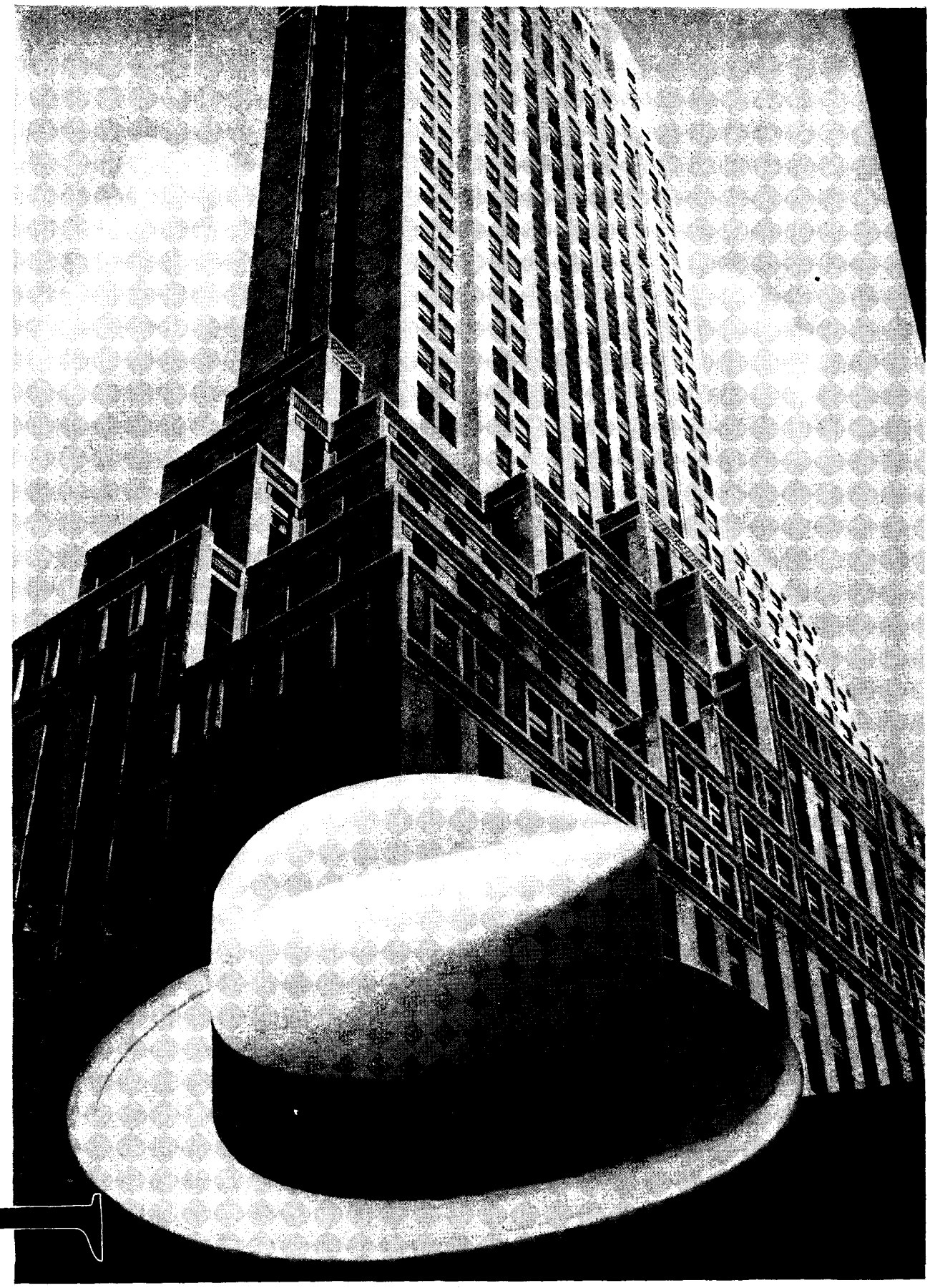
AKRON . . . *Times-Press* · YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* · FORT WORTH . . *Press* · EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* · OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* · SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* · EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* · TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
Stuart S. Schuyler, DIRECTOR
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO
PORTLAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA

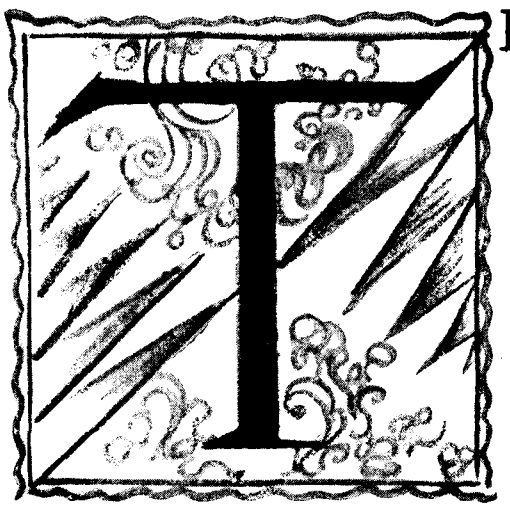
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE *is a picture of the new Dunlap "Metropolitan" for Spring. Note the flair to that tapering crown. Note, too, the narrower brim, with three rows of stitching on its turned edge. And note how these features combine to give it this smart new idea of compactness. It costs $8.*



THERE'S *a swirl of*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HIS hat — the DUNLAP "METROPOLITAN"—is the news of the season. Its higher more tapering crown, and its narrower brim, for some inexplicable reason, have suddenly seized the fancy of the best dressed men in New York. And now, every DUNLAP dealer in the style-sensitive cities of the land is showing this hat. See it by all means. Wear it wherever and whenever you have reason to be careful of your dress. It costs $8. Other DUNLAP Hats up to $40.

EXTRA QUALITY
TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK

DUNLAP & COMPANY

581 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.—22 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

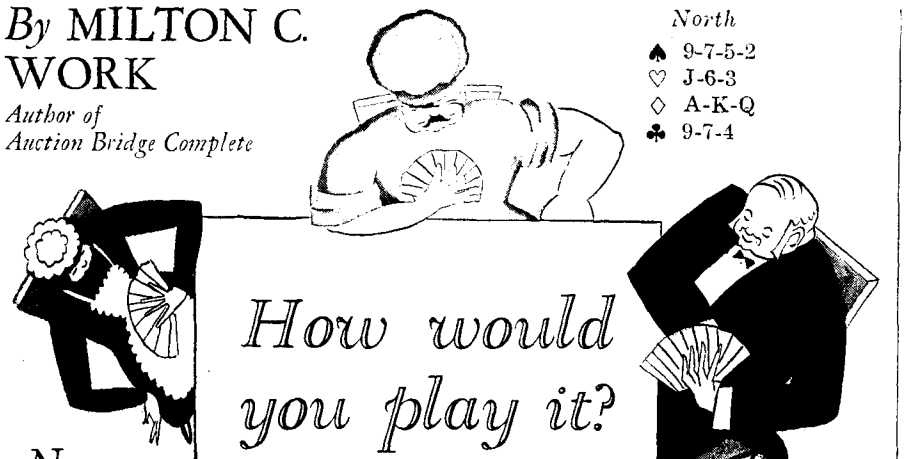
And at Accredited Agencies throughout the World

style to a DUNLAP HAT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete



How would you play it?

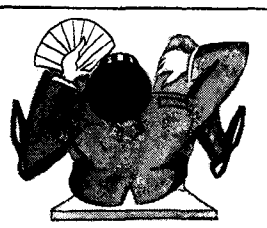
No. 20

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, March 13th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

North
♠ 9-7-5-2
♡ J-6-3
◇ A-K-Q
♣ 9-7-4

West
♠ A-K-Q-J
♡ 10-9-4-2
◇ 5-2
♣ A-J-6

East
♠ 10-8-6-3
♡ 7
◇ 8-7-4
♣ Q-10-8-5-2



South
♠ 4
♡ A-K-Q-8-5
◇ J-10-9-6-3
♣ K-3

THE distribution of strength among the four hands made the auction of this deal decidedly interesting: South naturally bid a Heart initially, the higher-valued and stronger suit of his two-suited hand.

West overcalled with a Spade, the four honors in one hand and the side Ace being much more than sufficient to justify a following bid.

North obviously had a raise with his tierce Major in Diamonds and his normal support for South's Hearts and bid two Hearts.

East passed. Having but a singleton of the adversaries' suit and four small trumps, he was tempted to raise, especially as an adverse game in Hearts was probable—judging from his own hand; but he was short of raising strength even for an *initial* bid by his partner, and his partner had made a *following* bid.

In the second round South of course was silent, being perfectly satisfied with his partner's Heart raise.

West rebid at two Spades, though she had only four trumps and was short of the six tricks which a rebid is supposed to show, but her four trumps were the four top honors, and her first bid being a follower, had not fully pictured the strength of her hand. West's rebid was clearly sound.

North was then placed in a doubtful position. He already had raised his partner's one Heart to two, but, although he had more than enough strength for that raise, an immediate second raise might induce South to overestimate North's assistance. It seemed better to pass and see whether South, with the knowledge that his partner had one raise, was strong enough to rebid. If not, there did not seem to be a game in the North and South combined hands. East at that time of course had nothing to say.

In the third round South did have ample strength to go to three Hearts after his partner's (North's) raise; West, not having heard from East, was not justified in continuing and passed. North was naturally silent. Then East, after West's rebid in the second round, felt strong enough to call three Spades. In estimating the value of his hand he did not consider the Queen of Clubs very important, although it might be of service with the long suit back of it; what he did count on was his four trumps, his singleton Heart and the fact that his partner had been able to rebid although unassisted.

South's final bid was somewhat doubtful in view of the fact that North had declined to make a second raise, but the hand had distinctly game-going possibilities facing a partner who was able to raise even once, and it was not at all sure that the adversaries would not make game at Spades. South therefore bid four Hearts, ending the auction, although, as the cards were distributed, it would have paid either West or East to bid four Spades.

The Play

WEST'S opening lead was the King of Spades, which captured the first trick and was followed by the Queen. South trumped and determined to proceed on the assumption that the adverse trumps were divided 3-2, as was probable. His plan was to lead three rounds of trumps, leaving the thirteenth trump in the Closed Hand. He then expected to lead three Diamonds, getting rid of *all the high Diamonds in Dummy*, after which he planned to lead a Club from Dummy toward Closed Hand. If the Ace of Clubs should be held by East, this would produce five-odd; if held by West, South would lose two Clubs, but would have a trump left to get the lead, cash his Jack and Ten of Diamonds, and make four-odd.

All went according to program until trick 4, when East failed to follow suit, marking West with two more Hearts and placing the Declarer in an embarrassing position. Of course it was dead easy for him to draw West's trumps and make his three high Diamonds in Dummy, but Closed Hand would not then be able to obtain the lead to cash his two remaining Diamonds, as the adversaries would have the Ace of Clubs and an abundance of Spades to run. In that way Declarer would make only eight tricks—down two. A little planning, however, developed a scheme which would produce game if West had two Diamonds. After winning the second trump trick, the Ace and King of Diamonds were played from Dummy (tricks 5 and 6) before taking a third round of trumps. Then Declarer led the last trump from Dummy, winning in the Closed Hand; and on trick 8 led Closed Hand's last trump, which drew the last adverse trump. On this trick Dummy discarded his remaining high Diamond, thus unblocking South's Diamonds and insuring the winning by Declarer of five Hearts and five Diamonds—four-odd, game. Of course the risk in the plan was that West would trump the second round of Diamonds, but that was a chance which had to be taken because, after the uneven division of the adverse trumps was disclosed, Declarer had no other method of play which afforded a reasonable expectation of game.

This is the last bridge hand to be broadcast by Mr. Work this season but he will continue his articles in Collier's. "Between Deals" will appear next week.

Promoting Patricio

Continued from page 7

he dared approach for the loan, and a glance at the clock (his watch had long since gone into the poker game) indicated that even should he hire a car and ride back to camp on the off chance that he would be enabled, upon arrival there, to borrow sufficient money to pay the fare, the situation was still impossible. For he would arrive at the military police outpost after midnight—and after that hour on Sunday all enlisted men entering camp were apprehended as being A. W. O. L.

Private Patricio Gradi sat down in the lobby of that hotel and, like a good soldier, estimated the situation. If he told the skipper he had lost all his money in a poker game and hence lacked the cost of transportation back to camp, Peep-sight would censure him for his profligacy, and he might not believe him. It was quite possible Peep-sight would suspect him of having had a long overdue attack of amnesia and of attempting to conceal the true situation by telling an elaborate lie.

THEN, too, only the week before, Peep-sight had announced at retreat that there had been too many men of his command apprehended by the military police of late: hereafter (so the skipper had declared) any man apprehended by the M. P. after hours would wish he hadn't—not so much for being A. W. O. L. but for a total lack of enterprise and initiative in failing to run the guard successfully! All such culprits would have their liberty restricted to the battery street for sixty days.

"Well," the culprit decided, "speed and accuracy, initiative and instantaneous decision, are the prime requisites of a field artilleryman. Here's where I take a chance!"

He went to a drug store and made a small purchase, after which he walked over to the headquarters of the military police on duty in San Diego and suddenly bent double, clasped his abdomen and moaned horribly right under the nose of the M. P. on duty at the entrance.

"Hello, buddy, what's gone wrong with you?" that individual queried.

Private Gradi did not answer. Instead he sat down and clasped his abdomen; then slowly he rolled over on his side and drew up his knees and did his best to refrain from shrieking in agony. Immediately the M. P. shouted: "The Guard. No. 1," and out came a corporal with three privates.

"Here's a red-leg with a fire in his belly," the M. P. on guard announced.

The corporal knelt beside Private Gradi and slapped him on the shoulder. "Here, red-leg, what's the matter? What's eatin' you, boy?"

"I don't know. I've got a horrible stomachache," Private Gradi gasped. "Oh, Lord, I think it's going to kill me. Something must have busted."

"Pick him up and carry him inside," the corporal commanded. So the privates obeyed, and presently Private Gradi found himself squirming on one of the guard's cots. "Who are you and what's your outfit?" the corporal demanded.

"I don't know. I—I can't remember," Private Gradi moaned. "I come from Arizona. That's all I remember. Who are you, and where am I? Oh, for the Lord's sake, tell me who I am and where I am? And get a doctor; I'm dying."

The corporal stood looking down at him severely. "No dog tags on him and no collar ornaments. He must be A. W. O. L. from some camp, because recruits don't get collar ornaments or dog tags until after they've been assigned to some regular organization. Hum-m-m! The boy says he don't remember nothin'. I've heard of a disease where that happens, but I'll be shot if I can think what it is. Well, this much we know from his red hat cord. He belongs in the field artillery."

"Wonder if he's from Fort Rosecrans, Corporal."

"No, that's a regular outfit, and this feller's a war-time soldier. You'd never ketch one o' them regulars out without his collar ornaments or dog tags. He's from the field artillery brigade at Camp Kearny." Thus another private.

"Right you are, boy," the corporal agreed. "Well, this is no place for a man with his trouble. If something inside him ain't busted, it's liable to. He belongs in the base hospital at Camp Kearny. Guess I'd better do my stuff."

He rang up the base hospital at Camp Kearny. "M. P. headquarters in San Diego," Private Gradi heard him say briskly. "Lemme talk to the officer on duty. . . . Hello, officer on duty, base hospital? . . . M. P. headquarters in San Diego, Corporal Burns speakin'. Sir, we got a buck private from the field artillery brigade at Camp Kearny. He fell on the sidewalk in front o' headquarters a few minutes ago. . . . Yes, sir, all tied up in knots. . . . Yes, sir, says he has a terrible bellyache. . . . Yes, sir, he's sufferin' somethin' awful, an' he don't know who he is or where he come from neither. . . . No, sir, no memory o' nothin'. . . . Yes, sir, that's it. Amnesia. I knew I'd heard that word before. . . . Yes, sir; I'm sure he's from Camp Kearny. . . . Put hot towels on his belly? Yes, sir, an' make him lay quiet, so his appendix won't bust before you can operate on him? Yes, sir, got all that, sir. . . . You'll send the ambulance at once, sir? Yes, sir. Tell 'em to hurry. This boy's in a bad way."

An hour later the ambulance from the base hospital backed up to M. P. headquarters, and two men wearing green hat cords got out and entered with a stretcher. They returned presently with Patricio Gradi wrapped in an O. D. blanket on the stretcher, and Gradi was moaning childishly. "Looks to me like a feller that's picked up some bad hooch somewhere," the driver suggested.

Another hour passed, while Private Gradi lay quietly and comfortably on his stretcher, moaning occasionally and waiting for the ambulance to come to a halt. It did—at the military police outpost at the entrance to Camp Kearny. The sentry challenged and was answered that an ambulance from the base hospital sought entrance with a sick soldier. Thereupon the corporal of the guard, who was a suspicious man, flashed a pocket torch into the ambulance. Private Gradi moaned for the corporal's benefit, and the latter said: "Pass on!"

THE ambulance entered the reservation and proceeded down B Street, which led through the artillery brigade. The two medical men were chatting on the seat with no thought save the imminence of their beds, so Private Gradi crawled noiselessly out of his blanket and stood poised on the rear steps. Private Gradi's descent from those rear steps was not accomplished with ease and elegance. He rolled into the street, turned a somersault or two and lay there, shaken, bruised and gasping, but with his bones intact, while the ambulance continued on to the base hospital.

Presently he whistled softly—and not six feet away a voice he knew said very distinctly, "Come here! Hey, you, rolling in the dirt. Come here!"

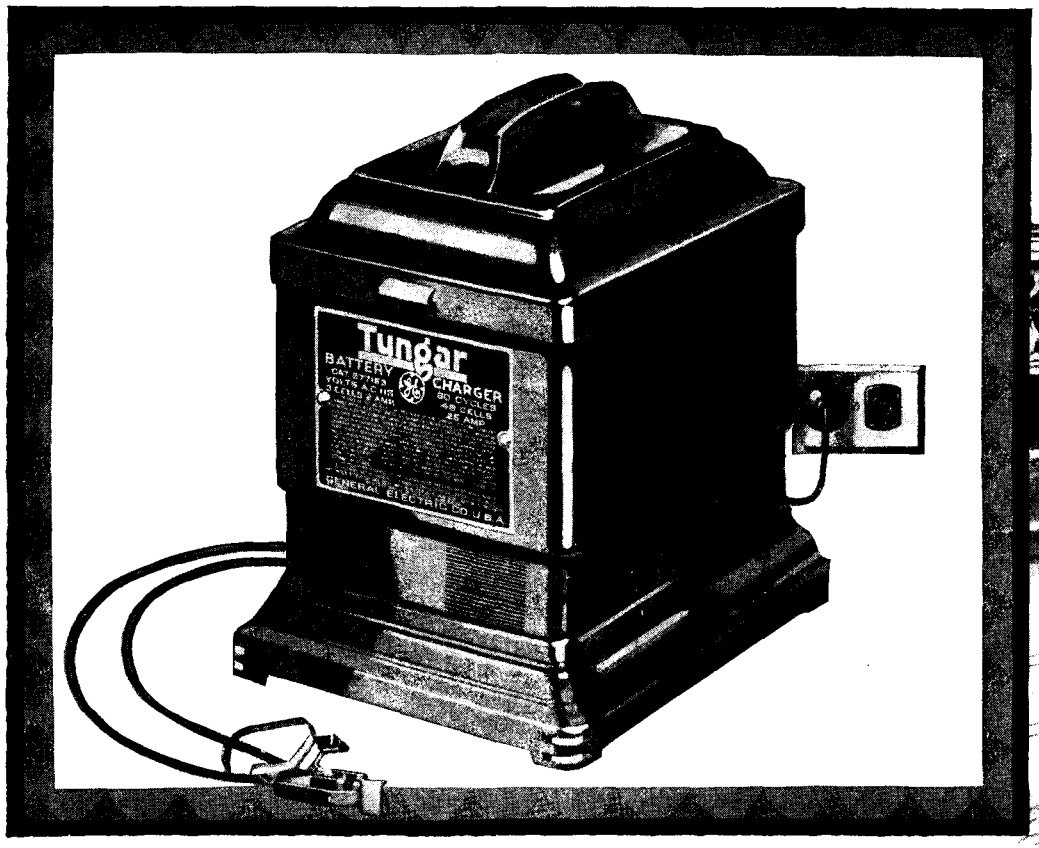
Painfully, slowly, Private Gradi picked himself up and hobbled to Peep-sight's tent. He had alighted immediately in front of it! Peep-sight, in his pajamas, was standing in the doorway, looking dim and ghostly in the starlight.

Patricio Gradi saluted. "Private Gradi reports to the captain!" he said sheepishly.

The captain reached up to the lone electric-light bulb in the apex of his tent and turned on the switch. Then he consulted his watch. "It is nearly two o'clock. What are you prowling around for at this unearthly hour of the morning? Don't you know you should have been asleep in your quarters before mid-

(*Continued on page 36*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For convenience sake — General Electric Battery Chargers

It's easy to keep radio batteries always at top notch power with a Tungar—General Electric Battery Charger. Tungar gives a trickle charge or full rate to "A" batteries. And it charges "B" or auto storage batteries, too. A complete battery charging service from one Tungar!

Permanently connected to a radio battery, charging is merely a matter of turning on Tungar when needed.

For convenience sake let your radio dealer show you Tungars. There are three types—each serves a special purpose. He'll see that you get the right one for your particular needs.

New low prices
East of the Rockies

2-AMP. TUNGAR $14
$24 5-AMP. TUNGAR
TRICKLE TUNGAR $10

Guaranteed by General Electric

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Promoting Patricio

Continued from page 34

night? Have you run into the M. P.?"

"No, sir. The captain warned the battery against letting those fatheads catch them. I got by."

"Riding in that ambulance, eh? Oh, I was just about to retire and heard it coming. I wondered why it was breaking all the speed laws, so I looked out in time to see you execute 'To the rear' not very gracefully from the back steps. Why didn't you yell to the driver to slack up?"

"I didn't dare to, sir. They were taking me to the hospital."

"For what?"

"Acute appendicitis, complicated with amnesia, sir. I was found in that condition right in front of M. P. headquarters in San Diego."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Gradi. And you came to in the ambulance, eh? And gave the poultice wallopers the slip, thinking thus to cover up your liability to an S. C. D.? Well, you took a long chance. Any bones broken?"

"No, sir. Not even scratched, but shaken up considerably. May I sit down, sir?"

"By all means, lad."

Private Gradi sat down on Peep-sight's cot and removed his shoes, while the captain stared at him. He wondered if Private Gradi was even now in his right mind. Certainly he must still be suffering from amnesia, for beyond doubt he hadn't the slightest idea where he was or what he was doing, otherwise he would not give every indication of an intention to undress and crawl into his battery commander's bed. Out of his right shoe Private Gradi shook his dog tags and immediately strung them around his neck. Out of his left shoe he took his collar ornaments.

"I should have taken these out before I jumped from the ambulance," he complained bitterly, "but I forgot. One of the collar ornaments worked down under the sole of my foot, and when I landed on it—gosh! I wonder if I have a hole drilled up into the frog of my hoof?"

HE REMOVED his sock and inspected the tender spot. "Guess I'll live till next pay day," he observed, and donned his footgear again.

"Why did you hide your dog tags and collar ornaments?" Peep-sight demanded.

"I didn't want those dog-goned M. P.'s to recognize me and then razz the captain for the lack of discipline in his battery. I got more savvy than that, I hope, sir. And I wasn't figurin' on them getting my name and number, reporting me to the captain and having the captain put me under wraps sixty days to camp for stupidity."

"I believe I'm obliged to you for that, Private Gradi. You're certainly thoughtful. However, since you went to all that trouble, you must have anticipated capture."

"Oh, yes, sir. I walked right up to M. P. headquarters and went down in front of No. 1 with a bad case of appendicitis."

"What's happened to it since?"

"Nothing, sir. I never had it. But I've seen men that did, and all I had to do to get by was to roll and clasp my tummy in both hands and moan."

"Very well; you've explained your appendicitis. But the amnesia. You've been A. W. O. L., so you must have had amnesia."

"Never had any, sir. Just pretended so they wouldn't pester me with questions. The M. P. corporal frisked me for my dog tags and collar ornaments, and when he failed to find them he asked me my name and regiment. So you see, sir, I simply had to fall back upon my old affliction."

"This is very mysterious, Private Gradi. Why was all this tomfoolery necessary?"

FRANKLY Private Gradi explained the conditions which had necessitated it. "I didn't mean to go A. W. O. L., sir, but when I found I was, of course something had to be done about it. I couldn't afford to be found out, could I, sir?"

"That's the eleventh commandment, Gradi. No, that one must never be broken. Well, well, well. So, finding yourself without transportation and without hope of transportation and with the certainty of being picked up by the San Diego M. P. after midnight and required to exhibit your authority for being on the streets at that hour, you did not despair."

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well, nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have despaired. Private Gradi, I'm proud of you. You are the possessor of certain qualities inherent in the natural leader and warrior. Finding yourself without transportation, you promptly and ingeniously proceeded to promote transportation. As you were without funds to pay for it, you saw to it that you traveled at the government's expense. Great! You did not get rattled when the battle appeared to be lost. Instead you kept your head, you estimated the situation, made a plan of operations and carried it through without deviation. Tremendous! Once troops are committed to a battle plan it is disastrous to change that plan while the battle is on. You demonstrated the finest qualities of the field-artillery man; to wit, initiative and instantaneous decision, speed and accuracy. Magnificent! On your word of honor, now, Private Gradi, did you or did you not have a touch of amnesia?"

"Not even a smell, sir. I have never had amnesia."

"But you told me you were given an S. C. D. from the 12th Cavalry for amnesia."

"That is quite true, sir. When I first enlisted for this war I was an innocent boy. I hadn't a coherent idea beyond getting into the uniform of the United States of America, so I went to the nearest recruiting station the day after war was declared. They didn't ask me what branch of the service I preferred. It seems they needed men for the cavalry on the border, so whenever they caught a likely recruit they neglected to tell him that, as a volunteer, he had the right to choose any branch of the service and any unit thereof. I trusted the dogs and they betrayed me. They assigned me to the 12th Cavalry on the border, and in three months I knew I was stung and would never see France. Yes, sir, I was doomed to serve my time patrolling the border."

"I DON'T see why you ever enlisted with us, anyhow," Peep-sight complained. "You could have had all the war your heart desired in your own country. I understand they'll accept for enlistment in Mexico any hombre who will furnish his own horse, arms, uniform, ammunition and rations."

"You do not understand, sir. I didn't want to join any gang of bandits or so-called patriots in my own country. We shoot our prisoners, and me—well, I'm civilized. I couldn't do that. And I didn't want to remain with the 12th and have to shoot at my own people in those dirty little skirmishes that are always going on along the border. No, sir. I wanted to go to France and take part in a first-class war.

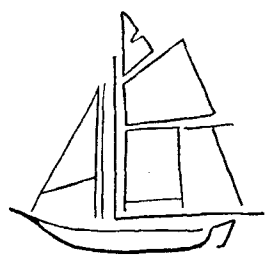
"Well, sir, I couldn't buy out in war time, and I couldn't get a transfer to some regiment bound for France, so something desperate had to be done. I thought over every disease known to science, but I was as healthy as a pack mule, and I didn't dare take a chance at fooling the doctors with anything ordinary. Finally I decided to have amnesia. That's a blind disease. Nobody has ever been cured of amnesia by doctors. You just get it and get over it or not, as the case may be. So I read up on amnesia, and after a pay day I went A. W. O. L. to El Paso. I remained in a hotel room there a week until my beard showed a fine stubble and my clothes needed pressing and my shirt needed to be sent to the laundry. Then I went wandering down the road.

"I hadn't gone very far until I met an infantry patrol. It picked me up, and I didn't know who I was or where I was or where I'd been. I just sat scratching my head and looking sad and foolish. I seemed to remember something about horses occasionally. Well, they saw by my yellow hat cord and collar ornaments that I belonged in C Troop of the 12th Cavalry, so they sent me back under guard to my troop, which I failed to recognize. I'd even lost all my military education; wouldn't stand to attention or salute. I was that way for a week, and then a med-

(*Cont'd on page 38*)

Nameographs!

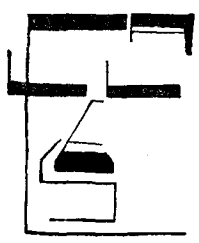
IF THIS isn't a Nameograph Travelogue! In Holland, Turkey, Alaska, Bombay and Heaven knows where-all, your little playmates have caught the fad. And they're not doing them reluctantly as part of their home work. Just look what Pesi M. Kalyaniwalda of—wouldn't you guess it?—96 Ardeshar Dady St., Khetwadi, Bombay, wrote with his job on "Flag": "Some thousands of miles away from your American culture I am enjoying the current features of your country in Literature, Art or Science. In the same way I am very keenly observing your new art the ingenious American Nameograph." Whether you count them in talents, florins or yen you can use $5.00—no? We pay that for every acceptable Nameograph. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York, U. S. A.



"Sailboat," by R. A. Hall, Ketchikan, Alaska

"Nurmi," by Angus McNab, 300 Springburn Rd., Glasgow, Scotland

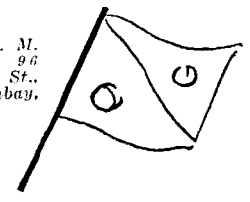
"Dante," by Simone Barthue, 48 rue Jules Lecesne, Le Havre, France



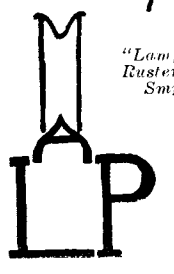
"Calles," by Enrique Mendoza, Mazatlan, Sin., Mexico

"Sitting Bull," by Chief Red Eagle, Roswell, N. M.

"Cinema," by B. Mohr, Villa Dennenhof, Hilversum, Holland

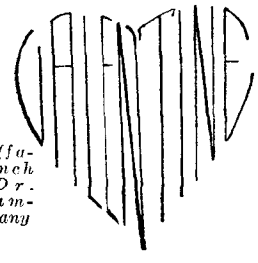


"Flag," by P. M. Kalyaniwalda, 96 Ardeshar Dady St., Khetwadi, Bombay, India



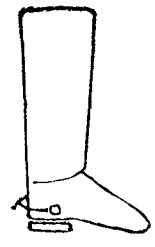
"Lamp," by Ahmed Rustem, Alsandjak, Smyrna, Turkey

"Hoe," by D. W. Millar, Holguin, Cuba



"Grock," (famous French clown), Dr. Dohm, Hamburg, Germany

"Boot," by Jose D. Ingles, 945 Lepanto, Manila, P. I.



"Valentine," by H. Y. Iseri, 905 Factory St., Honolulu, T. H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to tell if you want a new watch

Maybe you want a new watch and don't know that you do. Here is a way to tell.

Does the sight of a beautiful new watch in a jeweler's window attract you—stop you—fascinate you?

Do you instinctively pause to look at it?

Do you glance to see if the price is displayed before you move on?

If so, you have a deep, unconscious *want* for a new watch, and either you or your family should do something about it right away.

For remember this: No man ever *did* buy a beautiful and accurate watch, and then regretted it. No man—no woman—was ever heard to say: "What a fool I was to buy so accurate a watch as a Hamilton!"

You really *do* want a new watch.

So next time, go a step farther than window-shopping. Go inside.

Your jeweler can show you the Hamilton Watch in many models—strap or pocket, for men or women, in cases of filled gold, solid gold, and platinum—at prices that range from $48 to $685.

Two booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch," will be mailed on request. Address Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Top . . . . Man's Strap Model, The "Square." *A shape in increasing vogue—especially among men who appreciate that rare combination of accuracy and smart appearance in their strap watches. In filled gold or 14k engraved, $57 and $87. Also at $55 and $85 in plain cases.*

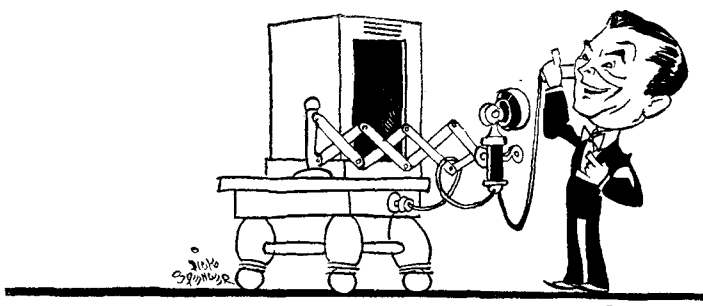
Center . . . . Man's Strap Model, The "Oval." *Quite smart, quite new, quite sturdy, is the new Hamilton "Oval" strap model in either filled or 14k green or white gold. Fitted with the exceptionally accurate Hamilton strap watch movement. Plain at $55 and $85; engraved at $57 and $87.*

Below . . . . The Brunswick Model. *Designed with an eye to tomorrow—but not at all ornate. 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown, $112 to $172. Other Hamilton Models at $48 upwards.*

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

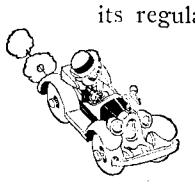


By JACK BINNS

Broadcasting Jimmy

JIMMY WALKER, New York's debonair mayor, stood in the home of Dr. A. N. Goldsmith looking in blank astonishment at the flickering glow of a tiny orange-colored light. He was watching the voice of Jessica Dragonette. A few moments before he had listened to his own picture.

The occasion for this seeming paradox was the first actual transmission of pictures over a standard broadcast station using its regular wave length. Fifteen minutes previously the Hon. Jimmy, with a number of other notables, had been in the National Broadcasting studios on Fifth Avenue, where he had inaugurated the service with a typical Walkerian speech.



A mad rush through New York's traffic brought him to Dr. Goldsmith's home in time to see the reception of his own picture after the electric impulses carrying it had passed through the ether from the antenna of WEAF twenty-five miles away. It was here that he dropped his mask of imperturbability and, turning to Dr. Ernst Alexanderson, the inventor, exclaimed: "Just the same, I don't believe it!"

Collective Insolvency

SHORTLY after the high lights of Miss Dragonette's voice had flickered out a page of signatures written by newspaper and magazine men came floating through the air with uncanny exactitude. Someone facetiously remarked the stunt might be hazardous to the bank accounts of the assembled journalists if a forger should happen to be tuned in.

All fears were allayed when a hasty survey revealed the scribes were mostly used to overdrawn accounts—financially and literary.

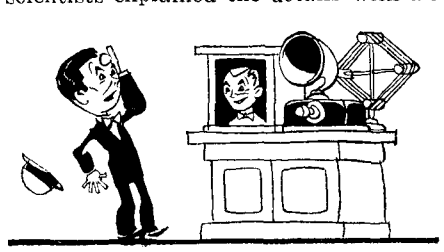
A Fast-Working Tube

THE success of television and the transmission of radio pictures rests to a great extent upon a new type of neon gas lamp developed by D. McFarlan Moore. This remarkable device passes from maximum brilliancy to complete darkness in one millionth of a second. It is the nearest approach to the complete elimination of inertia that science has evolved, and, of course, conversely it is the closest to instantaneous action that any contrivance, fashioned by the hand of man, has ever reached.

It may be possible for nature to accomplish quite a lot in one millionth of a second, but it's a flying start for man no matter which way you look at it.

So This is Static!

EVERYONE present at the memorable demonstration was admiring the excellence of the reproduced picture of Mayor Walker. Even the Hon. Jimmy seemed pleased with the ethereally produced likeness of himself. He listened attentively while the congregation of scientists explained the details with all the simplicity possible including mathematical equations. Suddenly he observed a faint streak of white across his mayoral physog.



"What's that?" he asked.

"That's static," explained Dr. Goldsmith.

"Oh! I see," exclaimed Jimmy, "my speech must have become mixed up in the air with my picture."

Cheerio! Old Top

EVERY morning around the time most of us are struggling against the pull of pillow and blankets an enthusiastically pitched voice of tenor tone goes out over the Red Network of stations. Its avowed mission in the realm of broadcasting is to help less energetic souls to start their day right.

"One who calls himself Cheerio" is the owner of that infectious voice. During the year that his vogue has gradually widened in scope he has successfully utilized all the tricks of vocal showmanship. There is probably no other non-singing entertainer more popular with the radio fanettes than Cheerio. Undoubtedly his identity has caused more speculation than any of the unnamed singing artists.

Cheerio comes out of the Golden West, where men are men and the women love 'em. There he went through Stanford University and then edited a successful magazine for a number of years. He is tall and somewhat thin. Is he young? Well, he is by no means old. Among his associates he is extremely popular.

If a benefactor is one who succeeds in making two blades of grass grow where but one flourished before, surely he who draws a smile across a troubled face or brings cheer to a downcast spirit is entitled to the plaudit accorded Cheerio.

They Radiate Too Much

A FEW moments ago I was thumbing through an agricultural magazine and ran across this headline: "Save that good bull."

What splendid advice this would be for many of our broadcast announcers.

Promoting Patricio

Continued from page 36

ical board sat on my case, and in the middle of the examination I suddenly discovered my identity. But it was too late. They quietly slipped me an S. C. D. and got rid of me. I went home to my folks, who have a rancho near Casas Grandes, and had a pleasant visit with them. Then I borrowed from my father the price of a railroad ticket to Camp Kearny and enlisted. And here I am."

"That's a very sound and convincing argument, Private Gradi, and I accept it as the truth, but what I can't understand is your action in going to all this trouble to get a free ride home. It's only sixteen miles to town, and you could have walked home, struck the reservation a mile below the M. P. outpost and hiked home across country through the chaparral. You can climb fences, can you not?"

"Oh, I didn't want to do that, sir. I was tired. Besides, I knew my scheme would work."

"Lazy, eh, like all Mexicans." Peep-sight commenced to chuckle, and his chuckle developed into a merry guffaw. "Well, clear out of my tent and try to get some sleep," he ordered presently. "You have done well, my son; in your campaign you remembered all of the military maxims but one. And that omission will, I fear, prove fatal. It must always be assumed that the enemy will act with discretion. You've given those two poultice-wallopers a thirty-two-mile ride and a lot of trouble in the middle of the night, and when they get to the base hospital and find the bird has flown the cage, it's my guess they're going to sit down and do some real hard thinking.

"They will even call in help—say their commanding officer! They'll be sore as boils. Consequently, some time tomorrow, after they've checked up with the M. P. at San Diego, they'll come to the conclusion that they have a duty to perform. Either there is a soldier in this artillery brigade who ought to have his appendix removed and held for observation as a mental defective, or there is a scoundrel who swindled the government out of a free ride in an ambulance under false pretenses, and for that they'll think he ought to be tried and given about three months in the division stockade. They'll work hard on both hypotheses."

"I figured they would, sir. I'm ready for them."

"If you are, you're smarter than I think you are."

"Yes, sir," said Patricio Gradi meekly.

WHEN the battery came in from drill at 11:30 next morning Sergeant Grasby handed Peep-sight a regimental order directing him to parade every member of his command in company formation in the battery street and hold them there until he, the colonel, had inspected them. Peep-sight smiled the smile of the cat that has recently devoured the canary. "Where is Private Gradi today, Sergeant?" he queried.

"On K. P., sir."

"Well, boil the kitchen staff out and form 'em up with the Ninth Section, Sergeant."

"I've boiled 'em out, sir. Gradi in trouble, sir?"

"Not yet—but soon, Grasby; you know what an order like this means. Some enlisted man—name, number, battery and regiment unknown—is being sought for identification. Gradi's the man they're after, but you and I are not telling on him, Grasby. 'Let every man kill his own snakes,' is my motto."

That was like Peep-sight. He always protected his own!

"Anyhow," Peep-sight went on ruminatively, "I warned Gradi, and he said he was ready for whatever might occur. If he's a conceited man, a know-it-all, I'd just as lief see some of the conceit taken out of him. Here comes the old man now. He's got half a dozen M. P.'s and two medical corps men with him. I knew it! Battery! 'Tenshun!"

Peep-sight took his place in front of the battery, commanded, "Eyes, right!" in deference to the colonel, and then "Front!" The old man returned his salute. "Prepare for inspection!" Peep-sight barked. "Open ranks! Yow-w-w-w-w!"

The colonel and his enlisted escort walked down the rear of the front rank slowly. From time to time the party would pause, and the old man would order one of B Battery front and center. Having completed their inspection of the front rank, they swung around to the rear of the rear rank.

When they had completed their inspection seven men stood front and center—and every man Jack of them was red-haired! The M. P.'s and the two hospital corps privates gazed long and hungrily at the radiant seven and shook their heads.

"Not here, sir," said the corporal of the M. P.

"Captain," said the old man, "you may dismiss your battery. Come, Corporal, we'll try C Battery!"

B BATTERY was dismissed. When it had been reformed again for retreat that night and after the massed bugles had sounded "Retreat" and "To the Colors" and the regimental band had played the national anthem while the flag fluttered slowly into the hands of the color guard, First Sergeant Grasby brought the battery to attention.

"'Tenshun to orders! Upon the recommendation of his battery commander Private First Class Patricio Diego Gradi, No. 643-765, is hereby promoted to the grade of corporal. He will be obeyed and respected accordingly. By order of Umble-bumble, colonel Hundred 'steenth Field Artillery, commanding; official, Bumble-umble, captain Hundred 'steenth Field Artillery, adjutant. Corporal Gradi will report at the orderly tent immediately. Dismissed!"

When Corporal Gradi reported at the orderly tent he found Peep-sight seated at his desk, gazing across at him admiringly. "You dyed your ingenious auburn hair with a bottle of black hair dye, provided very thoughtfully for that purpose, Corporal, but it was a stroke of genius to stain that ruddy face of yours with a light wash of tobacco juice," he began. "Attention to details is always to be commended. You were assigned a difficult operation which you carried through to a brilliant success. I'm proud of you. Here are your chevrons, son. Continue to wear them with the same distinction with which you wore the chevron of a private, first class, and you'll be a sergeant before you know it. And when you've been a noncommissioned officer three months I'm going to recommend you for the officers' training camp."

"Please, sir, don't do that. This war might end with me in a training camp in the United States."

"You're the most belligerent Mexican I've ever known, Gradi. You're as ferocious as an Irishman."

Corporal Gradi smiled a thin, small smile. "I'm a Mexican citizen, of course, sir, and my father and grandfather are too, but, just between the captain and me, if I'd been born north of the Rio Grande I'd be Corporal Patrick Joseph Grady."

"I'm a blithering ass," Peep-sight mourned. "And I thought I knew men. I should have known—you shouldn't have had to tell me. I'm ashamed—humiliated." He glowered at some papers on his desk, then raised his glance to Corporal Gradi's swarthy countenance. Whereupon the latter, knowing he had been dismissed, raised his hand in a careless yet perfect salute.

"I thank the captain," he said, and about-faced.

"Not so fast," Peep-sight yelled after him. "You can keep that dark dappled brown horse you gentled for me. I'm a hard man and a devil for discipline, but I'm not low enough to rank you out of that horse."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swedish Punch

Continued from page 9

situation prevailed until we went back again to our normal distribution. Then drunkenness dropped to normal."

"How do you account for it?" I asked.

"Human nature," he smiled. "When people found out they could not get liquor they decided that they must have it at any price. They started to make it in the homes, to drink varnish, anything. Then bootlegging started up. All purely a question of the head. Then, when the head found it was available, the thirst immediately left.

"I recall one time when I tramped two miles in the mountains to get the makings for a smoke, and the next day in camp, with cigars, cigarettes, pipes and tobacco, I didn't smoke once.

No Drinking Before Noon

"THE trouble with the liquor question in the United States, and everywhere for that matter, is the 'on premises' sale. Saloons have always been the cause of the most violent criticism. Our system did away with the saloons. Only in restaurants is consumption on premises allowed.

"The system controls the sale of intoxicants at the low-priced restaurants, while the hotels and restaurants of higher standing are given their own control, bound by strict conditions. If the restaurant should find that it needs more liquor before the month is out, it can get that too, but only at the price at which it is allowed to sell at retail. Here again the profit incentive is removed and it is very unusual when a hotel asks for additional liquor."

Beer is the principal table drink of the Swedes. One can obtain almost as much beer as he desires. But the beer does not contain much alcohol—at most 3 per cent. Stronger beers cannot be imported or brewed in Sweden, except for medical and technical use. The small alcoholic content of the beer, the Swedes say, explains why it has been possible, without any great risk, to place it outside the system of quantitative restrictions.

The same is true of light wines. No limits are fixed in advance. The purchases of each individual are recorded, and if they exceed what is considered reasonable for the individual and the requirements of his household the corporation may impose restrictions.

In the corporation's shops you will find an extremely wide assortment of liquors and wines. Each shop has a large catalogue. In one of these I noted some 800 kinds of wines and 250 kinds of spirits. The prices are very moderate. Despite the fact that for the stronger spirits there is added a state tax amounting to 50 per cent, you can get a bottle of Swedish brandy, about two thirds of a quart, for 75 cents; of Hennessy Cognac, one-star, for $2.50; of French brandy from $1.00 to $1.75; and the best whisky at $2.50. A bottle of claret costs from 75 cents to $5.00; French champagne—Pommery, for instance—costs $2.75; Moselle, 50 cents; Port and Madeira, 65 cents; Sherry, 60 cents.

And here is an interesting fact: The consumption of light wine has decreased by 50 per cent, practically the same decrease that applies to stronger drinks.

No spirits can be served publicly anywhere before noon; before three in the afternoon only 7½ centiliters—rather less than 2½ fluid ounces. None at any time except in connection with meals. On dancing nights, which restaurants have twice a week, beverages are served up to one o'clock in the morning.

An underlying idea is that food neutralizes the bad effects of alcohol. Here are official results:

Consumption of Spirits in 1913, last year of the old régime, and in *1926:*

SWEDEN

Year	*Liters**	*Liters per inhab.*
1913	44,500,000	7.9
1926	30,023,000	4.9

*A liter is slightly more than a quart (1.0567).

STOCKHOLM

Year	*Liters*	*Liters per inhab.*
1913	8,541,048	24.4
1926	5,562,985	12.6

Arrests for drunkenness:

SWEDEN

Year	*Convictions*	*Per 1,000 inhab.*
1913	58,909	10.5
1926	29,900 (about)	5.0

STOCKHOLM

Year	*Arrests*	*Per 1,000 inhab.*
1913	17,696	50.42
1926	6,689	15.12

Deaths from chronic alcoholism:

SWEDEN

Year	*Cases*	*Per 100,000 inhab.*
1913	110	1.95
1922*	16	0.27

*Figures of later years not yet available.

STOCKHOLM

Year	*Cases*	*Per 100,000 inhab.*
1913	25	7.1
1926	3	0.7

Crimes of violence, officially reported:

SWEDEN

Year	*Cases*	*Per 10,000 inhab.*
1913	3,106	5.54
1924*	1,776	2.96

*Figures of later years not yet available.

Score the fourth—and final—of Dr. Bratt's promises!

I asked particularly about the effect of prohibition in Sweden upon young men and women. The figures are interesting. Based on an index figure of 100 in 1912, crimes of violence in Stockholm, because of drunkenness by young men under twenty years of age, were reduced to 17 in 1926. For young women the figures are similarly impressive, reduction in crime representing a drop from 100 in 1919 to 26 in 1926.

Dr. Bratt would not give me a message for America but he did outline for me certain principles which have a direct application to conditions here.

"The way to meet the question is by education. The education of childhood is the task of the parents. The education of grown-ups is through public opinion, and that especially by the press. I don't know who is failing the more, the parents or the press, in this educational work.

"Legislation to help must primarily be educational. It must outline in a practical way the responsibility of the individual in the use of liquors. It should follow democratic principles; that is, there should be equality before the law.

"The primary value of any legislation lies in its power to educate the individual to his responsibility in relation to liquor.

"The secondary value of legislation is that of diminishing temptation.

"The third value of legislation rests in the degree to which it influences drinking habits in the direction of temperance.

Is the Fight Hopeless?

"REMEMBER this: The fight against human excesses in any field is difficult. The fight against profiteering alcohol traffic is difficult. THE FIGHT AGAINST THESE TWO POWERS COMBINED IS HOPELESS.

"Disinterested management is a necessary basis of all temperance reform.

"Finally, do not make excessive demands of human nature. Impose reasonable conditions and enforce them seriously and firmly. This has been done in Sweden, not without stout fighting, but still not without appreciable success. The control of liquor must be human, not superhuman: firm, not rigid; slow, not fast; democratic in aims, not in function."

Would the Swedish plan be a success in the United States? I don't know. But I can't help wondering what would be our situation today if some such plan as Dr. Bratt's had been tried out before the die for complete prohibition was cast.

WALK-OVER SHOES

The built-in Main Spring* Arch is suspended at three points—two on a soft rubber pad at front—one firmly attached at the heel.

There are Custom, Standard, Special Walk-Overs. Above is the Montfort (Standard grade) — $12.

They pay big dividends in smartness and comfort

Men who know good investments are buying Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch.

They have learned that no other shoe gives such comfort combined with trim smartness. For only Walk-Over Shoes have the Main Spring* Arch. It is rigid enough to support the arches properly, yet sufficiently flexible to *make* all twenty-six bones of your foot function — and it is built into the swankest models.

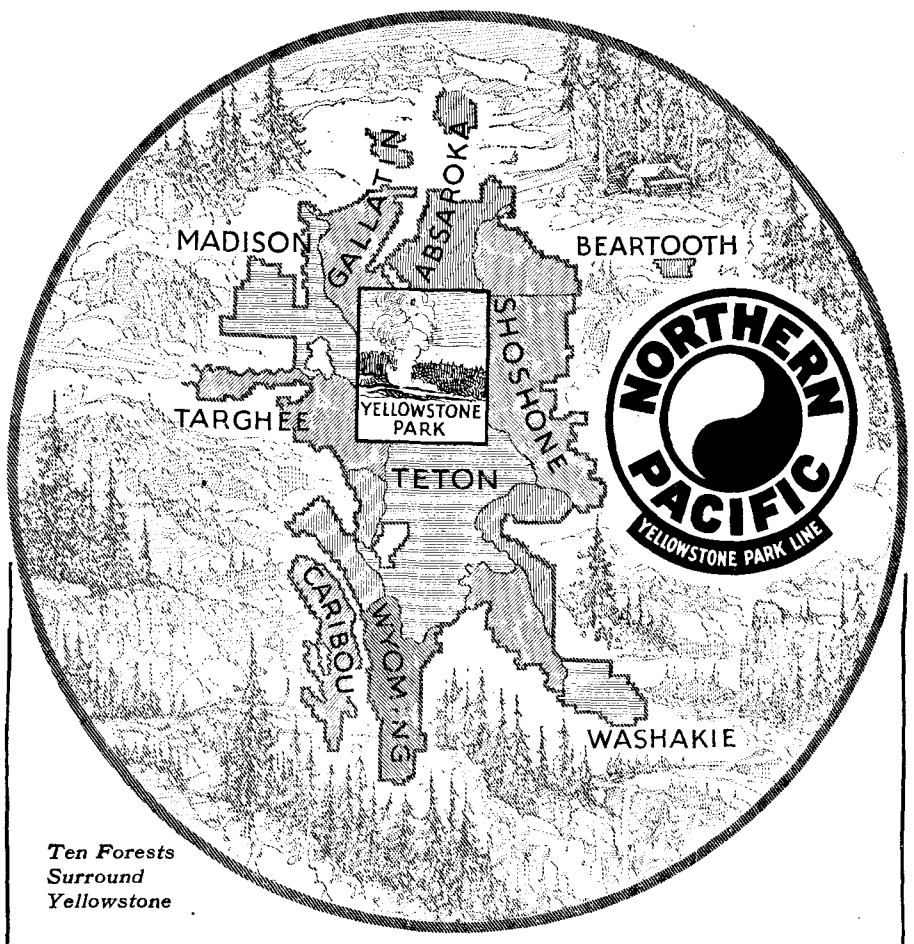
Send for a copy of "Watch Your Step—Your Feet May Be Causing the Trouble"—a new free booklet that gives some startling facts about feet, and illustrates smart new Walk-Overs with the built-in Main Spring* Arch.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ten Forests Surround Yellowstone

The Greatest Recreation Area in All the World Invites You

Fourteen Million Acres—Yellowstone Park in the Center—Ten National Forests Surrounding.

In this vast, beautiful, mountain paradise there are today luxurious hotels, rustic mountain lodges and "Dude Ranches" where guests are hospitably welcomed.

Do you seek rest and inspiration in the mountains? Does outdoor adventuring and sight-seeing in the West appeal to you? Here one can find these things and more—Wonders of Yellowstone in the center—geysers, hot springs, boiling pools, cataracts, Grand Canyon—and grouped about are mountains, rivers, lakes and trails of *ten National Forests.*

Wilderness to explore—trout fishing—horseback riding—hiking—restful reading and inspiration if you prefer, or vigorous Western ranch life—beauty everywhere.

We will be glad to help you plan a trip to this greatest recreational region which you own and should take advantage of.

Northern Pacific Ry.

Mail this coupon to E. E. Nelson, P. T. M., 665 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
I am interested in Yellowstone Park and the National Forests surrounding it. Please send descriptive booklets and rates for a (√) Yellowstone ☐ or a National Forest Vacation ☐ or both ☐

Name _____

Address _____

My telephone number is _____

If student, state school and grade _____

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

The "North Coast Limited" Sets the Pace Out West!

66

Old Bill

Continued from page 11

one day Old Bill might be a performing elephant at the head of a herd which his accomplishments and drawing power would enable them to purchase. These hopes were dead now; Old Bill again was a potential menace; nor was it long before that potentiality became actuality.

The course of the little show was southward now, through Kansas. For a week the weather had been hot, cruelly so. Old Bill endured a torture all but maddening. Added to the oppression of the heat was the galling weight of chains which seemed to burn into his flesh and by their very presence add the last straw to a burden of nervous irritability that approached the breaking point.

THE sidewall rose, to admit Larry Lane, dragging behind him a heavy chain destined for attachment to the stake puller, which was being repaired at the opposite side of the menagerie tent. With sudden cognizance of Old Bill's distemper, he swerved and, the chain clanking behind him, moved close that he might examine the elephant's bonds for evidences of chafing. But Old Bill saw in the approach of the man only another chain to be added to his burden.

His eyes rolled wickedly, and, furling his trunk, he emitted a queer, shrieking blast of warning. Larry Lane did not heed; closer he came, the chain still in his grasp. Old Bill surged; he blasted again. As the man came within reach his heavy trunk swung in a vicious circle of offense; there was the smacking crackle of a terrific impact; a scream, high-pitched, piercing; the hurtling form of a man as it sped for a moment through the air, struck eerily, and then, with outflung arms and sprawling legs, rolled drunkenly a few feet before it settled to crumpled inanimation.

Then the men of the circus were before Old Bill again, menacing him with bull hooks, while with a cry of terror Judy Lane ran under the sidewall and, calling inarticulately, strove to raise the form of her unconscious husband in her arms.

"We'll go on," she said quietly, late that night, to the grizzled Tim Mullane, lot superintendent, canvas boss and master of properties. Her vivacity was gone, the bloom had departed from her cheeks; only a nervous opening and clenching of her white hands gave evidence that she was other than an automaton. Tim Mullane touched his cap.

"Right, ma'am," he said, and, turning, called the command that would begin the journey of the little show to the next town. Then facing Judy, he asked: "And Larry, ma'am, do they say he'll live?"

She nodded.

"Yes, Tim; he'll live. But it'll be a long time before he can come back again. We've got to go on"—here she halted and pressed her knuckles against white lips—"some way, Tim, we've got to go on without him."

It was a grim aggregation which gave the performance upon the following day. Even Judy's act was listless.

In addition to the stakes which surrounded the elephant, there was now also an outer guard of heavy rope beyond which no person could pass save when Tim Mullane and his gang released Old Bill for his trip of the night or arranged his prison in the *morning.*

The crowds were slimmer now; the gloom which had settled over the entire circus bringing its natural reaction.

On Sunday afternoon, two weeks after the accident, Judy sat beside Larry's bed in the hospital.

"Judy," Larry had said quietly, "we've been too close for me not to know that you're trying to paint things different from what they really are. It would be better if I knew the truth. Is the show losing money?"

"No, Larry." Her tone assured him. "We'll be all right if we can keep on as we are now. It's making a little—we'll come out of this without any debts if nothing happens."

He nodded gravely.

"That's what I've been thinking about, Judy—if nothing happens. Have you got any answers to the advertisement?"

"No, Larry."

He turned his head painfully in a nod toward the white enameled medicine table.

"You'll find a letter there," he said. "It's from the Natural History Department of Bonham University. I took a chance and had the nurse write them. They say they'll give us a hundred dollars and handle the execution in return for the carcass. That's worth considering."

Judy rubbed her wet palms.

"I wondered if you wouldn't feel that way about him," she said.

Larry tried to laugh, only to allow his features to lapse into an expression of agonized seriousness.

"I can't help it, Judy," he exclaimed. "It isn't that he's made me yellow for myself—I keep thinking about you and the show and what would happen if he should break out again. I keep wondering if they're able to get the chains on him in the morning or if they let him break past them when they loosen him up at night. I've always got the picture of him tearing through the countryside, wrecking everything, dooming the show." A weary hand passed over tired eyes. "It's a kind of nightmare," said Larry Lane.

The next day Judy stood thoughtfully before the circle of stakes which held Old Bill a prisoner. By and by Tim Mullane came beside her.

"When do we get to Bonham?" he asked.

"In two weeks, Tim. Don't let anybody take the slightest chance in the meanwhile."

It was Judy who broke her own rule. Three days had gone by, and each day she had found herself returning at odd moments to the roped-off space before Old Bill's prison. To her there seemed something humanly pathetic about the fact that this hulking prisoner must die. And Old Bill, harassed, weary from his chains, had chirruped at her approach and given evidence of the pleasure of a lonely beast grateful for the association of someone who had been his friend in the past and still assumed that rôle when all others had become his enemies. Now he stretched his trunk to her, begging for the offerings he had missed since the day of his outbreak, and Judy stood within the ropes feeding the demon an apple, talking to him, patting his trunk, but unable to understand his queer, plaintive chirrup of inexpressive longing.

A WEEK went by; the heat had passed now, giving way to days of steady rain which brought new difficulties to the little circus, but giving to Old Bill a solace known to none but him. Now the roads were deep in mud which brought extra exertion as he dragged his chains from town to town; sometimes in the depths of night, when the earth steamed and hot mists floated about him, as the caravan made its way along boggy corduroy or twined through the twisting avenue of a timber road, vague surges of happiness overcame the beast and he cooed into a giant ear; this was like a life he once had known—he who was doomed to die.

Happiness, however, was for Old Bill alone. In this weather was an element of danger; streams were rising, giving to bridges and culverts an added burden which might on any night bring disaster to the wandering caravan as it strove desperately to live up to its promises of the billboards and by so doing fight onward to better weather conditions and increased attendance. This was vital now.

"'Tain't none of my business, ma'am," said Tim Mullane one morning, "but if I were you I'd kill that elephant myself and take a straight shot out of this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rain belt without trying to get to Bonham. He takes apples from you every morning; t'wouldn't be any trick at all to hollow one out and fill it with cyanide. He'd gulp it down, and the boys could dig a pit to bury him in."

Judy put a finger to her lips.

"But there's the hundred dollars we'd get from the university," she demurred. "That's a good deal just now, Tim."

"Sure it is," he said. "But you're liable to lose a lot more getting there. The other way we could switch our route and make a forced march of a couple of days into the dry belt. I don't like to camp along creek beds in this kind of weather."

ACROSS the heavy wooden bridge from town two teams of circus horses made their way, dragging behind them a pair of dirt scrapers which Tim Mullane ordered placed at the creek bank, where, a torrent of foamy chocolate, the ordinarily insignificant stream churned and whirled in muddy eddies, the driftwood writhing at its edges. Tim Mullane waved a hand.

"See how we're fixed here?" he asked with an expressive gesture which took in the entirety of the triangle of ground upon which the circus was pitched. Before them to the north and west a limestone bluff rose sheer for some 200 feet; against this the stream flowed, suddenly to veer to the right, running between cut banks and forming a division between the grounds and the little town. Behind them upon an embankment, rising some few feet above the grounds, a road leading from the bridge formed the third side of the triangle, cutting sharply downward just before it reached the bluff, and continuing along its edge toward the inland country.

"This lot could give us trouble, ma'am. I ain't sayin' that it'd wash us away; but if the water'd get high enough for drift to stick against that bridge there wouldn't be anything for us to do but to sit on this little island and wait. That's why I ordered them scrapers; they might come in handy if we had to throw up a dike. And— I wish you'd think that cyanide thing over, ma'am."

"I will, Tim." Judy Lane walked away toward the ring of stakes where Old Bill stood, straining at his bonds as with sidelong glances he looked without to where the seat planks were being carried from their wagon into the big top. Tim Mullane was right; this fretting could only lead to insurrection. There was only one remedy.

Judy quailed from the thought. She must be the executioner, taking advantage of the one redeeming quality of the beast, his apparent liking for and trust in her.

The woman was strangely pale and repressed when next she saw Tim Mullane.

"I've got hold of the agent by long-distance and ordered him to switch the route so we can start with Dodge City next Monday," she said. "We'll start the march tonight. I guess we can do that—that other, somewhere along the line."

"Sure, ma'am." Tim Mullane wiped a hand across a sweating forehead. "I wish this sun'd go under."

The wish was granted shortly after the little company made its entrance into the hippodrome track for the beginning of the matinée performance. The sky took on a hue of deepening black, concentrating at the horizon. Distant thunder rolled but the rain withheld and the performance went on.

When next Judy came from the big top, Tim Mullane awaited her, his features a study in apprehension.

"Better railroad the program," he said tersely. "The rain struck up in the hills about ten miles. Regular cloudburst, they say. The creek's starting to rise already."

Judy glanced apprehensively toward the bridge, now a bare eight feet above the churning water.

"Cut the show!" she commanded. "We've got to give the audience time to get over that bridge! You, Tim—begin to tear down. Have everything fixed so we can start pulling out as soon as possible after the crowd's gone."

"There's low ground below," she muttered. "It'll spread out down there before it ever takes in this bank."

Into the ring she went and to her act, rushing through the feats of her equestrian number. But, half through, she summoned the equestrian director by a quick nod and called as he came to the ring curb.

"Tim Mullane, there at the back door," she called. "See what he wants!"

The director moved away, and swiftly returned.

"Cut it—quick!" he commanded as she swung past him. Then his whistle went to his lips, in warning to the band of a change in the routine. Judy Lane swung into the "leaps" by which she finished her act. Faster and faster the action became, finally to end. Immediately from the little band stand came the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner inciting the audience to rise, and once the throng was upon its feet:

"All-l-l-l-l out an' ovah-h-h-h-h," bawled the announcer. "Take your time, everaybodie—ee! No rushing, no crowding! All out an' ovah-h-h-h."

Judy waited only until she had seen the surprised audience begin to move toward the entrance; then, with an excited half-running gait, she hurried for the flags and Tim Mullane.

"Look!" he announced in answer to her unasked question. "It came down all at once. And them trees ain't helping!"

Judy already had seen; the roaring, as of a waterfall, had pulled her attention immediately to the bridge, where now the waters were almost level, and the first of the matinée crowd was feeling its way as it started over the structure, against which uprooted trees had caught in the beginning of a dam of débris.

"Them trees!" said Tim Mullane again. "I seen 'em coming and sent men out there to try to fend 'em off. Wasn't any use; current too strong."

Judy turned for a crisp command.

"Tear down!"

"All tore down, ma'am. Menagerie tent, cookhouse, everything but the big top. Starting on that now."

The clattering of seats being hastily piled joined with the roaring of the waters, shortly to be mingled with still another sound—the trumpeting of an elephant! Judy moved swiftly to the edge of the tent, and a trembling hand went to her lips. Tim Mullane had said nothing of this; there was nothing to say. The position of Old Bill told his own story. In the low space where the menagerie tent had been, and where water was slowly beginning to rise, stood a giant being, alone, save for the ring of stakes which held him prisoner. Tim Mullane had taken advantage of misfortune. The menagerie had stood at a spot fully twelve feet lower than the bridge. Once the backwaters began to pour into the lower stretches of the circus grounds there would be no need for cyanide.

Judy Lane turned her head; after all, it was inevitable, and there now existed the crisis of saving that which must be kept alive—her circus.

THE workmen of the circus were at the bridge, striving in vain to fend off at least a part of the driftwood which now was banking against the railings of the heavy wooden structure, thereby bringing a threat not only to the circus but to the little town across the stream.

There, sloshing about in the water which now was flowing across the structure, was another gang of men, working feverishly, all with no result. Faintly there came the voice of Tim Mullane, shouting across the river:

"Got to have dynamite! Ain't you got any dynamite?"

"Aren't you going to try to get across?"

A crash answered the question, as, careening high upon the breast of the current, an uprooted tree swirled upward, then, scattering lesser driftwood in its impact, broke the railing of the bridge and slaunched across, coming at last to a halt, a firmly wedged barrier surrounded by rushing waters. Again Tim Mullane roared his command:

"Got to use dynamite! This'll back up water for a mile."

(*Continued on page 42*)

Your stenographer's day is a "Marathon" too—

make it easier with an L C Smith

THE physical condition of the Marathon runner determines his efficiency. In perfect shape, he comes through his long grind with comparative ease.

Your stenographer runs a "Marathon race" every day in the week. If you find her tired and nervous toward afternoon, don't blame her. It's generally her typewriter fighting back at her. That incessant pounding on sensitive nerve centers causes nervous fatigue, reducing her capacity. Doctors call it *Functional Neurosis*.

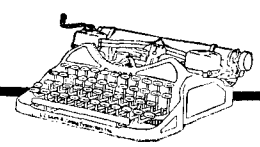
You pay her the cost of her typewriter about every four weeks! Hence you can't afford *not* to give her the best. L C Smith does not fight back. It *can't* pound. Have your stenographer try one and see the amazing difference.

We have prepared a brief explanation of the effect of fatigue on stenographic costs. We will send you a copy, together with our latest catalog, upon receipt of name and address.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc
Established 1903
320 East Washington Street, Syracuse, New York
Sales offices in all principal cities of the world

LC Smith
THE BALL-BEARING OFFICE MACHINE

Corona, the Personal Writing Machine



Now finished in beautiful colors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What makes a salable story?

One good idea or one interesting experience, plus the ability and Nerve to write it.

Writing for publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

If you would learn to write *Start Writing*

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in journalism has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared and taught by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers to add to your present ability.

Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Fill in and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th St., New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Collier's, March 24th.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21C358

Old Bill

Continued from page 41

"Haven't any dynamite," came the faint reply. "We've sent for a steel cable; maybe we can pull the bridge out."

"Not much chance—got to work against too much current. Can't pull downstream—ten feet of water on the other side of your embankment."

Then Tim Mullane turned hurriedly to the assembling of horses for the dirt scrapers; there was need for them now.

"We ain't got much chance if that bridge holds," he grumbled as Judy came beside him. "Hey, you!" he shouted to a circus teamster, moving to his labors with a dirt scraper, "start fillin' in on that lower side and build 'er up there. Got to pile up a wall of dirt a good eight feet to keep this water out—keep cutting in at the embankment to flow 'er over the road and bring the dirt here. Need every scraperful you can get!" Then suddenly he eyed Judy, as a shrieking bellow came from the lower ground where the menagerie had been. "Wonder if Old Bill knows what's cut out for him?"

The water was above his knees now.

"POOR old renegade," she said. Then, with a realization of her own plight: "Give me some men to finish tearing down on the big top and dressing tents. We'll have to restack everything as close as we can on the highest ground."

Tim Mullane obeyed, swinging hurriedly to shout across the river:

"You'll never be able to get 'er out with man power! Hook that cable on to the bridge and then tie a rock on another cable and throw 'er over. I'll put the horses on it and get a cross pull—it's our only chance!"

Presently a string of horses tugged and slipped and tugged again and again at the cable leading to the opposite side of the bridge, but all in vain.

Meantime Old Bill surged and floundered; at last to halt, panting with queer, plaintive cries. The water was above his shoulders now; his great neck had begun to ache with the strain of a steadily upraised head. He looked toward the higher ground, where worked the scrapers, the line of men with spades and shovels, laboring dully, and the tired horses, struggling against their singletrees, progressing not an inch in their whip-maddened plunges. The fight of the Top Notch Shows so far had been a losing one.

Higher came the muddy executioner about Old Bill; at last the bony protuberance of his back disappeared; the elephant, held down by his chains, struggled desperately, but succeeded only in keeping his eyes and mouth and trunk above water. Anew he fought against his bonds and the ring of stakes loosened once more. Then suddenly he forgot even his watery enemy in the sound of a human voice.

It was Judy Lane, white-faced, grim, the knowledge of disaster full upon her now, yielding at last to the temptation which had arisen, time and again, in spite of the desperation of other exigencies. Beyond, the men of the show were making a last move, hastily carrying the poles and other floatable material to be placed on top of sodden canvas and other more solid foundations. The tops of wagons were beginning to bear their human fruit; the horses attached to the cable were knee deep in water now; from far away came the voice of Tim Mullane, giving a desperate order:

"Hey, you! Grab two of them centerpoles and hook the big pulley on it. Sink the poles well. If it gets much worse, we'll have to rig up this cable for a life line to get over to the other side on. Yeh, I know," he added to a shouted assertion, "but it won't be as bad flooded there as it is here. We can at least wade through it to the hills. Nobody knows what's liable to happen here."

The new activities began. While down at the point of high land Judy Lane stood shoe-deep in water and talked to the beast that was about to die.

"Poor old fellow!" she said for the twentieth time. "Poor old fellow!" Then with a choke in her voice as she watched the workmen begin the digging of the holes to support an "A frame" of centerpoles, designed to hold the cable that would carry the personnel of the circus to safety, "at least we can live."

Then slowly she turned, while behind her Old Bill, watching the departure of the one being in all the world who had been kind to him, surged in a delirium of effort.

The water swirled about him like a maelstrom as the great body went first to one side, then the other; his trumpet blasts shrieked until they drowned the roaring of the flood; beneath him a ring of stakes sagged in their pits, then suddenly gave way. A wild blast and the freed elephant headed for the point of land, his shrieks of joy sounding above the cries of Judy Lane and the shouting of frightened men, helpless before this new menace.

Wildly he fought to force himself up the embankment; a chain parted, another and another; at last, his final bond gone under the bulging pressure of muscles, drawn to their full strength for the first time since captivity, he surged up the bank, and with joyful cries, he ran for the woman whom he looked upon now as life itself.

There was no one to aid her: men, dogs—everything that had legs and liberty—made a wild break for safety. Judy Lane screamed again, then, faced by the alternative of the roaring stream, she turned desperately, hoping that she might dodge the pursuing beast, and gasped with the knowledge that he too had halted, that his trunk was in his ear, and he was cooing. In a perfect ecstasy of joy the great beast whirled, and seizing the centerpole which had been dropped by fleeing workmen, he raised it high over his head, and dropped it to the ground, only that he might raise it once more, and with mincing steps run with it a few feet, set it down again, and then, cooing anew, turn to his beloved mistress.

It was only an expression of joy, only the outpouring of a bestial heart, maddened by happiness into the performance of that which he knew best. But in that moment of activity a woman saw something more: something which a beast was telling her without even a knowledge of it. So this was the explanation of the longing in the eyes of Old Bill, this the thing she had seen so many times as he watched the men of the circus lot from beneath the rolling sidewall. She whirled, a woman in command.

"GET back there, you fools!" she shouted to the workmen, advancing under the gingerly command of Tim Mullane. "Get back there—put down those quarter poles. I'll handle him." Then, forgetful of all else, she turned anew to the elephant. "Bill!" she commanded, and, bending, touched the pole with her hand. The beast stared dully. "Bill!" she commanded again, and with a great effort raised the end of the pole slightly, only to let it fall. The beast trumpeted in understanding. His great trunk curled about the pole, and raising it he awaited her command. Judy Lane took a position before him, then moving a few steps, gave a new order. The beast understood only by actions, the words meant nothing to him. But he obeyed. The woman whirled.

"No wonder he's been bad," she cried hysterically. "Chained! When he should have been working. Fix him a place at the end of that cable!"

The minutes of preparation passed swiftly, at least to Judy Lane and an elephant who obeyed her again and again. By patting a bale of canvas she bade him seize it and follow her; by pretending to push a wagon she conveyed to the tremendous happily docile beast the understanding that he must push too. Minutes in which Judy's throat swelled and the sobs came unhalted! Dreams could come true—dreams could come true!

"Stand by with that snub rope!" Tim Mullane gave the order, as three men with a hawser, leading to a loop in the cable, took a fresh hold about a stanch tree. "The minute there's an inch of slack, hold 'er. Can't take chances of everything going down the river."

For at the head of the string of horses Judy Lane was leading Old Bill into position, holding him docile there while frightened workmen ran a hastily made canvas-padded cable about his breast, fastened it over his back with ropes, then strung it to the cable proper. A moment of hesitation followed until teamsters could put their horses into readiness. Then, she stepped back. She held forth her hand. She called:

"Bill! Bill—come on, old fellow!"

He started toward her, putting slight pressure against the breast cable. It held him. He strained again. Then, with understanding, while horses plunged behind him, while his chains splashed in the mud, clanking dully, Old Bill threw all his strength into the task. He doubled, until his giant knees touched the mud. He trumpeted, as with defiance, against the enemy which held him. Then, his breath blasting and his rough skin grinding against the cable, he plunged again, and yet again in unquenchable energy.

At the tree a snub rope was pulled tighter, inch by inch. Across the river shouting watchers saw the driftwood quiver and shake. Then, with a muffled crash, the mass moved and a new roar was added to that of other noises—water pouring through a crevice! Again Judy Lane called, and again the men at the snub rope worked feverishly to take up slack. At the bridge a tree, loosened from its bonds of driftwood, rocked eerily, and, plunging loose, went down with the current. Another followed and a third. At last, with a booming roar, the bridge swung free, while the snub rope groaned with the strain upon it; horses plunged and twisted as they were momentarily jerked from their feet, and, a circus on one side, and a town on the other, the watchers of the flood screamed their deliverance as the bridge swung clear and men were working to cut the cable. But the woman who stood before Old Bill could only sob anew. Dreams could come true!

It was the next afternoon that a little circus made its way across a temporary bridge spanning a creek now flowing slowly and without threat. A long journey was ahead, out into the dry belt. But it would not be a hard one. There were extra horses, to relieve those which might tire on the tedious journey—horses available for the reason that in the van of the little calvacade where once an "eight-team" had been wont to labor was a gigantic elephant, trunk swinging in ecstatic delight, an elephant athrill with the joy of pulling the heaviest wagon.

Excitement and Company

In Next Week's COLLIER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 21

the Blade family tradition of getting even for an injury which animated Mortimer.

Second, Mortimer and his father had found some method of working an injury to the Bundys.

Third, his father was seriously worried about his presence in America, and would make a financial return for his absence.

"Yes," he said to himself, "Mortimer *does* talk too much."

Unobserved he watched Mortimer's departure; then himself followed, after some fifteen minutes had been allowed to elapse, in a taxicab. He felt the expense justified. It was daylight when he was driven up to the old hotel, where he went at once to his room for a few hours' sleep. At 9:30 he breakfasted and went about his business—which was the observation of passing events in the neighborhood. Of pertinent facts he collected a number during the morning. He became aware that the Bundys had entered the real-estate field in a large way. He was informed of the

An unusual love story

By GEORGE WESTON

dynamiting of their ditching machine and of sundry other minor misfortunes. He saw his father in conversation with the elder twins and watched them as they walked across the fields toward the courthouse. All of which gave him food for speculation and fired his curiosity.

After luncheon he proceeded to the courthouse and, by chatting with various attachés and hangers-on, was able to discover that Damon and Pythias had shown an interest in land records. After that it required a minimum of diplomacy to run down the object of their search.

Thereupon the matter became clear to him—when he added that transfer of mortgage to Mortimer's talk about removing the Bundys as neighbors. . . . It became clear to him what his father and brother were about—but it did not yet become clear to him what he would, could, or should do about what they were doing.

FOR days Martha lived from one newspaper to the next. The Colburn murder resolved itself into one of those mysteries so precious to the miasmic type of journal—and not altogether despised by the loftier family of papers which run eight columns to the page. The police promised disclosures; persons unnamed were being questioned and an arrest was guaranteed, but no arrest was made. There seemed nothing for the detective force to set its teeth in, and a week after the tragedy they appeared to possess no fact beyond the salient one that Colburn was dead and that some person unknown had killed him.

Martha lived more kaleidoscopically than before. She could not endure silence or inactivity but demanded of every minute that it should give her sixty seconds of eventfulness.

"But listen, dear," Jerry expostulated, "you've got to light once in a while. And there's the business. We're neglecting it."

"Drat the business," Martha said sharply.

Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "Just as you say," she said, "and then what?"

"I don't know."

"Hotels get a prejudice against girls who don't pay their bills."

"Let them throw us out," said Martha. "It would give us something to think about, anyhow."

"It would," said Jerry, and then she walked across to Martha. "You mustn't let this thing ride you," she said. "The beans are spilled, but so far none of them have slopped on your skirt. You're running yourself ragged."

MARTHA laughed unbeautifully. "Let's move," she said breathlessly. "Isn't it time?"

"It's always time to move," Jerry said. "Come along. They want to eat early and get out there before the jam."

The two girls walked to the building where they were to meet Banks Prouty and Elverson Ferris, who were to take them to the Yankee Stadium.

They dined early and took a taxicab which carried them northward at breakneck speed, the very reckless abandon of the driving welcome to Martha.

Then came the jam of traffic, the honking of thousands of horns, the grinding of brakes, the seemingly endless procession of plodding humanity driven by some abysmal, troglodytic urge to the place of combat. . . . Traffic officers, mounted police, a bridge jammed to suffocation with the tide of the Harlem swirling resistlessly underneath! Then the bulk of the stadium, the surging mob about the entrance, the jostle and elbowing and trampling as the solid mass of spectators surged and panted and perspired up the ramps to their seats high above the field normally devoted to a more peaceful pursuit.

Below spread a monstrous area of wooden benches reaching to the walls, and Martha took an impression as of a sea of pinkish faces moving in wavelike rhythm. . . . And in the center, inclosed by a packed mass of men whose duty it would be to describe to the world the events of the evening, stood out in almost blinding light the square platform upon which the young men were presently to pummel each other.

Then her eyes paused upon the back of the head of a gentleman in the adjoining box; some vague familiarity arrested her, and she continued to gaze curiously until he turned, to disclose the face of Roswell Blade. He was alone and appeared to be waiting someone, who arrived presently in the person of a largish man, furtive-eyed, with that chocolate skin which is one of the distinguishing marks of gentleman of the underworld. He sat beside Mr. Blade without shaking hands.

"You were recommended highly," said Mr. Blade affably.

"I deliver," said the man.

"The idea," said Mr. Blade, "is that I wish to give the man in question a distaste for America. I want, in short, to make it apparent to him that this is a most unpleasant country."

"I git you."

"Nothing unduly harsh, you understand."

"I git you."

"But frequent. He should be made to feel that the streets are inclement, if you follow me."

"Sure, beat him up every time he takes his mug for a walk."

"You put it trenchantly," said Mr. Blade. "He is here tonight. In Box 215. That will be to the right a short distance."

"Gimme a flash."

Mr. Blade stood erect and peered in the indicated direction. "Fifth box," he said. "The young gentleman leaning negligently upon the railing."

The man stood up to look. "I make him," he said. "Guess I'll ooze over there

(*Continued on page 44*)

Up rises that sweet and tantalizing fragrance—the hot, spicy aroma of Heinz *oven-baked* beans—browned in heat flooded ovens. Flavor baked into them—flavor baked through and through them—from tender, golden skin to juicy, tomato-saucy center. They *taste* baked. They *are* baked. They're Heinz.

Sometimes, in talking about flavor, we feel as if we're sitting down in your kitchen and exchanging recipes . . . Naturally, we start with the beans—selecting them, sorting them. In fact, every bean is picked over twice, by hand—and you know what *that* means.

Then we insist that the beans must be really baked—baked in the dry heat of ovens. For oven baking *is* the only way you can have them mealy, tender, golden-brown in color, with that real nut-like taste. And remember only beans that are *baked* can be *labeled* "baked".

Then, of course, for the sauce we *do* supervise the growing of our own tomatoes, and use them fresh from the garden. . .

For care *is* important—the care with which we select our materials, the care with which we duplicate home methods of cooking . . . It is one of the many reasons why the Heinz name has come to mean Flavor.

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINCE of WALES HOTEL

—adjoining Glacier National Park

COMMANDING a stupendous view of both the Canadian Rockies of Waterton Lakes National Park and the American Rockies of Glacier National Park, this thoroughly modern hotel offers every facility for a delightful vacation in Northwest Adventureland.

Come out this summer and get a glorious new lease on life. Motor, ride horseback, play golf, cruise enchanting lakes, enjoy hotel appointments and acuisine designed for the most discriminating.

The Prince of Wales and two other fine hotels in the Glacier Park System are readily accessible on the New Oriental Limited—finest train to the Pacific Northwest—at no extra fare.

GREAT NORTHERN

GREAT NORTHERN

ROUTE OF THE NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

Mail the Coupon

A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager
Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me free books about the new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park and about Glacier National Park. I am especially interested in:

☐ General Tour of the Parks
☐ Pacific Northwest Tours
☐ Burlington Escorted Tours

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ Col. 3-24

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 43

and give him the up and down so's not to make no mistake. You kin leave it to me. My boy friends is here."

"Very satisfactory," said Mr. Blade.

Martha, when the man had sidled away, got to her feet and stared. In the indicated box was, indeed, a young man who leaned negligently upon the rail. It was Richard Lame.

Before she could sit down again a voice, familiar in tone and style of diction, spoke behind her.

"It is," said the voice.

"It could be," said another.

"I never saw that hat," said a third.

"Now, Pa, what you know about hats?"

"Anyhow, it's her."

"Pa's just making an excuse to speak to a flapper."

"If it's her, we can all speak."

MARTHA was flushing; she turned her head in angry embarrassment to face her father and four brothers—whom she might well have expected to find in attendance at a promising fight.

"I knew it was," said Damon.

"And there's my girl too," said Mr. Bundy. "Maybe I'm not popular with my daughter."

"But you are with me, Mr. Bundy," said Jerry. "How do you all do?"

Ferris and Prouty had been Mr. Bundy's guests, but were unacquainted with the boys, so introductions followed.

"Girls," said Mr. Bundy, "didn't use to go to prize fights."

"We go to anything now," said Jerry.

"Pa," said Theron, "has been a widover till it's got to be a habit."

"I don't believe he ever was much of a husband," said Gelon.

"Not the way he drives a car," said Damon.

"He's a fender denter," said Pythias.

"I didn't come here to be sassed," said Mr. Bundy. "I came to see somebody get socked."

"They get bloodthirsty after fifty," said Gelon.

"How do you do, Mr. Blade?" said Theron suddenly.

"Did you see our new ditching machine?" asked Pythias. "It's a knockout."

"Good evening," said Mr. Blade affably.

"We didn't come away without leaving a watchman," said Damon.

"With a shotgun," said Theron.

"A wise precaution," said Mr. Blade.

"I always was proud of my sister," said Pythias.

"Snappy looker," said Gelon.

"We're betting on Dempsey," said Theron. "Family tip."

"Two reasons," said Damon. "If the night's clear, then Dempsey wins."

"And if it ain't clear," said Gelon, "any Dempsey can take a man named Cukoshay."

"Drop in and see us some week-end," invited Mr. Bundy.

"Sure," said Pythias, "just like you weren't a relative."

"Bring Jerry," added Mr. Bundy. "My feet's tired. Let's sit."

They trooped away, the four young men protectively around their father to act as buffers against any jostling. Martha did not watch them, but Jerry saw them take seats in a box a hundred feet away.

"Some family," she said with enthusiasm.

"They appear remarkably cohesive," said Mr. Ferris.

Martha frowned and stared at the cube of light which was the ring. Martha felt her heart thumping against her breast; it *was* exciting, exhilarating. Even though she was no expert in such matters, she was thrilled at the spectacle of two big men, physically perfect, near the best in the world, engaging in their chosen means of livelihood. . . .

Round after round passed, rounds crowded with exciting matters which her untrained eyes could not follow. Then with appalling suddenness, Mr. Sharkey sprawled on the floor, writhing; a man stood over him counting. . . . It seemed to her as if the fallen fighter suffered great pain in his middle as he struggled to lift himself with his arms, but vainly. . . .

A tornado of sound blasted the air; straw hats whirled upward by hundreds, sailing grotesquely! Her knees were weak, and she sat down, holding her hand to her throbbing heart. . . . Then the crowd commenced to disperse. Their party waited briefly and then sought to make their way out with the mob, and Martha was afraid as she felt that crushing pressure upon her from all sides. Then the pressure relaxed, and she found herself surrounded not only by her escorts but by five Bundys who set their shoulders to the matter and provided space and air for the girls.

"Can't have our sister squashed," said Pythias.

"Nor Jerry neither," said Mr. Bundy, panting but valiant.

"Damon! . . . Pythias! . . . Boys—there! There! They're killing him," Martha cried.

"It looks," said Damon, "like a fight."

"A crude street fight," said Gelon.

"Oh, help him. . . . Stop the—"

"We haven't been invited in," said Theron.

"It's Mr. Lame. . . . Oh, please. Do something."

"Friend of yours?" asked Pythias.

"Oh, yes! Yes!"

"Then," said Gelon, "I guess we better rally round."

"You stay put, Pa," said Damon.

"Like blazes," said Mr. Bundy.

Then they burst upon the little knot unexpectedly, scientifically, and with high efficiency. The resultant mêlée was brief but evidently enjoyable to the Bundys. Before one could have counted a hundred the gangsters had gathered themselves from various reclining postures and scuttled away, and the Bundys

The Soul of Wit

A GREAT many of the thousands of readers who write letters to Collier's each week say that they read the magazine from cover to cover. This tribute we ascribe, with humility, just as much to the brevity of our stories and articles, as to their quality.

It was Shakespeare who called brevity the soul of wit. Today it also is the soul of interest. Anyone trying to get the most out of the full life of America today has little time for long-spun tales. Today, we spend our leisure in so many interesting and profitable ways that our life of not so many years ago seems incredibly dull, by comparison. The automobile, the radio, the improved phonograph, the national popularity of sports—all these things and others take minutes from the reading hour. The time we give to books and magazines must yield a greater return in interest and information than ever before.

Therefore, brevity has become one of the cardinal rules in Collier's editorial offices. Our "short short" stories, Uncle Henry's and Grantland Rice's articles, the incisive wit of the Gentleman at the Keyhole and the shortness of every feature make Collier's the magazine for you whose time is too precious to be spent unprofitably.

Of course, brevity imposes its own difficulties. It would have been easier for Ring Lardner to make a longer story of the epoch-making golf game described on page 12. Peter B. Kyne would rather have told the story of Patricio in half again as many words, and Walter Davenport has perspired freely trying to tell about "The Dirt Disher" in the limited space we have given him.

But it can be done, and we shall continue to do it. As Collier's grows the number of its features, not their length, grow with it.

THE EDITOR.

They zigzagged down the ramps until at last they reached the earth and the open air. Here they forced their way through the crowd until they stood breathing heavily in an open space beside the towering wall of the stadium.

Martha leaned against the wall to compose herself. Then, fifty feet away, she caught a glimpse of Richard Lame. Without warning, the man who had conversed with Roswell Blade stepped toward him and jostled him deliberately. Lame turned his head and stared mildly.

"Easy with the whip," he said pleasantly.

THE man made some reply, evidently not in a friendly spirit, for Richard wheeled with a suddenness which quite astonished Martha and as evidently surprised the gangster, for he found himself on his back with the impact of Richard's knuckles upon his chin. He squawked. Half a dozen figures came darting; but Lame, quick to sense the situation, backed against the wall and did what seemed advisable. . . . But it was seven to one.

stood in a delighted group about Lame.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said he.

"The pleasure," said Gelon, "is ours."

"Look," said Theron, "at Pa's hat."

"Mashed," said Damon. "He won't fight fair. He always butts."

Martha came running forward eagerly and made her way to Lame's side.

"Mr. Lame," she cried, "it was planned. I heard it all."

"Ah, Miss Bundy," said Lame. "The earth seems to exude Bundys."

"I tell you I heard," said Martha. "They were set on you. You're to be set on whenever you—go out on the street."

"So frequently as that!" Lame eyed her gravely.

"To—to drive you out of America," said Martha. "It was your—it was Mr. Blade. I heard him. . . . To drive you out of America."

"How extremely paternal!" said Mr. Lame. He turned from her to the Bundy men. "Again I thank you," he said, "and good evening."

With that he walked away rapidly until swallowed up in the crowd.

(*To be continued next week*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You've Got to Know Life

Continued from page 18

"Spencer's give th' ring away—to a girl, I suppose. But, technic'ly speakin', such a thing is criminal. Never had title t' th' ring. Givin' it away, lettin' it go out o' his personal possession . . . it's illegal an' ugly."

"It was only to his sweetheart. How much has he paid?"

"First installment, fifteen dollars. Five others, five dollars each. That figgers t' forty. Two hundred an' sixty th' feller's still owin'."

"It'll seem a sort of tragedy for poor little Ellen to part with her ring, the first diamond she's owned and meaning so much. But I'm certain she'll do it to keep Sanford out of trouble. I'll speak to her about it—"

"Wait a minute, William. Point is, these Chicago folks don't want back th' diamint. They only want their money. Jonas figgers t' collec' or he don't make no commission—"

"They can't refuse to take the ring back."

"They's pleasanter persons in their dealin's than Jonas. An' he knows that Spencer's grandma has property. Lodgin' Spencer in jail—"

"See here, Amos—is it legally imperative for you to serve your warrant?"

"'Tis if Spencer don't pay up."

"Wait here a moment but don't talk to Ellen. I'll go out back and see what Sanford says."

WHEN he realized his dilemma the boy went stone-white.

"I'm to be arrested!" he gasped. "The sheriff's got a warrant?"

"It looks rather nasty—with Wessel on your trail. Why didn't you answer those letters from Chicago—send them a little to keep the firm satisfied?"

". . . Couldn't answer letters . . . had n-n-nothing but excuses . . . ran out of 'em finally . . . couldn't send 'em anything on account because nothing was left from my wages to send!"

"Tell you what I'll do, son. I'll take it upon myself to get a fortnight's grace. For two weeks I'll keep Amos from serving his warrant. And you scrape up the money or get back the diamond—"

"Bill . . . you wouldn't loan me the money and take five bucks each week from my wages?"

"I could, but I won't. It's only by writhing out of such a scrape yourself that you'll learn to steer clear from a second. But . . . I'll get you two weeks' grace."

He sank down on the sill behind his machine. He did not look like an author at that moment. But, then, few real writers ever look their vocation.

I went back to Crumpett.

"Come with me, Amos," I ordered. "We'll go up together and talk with Jonas Wessel."

Sanford ate no supper that evening. In fact, he did not leave the composing-room. And Nicodemus Pott, again slightly drunken, came blundering in for another spell at "overtime."

"Cripes!" he cried, startled. "Wassa matter with *you?*"

"I'm in a sort of ugly fix, Nick. I've got caught in . . . a jam."

Now a jam to an operator could mean only one thing: physical mishap. . . .

"When'd it happen? How bad are you hurt?"

"Pretty bad, Nick."

"Where?"

"Inside. My pride, you might call it."

And then, because the besotted little compositor was the only person on earth to listen to his troubles, the boy poured them out.

It was hard to believe that so blowsy a derelict could give the boy sympathy. His thin hair looked moth-chewed; his blue eyes were watery. He had little red lines all over his nose like the silk threads in banknotes.

Yet the watery eyes soon lost their stupid blinking. His puckered mouth opened and showed his broken teeth.

"What was it you sez, 'bout th' editor not takin' your stories becuz you didn't know *life?*"

"Yes," groaned the boy, "and I see he was right. I thought I knew life. But all I've had is a few experiences with Gram'—and no-account people right here in Paris. Only twice in my life I've been outside Vermont—once to Boston, once to New York—cut-price excursion. Now I've got to have two hundred and sixty dollars quick or Jonas Wessel 'll put me in jail!"

"An' that—smashes—everything."

"Worst of all, if Ellen has to give up her ring it'll not only bust her heart into pieces but her brothers and sisters 'll guy her till it kills her. I can never show my face in the Perry house again. You haven't got two hundred and sixty you could loan me, have you, Nick?"

"Two hundred an' WHAT? Me? With bootleg licker at prevailin' prices? *Gawd!*"

"What'll I do? . . . Oh, what'll I d-d-do? I almost feel like k-k-killin' myself—"

"No, no, boy. First thing you know you might end up dead."

"Gram' owns her place, but it's mortgaged to the hilt. And nobody in this town 'll loan me two hundred an' sixty without proper security. I haven't a friend . . . *not a friend in the world!*"

"If they'd only take th' ring back—"

"They don't want the ring back. They want the cold cash. And I can't run away. That'd mean leavin' Ellen. Oh, oh, oh!"

"But why can't you write a *good* story, boy . . . like you planned t' in th' first place?"

"I can't tell you why, but somehow I haven't. Something seems lacking. I g-g-guess I haven't suffered—"

"Hey? What's 'at? You gotta *suffer* t' write pieces fer th' papers?"

"I think I've read it somewhere. Hang it all, Nick. I guess I haven't lived. I've just grown up, gone to school here, fallen in love with Ellen—"

"Yeah," said Nicodemus suddenly. "I do know what you mean!" His voice had altered. It was wheezily softened.

"I *do* know what you mean," the tramp printer repeated. "You mean you ain't had no tragedies, sort of . . . that busted your heart an' left life all blank."

It was quiet in the office—so quiet that Sanford could hear the music far up the street in the Olympic movie "palace."

"I got to dig up that money, Nicodemus. I got to dig it up or go to jail."

"I know a story . . . th' kind o' thing you mean. But it's worth lots more than two hundred an' . . . an' sixty."

"*You* know a story!"

"Yeah, I know a story. It . . . it happened t' me. But I never could write it. I couldn't. I *couldn't!*"

"What story do you know?"

"I loved . . . I loved . . . a female once. some'at like your Ellen. Down t' Baltimore, it was. She . . . she died!"

"The magazines don't want stories of death. I found *that* out."

"No?" The man looked up blankly. "Go home, boy. Go home an' lemme think!"

IT WAS after ten when Sanford left the office. But he did not go home. He walked the streets of the town that night, his soul and his life a scrambled mess—or so he felt. It started raining between midnight and dawn, a nasty rain intermingled with snow.

Next day our plant was minus an operator.

Ellen came into the shop after lunch. Her eyes looked hunted—like those of a deer.

"Sanford's sick," she informed us. "I been out to his grandma's. She thinks he's getting worse."

"Huh?" cried Nicodemus Pott. He halted in the door, his hands dangling proofs.

"Some t-t-terrible thing is . . . is *gnawing* him." The hunted eyes filled. "And the worst of it is, for the first time since I've known him he won't t-t-tell me what it is."

Ellen was useless the ensuing after-

(*Continued on page 46*)

PURCHASERS DISTRIBUTORS
SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM
MANUFACTURERS

GOING HERCULES ONE BETTER

It is not on record that among the labors of Hercules he faced any so hard as this:

To make every year a million telephones, thousands of miles of telephone cable using more than 35 billion feet of wire, and over 100,000 items of various kinds of telephone apparatus to meet the nation's communication needs.

What this company does not make for the Bell System it must supply as the System's purchasing agents. To buy poles by the forest, construction material by the trainload, involves an activity which covers nationwide and even worldwide markets.

Western Electric not only makes or buys substantially everything the Bell System uses but it also stores and distributes this material from centrally located warehouses. Your telephone company, for its regular needs or for emergency requirements after some destructive storm, looks to Western Electric for prompt delivery.

To this threefold responsibility Western Electric brings an experience ripened through two generations and an abiding purpose to make the services of supply worthy of the highest ideals of telephone service to the public.

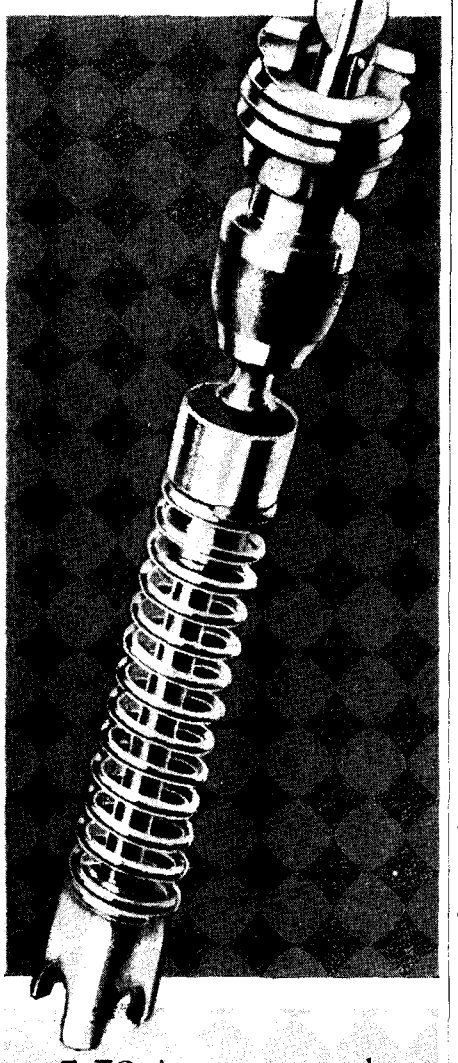
Western Electric

Purchasers Manufacturers Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Replace *once* a year



NO air can escape at the mouth of your tire valves when equipped with *genuine* Schrader Valve Insides in good condition screwed down tight.

To make sure the valve insides in your tire valves are in good condition, replace them once a year. No mechanism, however sturdy, will last forever.

Schrader Valve Insides are sold five in a red metal box costing but 25c. Buy a box from your nearest dealer today.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN
Chicago Toronto London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES—TIRE GAUGES

You've Got to Know Life

Continued from page 45

noon. At length we sent her home. Yet she did not go home. She fled to Sarah Spencer's. Through the long night that followed she "nursed" her addled colt. Maybe she did have the makings for an author's wife far more than we grasped. . . .

Nicodemus did not report for work next morning—to which, however, we attached small importance. We assumed, as the office phrased it, he was "out on another souse." But Nicodemus was out on no souse. On reaching his "first floor front" which Mrs. Bass, in Union Street, rented him for five dollars a week, he snapped on the droplight that hung above his bed. The room was cold, for it was early morning and the house fires were low. Pulling up a chair, he sat down before a table.

After a time he took off his coat, which he should not have done. Chin in chest, he considered Love and the thing called Life. . . .

HE WALKED into the office of Myrtle Byers, public stenographer, twelve hours later, as Myrtle was closing her place for the night.

"He looked like a walking corpse," Myrtle reported to Sam. "'I want you should copy this,' he says to me, 'and under the title leave space for a name,' And he gives me a thick pad of leaves that look torn from a ledger all covered over with his queer, crabbed writing. I glance them through and see it's a story. 'What's the matter, Mr. Pott? Are you ill?' I asks him. 'Dunno's I could tell you,' he says to me. 'I've writ a piece—a dam' good piece—an' somethin's flickered out o' me, somehow.'"

"You copied the manuscript?" asked Sam. "What was it?"

"A story, as I said. All the way through it I tried to decide whether or not I liked it. It was about a young fellow down in Baltimore, back in the eighties, who loved one of those stiff, overdrawn heroines so sugary good that she didn't seem real. Never in her life had she ever said ill of a single human soul; she always had a good word for every dumb creature. And yet one day she discovered a cancer was coming on her tongue. Just as though she'd been a vixen and her tongue was somehow molting in punishment. And the story was all about how the young man—a printer, I think he was—sat in front of a fire with her night after night, each night the girl able to say a little less, until finally she was speechless. And then I think she died. Some crazy thing he made up, probably, out of the hazes of an alcoholic brain."

Nicodemus went back to his room, and he slept. Or at least he tried to sleep. But the chill of a night and a day was upon him. Stimulants he had not taken while writing . . . and would not, under the circumstances. When he got out of doors again—to go after the manuscript—dozens of people saw him and chuckled. Old Pott had another bun on!

But this time the printer was not dizzy from alcohol. He got his manuscript from Myrtle, paid for it, and in our office, on the first sheet of his story, he typed out:

BY SANFORD CLAUDE SPENCER

Then the story went into an envelope, was sealed, and stamped with postage pilfered from my desk. With shaking hand, the printer wrote the address of a great New York magazine upon its front. He mailed the envelope in the post office on his return to Mrs. Bass'.

"I ain't feelin' so good," he told her, confronting her on the stairs. "I'm a mite played out. I guess I'll go t' bed."

"It's the weather," said the landlady. "I feel th' same m'self."

A week passed.

On the eighth day about four in the afternoon, Mrs. Bass' oldest boy appeared in the office and sought out Ellen. Ellen read the note he brought and fled outward to Sanford.

"Nicky Pott's dying!" she cried in her panic. "He wants to see you, Sanford. Mrs. Bass sent a note."

Sanford dragged himself over to Union Street. He found the landlady pacing the hall. Dr. Johnson's roadster was in front. It had been there since morning. . . .

The boy, who had expected to earn vast sums of money recording the heights and depths of life for posterity without even having seen a human soul prepare to go into starlight alone, crept fearfully up toward Nicky Pott's chamber.

"Flu," the doctor whispered. "Bad case. Sat up 'most a night and a day in a cold room writin' somethin'."

The youth, still in his overcoat, drew near the bed. He sank on a chair—the extreme edge—unconscious that he did so. Could this be Nicodemus Pott between the sheets? The little broken rum veins were no longer threads in bank notes. The hands on the quilt were like claws. He moaned and awakened after a while. . . .

"Sanford," he whispered brokenly, ". . . shut off th' motor on your machine . . . I wanna talk t' you. I writ a piece, Sanford . . . a dam' good piece!"

The lad nodded and waited. There was nothing else to do. Then, in the final rally preceding the end, the compositor's brain grew clearer.

"Sanford," he resumed, "Pat Hurley was right . . . it's time—I—went—home. An' I'm goin' home, Sanford. I wanted to tell you goo'-by. I allus liked you, Sanford. You went in fer literachoor. An' literachoor's hard!"

"You're not gonna die, Mr. Pott. You're—"

"—I've dumped my las' stick, Sanford. It's almos' quittin' time. I kin go then . . . to where she's waitin' . . . able t' speak now . . . nothin' th' matter with her tongue no more. I'll hear her voice again, Sanford, stronger an' stronger jus' as it once growed weaker an' weaker . . . once before a fireplace."

The boy hadn't the slightest idea what the old man was talking about. Sam had not told him what Myrtle had said.

"An' I know . . . she's on th' lookout fer me, Sanford. She's expectin' me, boy. She'll be out at th' Gate . . . I just know she will . . . watchin' fer my face t' show up in th' crowd. Everybody's got someone watchin' fer 'em in that crowd, Sanford. No matter how much a bum they are t' th' world . . . up there . . . t' th' Gate o' Heaven . . . they's someone lookin' an' lookin' anxiously . . . t' run for'ard with a cry when we show up at las' . . . t' stretch out their arms . . . t' help us up th' las' few steps onto th' table-lands o' glory. I don't know how 'tis they get word that we're due, but somehow they know it . . . they're on hand waitin'."

THE printer dozed for a time. His claw groped around till it found Sanford's hand.

"—An' if some of us ain't got a woman we loved, boy . . . I kinda like t' think they's at least little dogs waitin' for 'em, t' leap an' yip with joy, Sanford. Dogs go t' heaven. I know 'cos once I had one. I bet he runs out from th' side o' Phyllis an' jus' about goes crazy when he sees me. There mus' be dogs in heaven, Sanford . . . they know . . . how t' love . . . so much!"

The boy bit back a sob. A long time Nicodemus lay there, in pain yet not in pain. At length he mastered strength to come to life's last actuality.

"Sanford . . . jus' tell me one thing more, an' then . . . I'll be leavin'. How much they gonna give you fer th' piece I writ—th' piece 'bout Phyllis an' me?"

"What piece, Nicodemus?"

"The one I writ so's Ellen could keep her ring. I writ a dam' good piece, Sanford. It ought t' be worth a lot to 'em 'cos we lived it, Sanford—Phyllis an' me. How much you goin' t' get?"

The boy looked blankly about the chamber. Vaguely he sensed that Nicodemus had done something big for him and awaited payment with optimistic news. He had to say something.

"A thousand dollars," he named at random, the most comforting figure his mind could conceive.

"A—thousand—dollars!" The dying man seemed to weigh the sum. He seemed a bit disappointed at first, yet anxious not to dishearten the boy. "That's fine, Sanford. You an' Ellen kin do a lot with that. I'll tell Phyllis about it. For, after all . . . she c-c-contributed . . . half!"

SANFORD SPENCER came back to the office.

He shut the street door and dragged his feet across to the counter where Ellen Perry was blindly counting pennies.

"Ellen," he whispered huskily, "Nicodemus Pott will never set another ad . . . to go . . . in this paper. . . !"

Ellen wept openly, for, after all, she was only a child.

"But that ain't all, Ellen. I've learned . . . I'm to blame for his death . . . in a way."

"*You?*"

"He caught cold writin' a story—somethin' he was sure would sell and make us some money so we could get married."

"What story? Where is it?"

"I dunno. I asked him before he died if he'd put his name and address on it, or inclosed return postage, but o' course he hadn't. So even if it was good—good as he seemed to think—the publishers wouldn't know who to buy it from. Still, that's not the point."

"No?"

"On my way back to the office I got to thinking of what Nicodemus tried to do for us and how much it cost him. It made me face facts. So I called into Bishop's jewelry. Ellen, I traded my watch—the fine one the basketball team gave me last year—*for a diamond ring* . . . for you!"

"But I've got a diamond ring. I don't want two."

"Ellen, I want the big one I gave you. I want you to let me sell it."

"Sell it?"

He gripped his courage, being knocked askew by the expression in her eyes.

"Because, Ellen, it's a ring I c-c-couldn't afford to g-g-give you. Not yet a while, Ellen. And Mr. Bishop said he'd pay me two hundred and sixty dollars for it, if our trade on the watch and the smaller ring stands. I can hand it over for transfer to Chicago in less than fifteen minutes." He sank down in a chair and tortured his fingers. Eyes averted, he made his supreme penance. "You see, Ellen, I sort o' figured it isn't any story Nick tried to write for me that I ought to benefit from. It's the whole experience, bringing me down to earth. And I wanna begin . . . by givin' you a smaller ring . . . the sort . . . I can really afford. See, Ellen. Lookit. Swap, will you?"

"Oh!" cried the girl at what Sanford proffered.

"Ellen, won't you wear it instead . . . and think just as much of it . . . as the big one I can't afford? Somehow I owe it to Nick. I can't tell just how. Yet somehow I do!"

Ellen held up her hand. She looked at the smaller stone—less pretentious, a wee mite of a brilliant beside the gorgeous pea she held in her palm.

Then, child though she was, a look of such bravery, such absolution, such sheer nobility came into her face that two elderly newspaper publishers, watching the scene from an inner office, felt they had looked on a transfiguration, that they had viewed *something* not of earthly romance; that the draperies of divine creation had been fleetingly parted and showed them the soul stuff from which God made true womanhood.

"It's lots prettier for my hand, Sanford," she said at last, richly. "It's so small . . . and so dear . . . and so much more *appropriate!*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautiful Cards
for
Beautiful Hands

♠

Mr. Work says:

"To thoroughly enjoy any card game use clean, snappy cards."

♠

BICYCLE
and
CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A. Windsor, Canada
Co-sponsors with Auction Bridge Magazine
(Milton C. Work, Wilbur C. Whitehead, Editors)
30 Ferry St., New York, of

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

The Hidden Herb

By
THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THERE never was a year in which politics was so full of snares as this. The Democrats outside New York solemnly mutter that the situation is ominous. And the Republicans gravely say that with Al Smith they are in for a hard fight, though having won two national elections in succession by 7,000,000 plurality they are hopeful of being able to squeak through. Governor Smith, only once defeated, is reported to be spoiling for a fight, though one does not see any signs of it. But beside Herbert Hoover Cautious Cal is audacity itself.

What troubles the Hoover partisans is a bad dream: a mental picture of Herbert on the stump heaving masses of statistics at the ribaldly grinning, rapidly gyrating figure of the pride of Cherry Hill. They are afraid of Al's footwork. They have visions of their Goliath going forth with all the bound volumes of the Department of Commerce in hand as weapons, to meet the David of the sidewalks of New York with his pebble and his sling.

But the Republican champion is so wrapped about with respectability that he probably can't be hit any more than Siegfried in his cloak of invisibility. Republicans are frightfully hard to hit. Only two of them in a generation have been, and one of them, Mr. Taft, was hit by another Republican, and the other one, Mr. Hughes, performed the incredible feat of hitting himself in the rear. And maybe the historic David's beaner on the ivory dome of the great Goliath was a chance shot after all.

Still, the thought of the Secretary of Commerce upon the stump fills one with a certain dismay. He is a great man and would no doubt, if elected, be as great a President as Calvin Coolidge himself.

Hoover—That's All

BUT Nature, who was generous to him in many ways, never meant him for a rear-platform orator. After all his experience he retains some of the bashfulness of youth. Many great men do. There is Mr. Mellon. Talk to him about business and he overwhelms you with a flood of information and ideas. But merely try to talk to him. With a fascinated eye you see him draw a circle on a piece of paper and equip it with radii! You back out bowing, wondering whether he is cold or whether he simply can't give expression to the friendliness welling up within him.

In other words, Mr. Hoover can put himself over as a mind, but he can't put himself over as a person. It is not, of course, a fatal defect; there was the silence of Mr. Coolidge, which was far from a fatal defect. Still, the strategists who surround the Republican champion think it is not good policy to project the contrast between their hero and the governor of New York on the national screen. Moreover, it is regarded as wise politics not to let people see or hear too much of a candidate. There is an ominous similarity in the fate which has befallen most of the stumping candidates: Bryan, Hughes, Cox and Davis.

So the happy idea is being canvassed of having Mr. Hoover remain in the Cabinet until he is elected. The spectacle of a candidate for office so engrossed in the service of his country will, it is thought, be edifying. The office must not only seek the man but make an appointment with his secretary, wait in the anteroom and finally drag him forth from behind his desk. I don't think this strategy has been finally decided upon. There was, of course, the case of the Chicagoan running for mayor who was invited by a rival to "shave off his beard and meet the people face to face." There is such a thing as being too retiring.

But the Corn Belt May Take Al

NOR am I sure that the contrast with Al Smith would be certain to be disadvantageous to Mr. Hoover. There is a certain advantage in not having too much facility, in being a little awkward and solid. Governor Smith will suffer from the handicap of being too much cracked up in the advance notices. A man becomes a character in his own territory: he knows the people he's talking to, and that fills him with confidence. None of this advantage exists when he steps before a strange and new audience.

Much of Governor Smith's effectiveness has been due to his extraordinary knowledge of the business of New York State. No man in the history of the state government has ever known it as he has known it. He can make a state budget seem like a romance when he talks about it.

Triumphs in debate were inevitable when he encountered a political rival. But he is a specialist. He does not know national questions as he knows state business.

Also he is a product of the city stepping before a rural audience when he becomes a national campaigner, the first of his kind to emerge as a candidate for President. As one Republican puts it, he is a city slicker who will make a wonderful appeal to the cities, but how about the hinterland?

The answer would be certain if the distinction between city and country were as great now as it was a score of years ago. But urban influences have penetrated everywhere. Urban ideals dominate. Syndicated humor, national magazines, movies and the radio have made the country people feel that the boundary between city and country has broken down. Still, you will not be able to tell before November how the New York governor will take with the country.

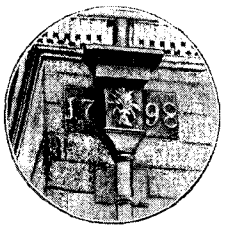
Don't spend another cent on repairs

until you know about the economy of ANACONDA COPPER

Gutters and rain-pipes which rust and leak are not only a nuisance but very expensive. They're far more costly than gutters and rain-pipes of Anaconda Copper. For pure copper *cannot* rust. The first cost is the final cost. No annual rust repair expense.

The slight extra cost of Anaconda Copper is soon saved. Then for a lifetime you obtain permanent satisfaction, free from annoying and costly replacements.

Learn about the economy of rust-proofing with Anaconda Copper—likewise Water Pipes of Anaconda Brass and Screens of Anaconda Bronze—mail the coupon for illustrated booklet, sent free.



NO ONE KNOWS how long copper will last—many fine old houses, built over 100 years ago, still have their original copper gutters and rain-pipes giving perfect service.

Sheet Metal Work of
ANACONDA COPPER

C-96
THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY,
General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut

Please send me your booklet on the advantages of rust-proofing my house throughout.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LISTEN IN *Next Sunday*"

"SPEAKIN' of entertainment, do you realize that every Sunday night you kin get, right in your own livin' room, the finest music and the most thrillin' drama by just tuning in on Collier's Radio Hour? Yes and there's some real humor too and in addition a talk by a famous author every week—what a marvelous age we live in."

Uncle Henry

Every Sunday Evening at 8:15 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. 7:15 P. M. Central Time.

Broadcast through Stations

WLW	KWK
WJZ	KOB
WBZA	WCCO
KDKA	KYW
WJR	WBZ

"of the National Broadcasting Company system"

Collier's Radio Hour

THE MOST UNUSUAL FEATURE ON THE AIR

The Lady Learns to Shoot

Continued from page 22

qualification of a lesson by correspondence school in the most neglected of all the stage arts, elocution, her boldness in accepting and her ability to hold a position as instructress are clues to her subsequent success. In fact, quite early in her Mamaroneck days men like Daniel Frohman and Arthur Hopkins heard of the quality of Miss Cornell's productions. Some of them went to Mamaroneck, and one of them returned with her acceptance of a place with the Washington Square Players. Art was romping high and wide in those days when the best imitation of a renaissance that a jazz age can provide seized the fancy of all the pale young men and women who in the previous decade would have found an outlet in parlor socialism or women's rights.

These Washington Square Players in their little theatre blazed a trail for similar brave groups in the diminishing centers where spoken drama could be heard and the commercial theatre, with its ruthless exclusion of amateur talent, gave scant opportunity to newcomers. Enthusiasm for the cause of drama unrestrained led them to extremes. They confused mere difference with distinction. The more gloom a play contained the more readily, it appeared, the little theatre produced it.

A Noise Offstage

SO IT came about that Miss Katharine Cornell made her first paid appearance in what is vulgarly known as a tear jerker—a stark Russian tragedy written by a poet who lived on black bread and condolences. Really, hers was not an appearance. She was a noise offstage.

The next bit she did was a walk-on as boy violinist in a sugary rural play. I've remarked that these drama rebels oscillated between extremes.

A fiddler offstage played the sad notes that were supposed to issue from Miss Cornell's fingers. Realistic; but the obvious accident occurred. In a moment of forgetfulness, possibly of hilarity, the fiddler forgot his cue, Miss Cornell scraped gracefully and silently until, in confusion, she managed to extract a few weird bars.

"That was my first moment of panic on the stage," she confesses. "I've had several since. One never becomes accustomed to the awful sensation of something gone wrong when the audience is aware of the mishap."

She climbed conventionally up the rungs of the ladder that led her first to the nondescript class of featured players who may have fat parts one season and exceedingly thin parts another. They are the standing army of "types," whose fate is pathetic when their types become no longer fashionable.

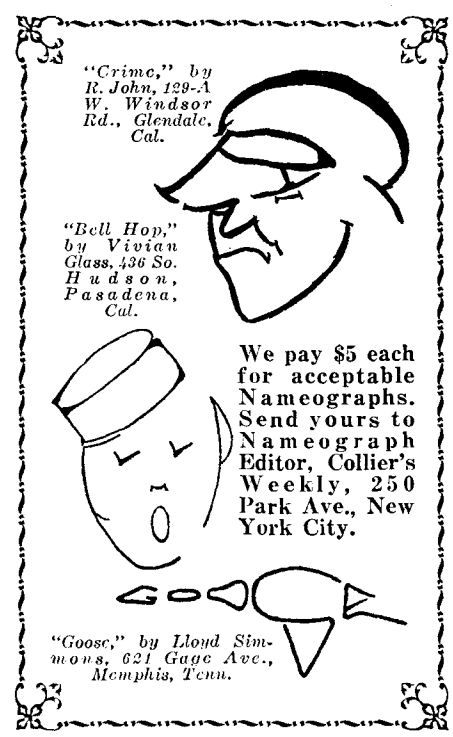
After a Bill of Divorcement Miss Cornell startled even blasé critics as the adventuress in Will Shakespeare, achieving success at her own expense, for instantly she was labeled, and that is a blow to versatility which only the most talented and the most determined of stage people can survive. Managers thought of her as a svelte, velvet-tongued temptress. She welcomed the parts of the lost lover in Casanova and the ethereal Beatrice in Cyrano de Bergerac. They gave a glimpse of a sadly comic, romantic vein in her art, and she thrived on the change. But the managers knew their box office. Along came The Outsider, with its pitiful rôle of a crippled girl exciting love, and then the dramatization of Michael Arlen's novel The Green Hat, the tale of Iris March, beautiful, irresponsible daughter of the "Mad Marches," who loved as she listed. The play's punch moments were consistently nasty—so much so that Arlen offered to soften one of them.

"But," says Miss Cornell, "I told him that if I was going to do the part at all, it should be done logically."

It was her first starring vehicle, and she made the most of it. For a year and a half Katharine Cornell's green hat glided before a generation of playgoers attuned to highly flavored theatrical diet. Temporarily the millinery trade was submerged in demands for green helmets of felt.

Tiring, finally, of the piece, Miss Cornell quit. The first tribute to the fad-building power of a play was received from a Denver women's-wear man, who implored her to bring the play there as he had stocked up on green hats.

"Curious how monotony can repel one," she comments. "I was fond of green before I played Iris March hundreds of times. During the run I developed an aversion to the color. By the time I finished with the part I had sworn oaths that never as long as I lived would I wear a green hat offstage."



We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

She didn't and doesn't. But that decision did not minimize the joy of many young women unknown to fame, who were mistaken for Miss Cornell, and to whose appearance in strange places she attributes amazing quantities of correspondence from avid young men who assert that they saw her here or there at this time or that.

"The Green Hat, I suppose, established me as a star," she says. "I should have been grateful, for it is telescoping a career to achieve one's name in electric lights within five or six years and only two years of stock repertory as real training.

Her Doom is Sealed

"I WAS not grateful. The stage has changed, and stardom is not as attractive as in the days when mere propinquity to a famous player gave me a prideful thrill. In the silent contest between playwrights and players the dramatists have won. They have literally made the play the thing.

"Now a star does not so much interpret a part as adapt herself to it. Craftsmanship has vastly improved: economy of impression is the keynote, and there is no longer leisurely patience on the part of audiences with an actor's style because it is a style. They want the story, expertly told, expertly enacted. Instead of relieving the star of responsibility, as in the days when name meant box office and little else meant it, the onus is increased. It is hard to blame the author for indifferent success or failure of a piece nowadays. Managers don't do it. The star must set the pace and lead the support in work as in prestige."

She had hoped, when The Green Hat went back into its box, that blithe heroines would be her periodical fate. A buoyant season as Jo in the London production of Little Women had given her a taste of less strenuous acting.

This interlude, which promised fresher things, sealed her doom to be lurid and more lurid. Somerset Maugham saw her in London. His new play The Letter, heir-apparent to the vast popularity of Rain, was scheduled for New York production. When American managers cabled him to name his star, his reply was curt: "Katharine Cornell and no other."

So there she rests, and the only explanation her managers could get from Mr. Maugham as to her exclusive selection was this, "The lady has learned how to shoot."

She opens the play with a shot. The audience is barely seated when bang goes a pistol, and the curtain rises on a lissom lady regarding with mixed feelings a newly made coroner's case at her feet. For three sizzling acts she is torn with the emotions of a high-strung creature driven to murder by unholy circumstances. And in this she has set a new fashion. All the ladies have learned how to shoot. Of a dozen or so melodramas now operating in the late season eight of them contain heroines who seem to have been diligent in target practice.

"It troubled me once," she confesses, "this wringing of hearts every night, with matinées twice a week. Now I don't mind it. I can do the most harrowing things before the footlights and a moment afterward sip a cup of coffee in my dressing-room. In the mornings I often play golf with the villain of the piece. He beats me, invariably, but every evening I have the pleasure of popping him off, and although the cartridge is blank it gives a beaten golfer a sense of vengeance fulfilled."

Miss Cornell, for a busy woman, is better than most at golf. She does a comfortable 105 at a country club near her country home beyond the New Jersey Palisades. But tennis is her forte.

"It keeps me slim," she says. "And so, I suppose, do these heart-wrenching parts I play. They fray the nerves until you're used to them."

One night not many weeks ago, at the crucial moment in The Letter, when she is swearing before all the gods that guard or mislead erring ladies that she would rather be hanged than be flirtatious with the wrong man, her voice muted at a staccato pitch. The audience waited, tense. But nothing came from the silvery throat.

"That is the awfulest sensation that any performer can have," she says. "I managed to gurgle something, and one of the support extemporized until I could gasp the next lines from a cotton-dry mouth. A specialist told me it was too much smoking."

Of course there was clamor for Miss Cornell in the movies. A famous director made tests.

"They were ghastly," she says. "Obligingly he offered to select players and arrange camera effects so that my temples would not appear wide apart, as they do in photographs. His plan was to bas-relief me throughout. But how on earth can anybody act whole-heartedly without a whole face?"

I think this young lady, who wears the mantle of Rehan and Anglin and Clara Morris, will some day cast the slippery garments of the adventuress from her slim shoulders and send the ripple of her voice over the footlights in mirthful cadences. She showed signs of it in Bernard Shaw's Candida. They invited Shaw to see her in this part. With his usual abruptness he declared this was unnecessary: any Candida who could make people smile would rout him in an argument.

"I want to play comedy," says Miss Cornell. "I shall play comedy. Because comedy is the new mode of expression for the woman artist. We have outgrown our peculiar sentimental troubles."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *handiest* Patching Plaster

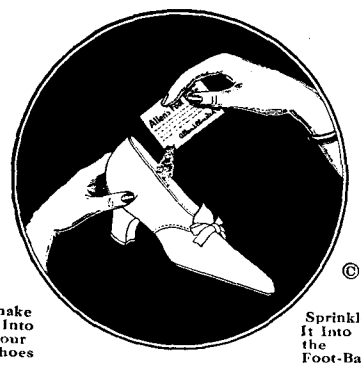
ANYONE can use Rutland Patching Plaster to repair cracked walls or ceilings, and get perfect results. No muss or bother. Just mix it with water, and fill the hole or crack.

Your wall will be as good as new because Rutland Plaster makes a *permanent* patch. It will not crack, crumble, shrink or fall out.

Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, we will mail you a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. T-11, Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.*

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot correctionist, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees,—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.



Shake It Into Your Shoes

Sprinkle It Into the Foot-Bath

Allen's Foot-Ease

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, calluses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from excessive dancing or walking, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath *and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.*

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent *FREE.* Address,

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LeRoy, N. Y.

In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease

Big Figures

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

IN THE good old days when man thought that the sun and stars were like lanterns hung up on high, it put no great strain on his imagination to think of the celestial vault as a solid ceiling overhead. But he got badly frightened and behaved naughtily when he was told that 93,000,000 miles of cold dark vacant space intervened between him and the friendly sun.

But this is only a first short step to a comprehension of the universe. We must get a bigger yardstick. Let us, then, measure space by speed and take the swiftest thing in the world, light. Nothing is known to go faster than light, and, according to Einstein, nothing can go faster. Radio messages travel at the same speed although their waves are longer. If you are sitting more than 85 feet away from a man talking into a microphone, a listener halfway round the world will hear his voice before you do, assuming that the radio is working well.

The speed of light, or radio waves, is about 186,000 miles a second. It takes about eight minutes for a ray to pass from the sun to our earth. But to venture out into stellar space we must take a larger unit. So let us take the space traversed by a ray of light in a year, called a light-year. This is about six million million (or six trillion) miles. If, then, we take a ticket for the nearest star, a bright one seen in the southern heavens and named Alpha Centauri, and travel by light express without stop-over, we shall not arrive at our destination till 1932, when the folks at home are electing another President than the one they are talking about now, or a second term for the same.

I see that I must reduce these big figures to smaller proportions to get them within the compass of my mental capacity. I will make a dot with the point of my pen, as small as I can see, a hundredth of an inch across, to stand for the earth. At that scale the sun would be represented by a cherry set nine feet away. But to place the nearest star I must go to Columbus, Ohio, 328 miles from Washington, where I am writing. Sirius, the Dog Star, would be a small orange somewhere down in Florida. The other stars that are our nearest neighbors in space could receive proportional representation by oranges or melons off in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

All Reduced to Our Size

NEARLY all the stars we see are grouped in a swarm shaped like a fried egg, about 3,000 light-years through and 30,000 across the long way. Most of them are in the ring around us which we call the Milky Way. When traveling through the Milky Way region with the speed of light, passing near to a star would be a rare event, and after we got out of this universe of ours, the stars would thin out and we should find ourselves in black empty space. Formerly this used to be thought the end of the universe, but now it is known that there are universes beyond the vacancy. If you headed toward the hazy spot that you can see in the constellation Andromeda and traveled with the speed of light for 870,000 years, you would find yourself in the Great Nebula, which is a larger universe than ours. Even to travel across the length of the long diameter of the spiral would take you 45,000 years. And other spiral nebulæ are known still farther away, one of them 1,500,000 light-years distant from us.

We must again reduce our scale to get it into tangible form. Adopting the suggestion of Dr. J. H. Jeans, eminent British astronomer and formerly president of the Royal Astronomical Society, let us construct a model universe on the scale of a million million miles to the foot. This will reduce the speed of light to the rate at which grass grows in the spring. The whole universe will then be about the size of our earth. The Milky Way galaxy to which we belong will be about the size of Long Island. The solar system will be no bigger than a grain of sand, and our earth, shrunk to less than a ten millionth of an inch in diameter, will be hardly larger than one of its molecules.

So diminished to his proportionate size, man seems an insignificant atom—yet he alone is capable of measuring the stars and of appreciating the immensity of space.

The Blue-Jay Fire Alarm

FROM the winter-locked fastness of Yellowstone Park comes a good nature yarn that qualifies that most-becussed of birds, the blue jay, as a living fire alarm. Ranger John Bauman (that's his official entry on the pay roll—his real name is Scotty) reports that he was working round his cabin on the remote and frozen Hellroaring station, when he heard a blue jay making a fuss. The Rocky Mountain blue jay is a different species from the Eastern bird that is figured on the Audubon Society's colored charts, but he's just as full of gratuitous racket, so Scotty paid no attention to him.

The bird kept up the row so long, however, that at last Scotty walked around to see what it was all about. The jay was sitting on a tree near the eaves, quarreling profanely with a big cloud of smoke that was bulging out around the chimney. If it had not been for the bird, another faulty flue would have reaped its toll—and Scotty would have been in for a long trek on snowshoes before he could have found another comfortable place to sleep.

Cheap Hot-Dogs

SOY BEANS are notable among their kind for the ease with which the human system can assimilate their proteins, which come closer to meat in this respect than those of other beans. They also contain vitamin A and phosphates, good for bones and brains. The soy-bean meal has been much recommended as a healthy food, but it is apt to taste beany and to turn rancid after a few days.

An Austrian physiologist, Dr. L. Berczeller, has developed a treatment that produces a soy-bean meal that is at once good to eat and slow to spoil. It can be used in various kinds of baking, and can also be mixed with meat in sausage fillings, leaving them tasting as meaty as ever and supplying as much protein as ever, but making them 50 per cent vegetarian. Besides, on the basis of current prices in Vienna the new protein costs, pound for pound, one twenty-sixth as much as meat proteins.

Copeland

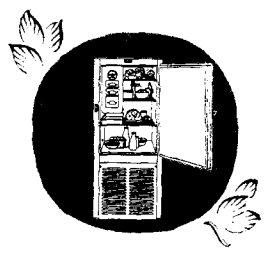
DEPENDABLE *Electric* REFRIGERATION

NEW DE LUXE MODELS

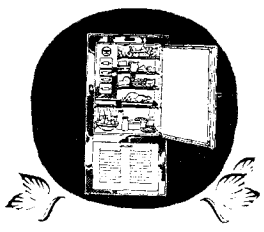
. . . optional colors

With the addition of magnificent new De luxe models in six optional color combinations, the Copeland line of 32 models offers advanced ideas in electric refrigeration, at prices and on terms to suit any income.

The new De luxe Copelands, in six optional color combinations and with features such as cathedral-top doors, exclusive hardware design, electric illumination and no insanitary drain pipe, are available in sizes from 5 to 20 cubic feet storage capacity. Ice capacities from 108 to 378 cubes, or 24½ pounds of ice at one quick freezing.



There are Copelands for every type and size of home, and for every income. Separate units for present ice boxes may be installed for as little as $170.00 at factory; complete electric refrigerators are priced from $195.00 upwards.



Copeland Electric Refrigeration is famous everywhere for quietness, economy and dependability of operation. Your Copeland dealer will be glad to explain how you can have a choice of six colors—or you can use the attached coupon and we will send you complete information.

COPELAND
630 Lycaste Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Please send complete information to:

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City and State*_____

C-3-24

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why VELVET PENCILS are used by millions

The Lead has special strength with perfect smoothness and softness; is very black yet is readily erased.

The Costly Wood is specially selected cedar, treated to give best satisfaction in sharpening.

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS 5¢

The Blue Band and Walnut Finish make it easily recognized.

The Rubber is of the famous VENUS quality.

60¢ PER DOZ. *at all dealers or write direct*

American Pencil Co., 222 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

TO PARENTS

Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard University, sounded the keynote of

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books

in his Introduction, which every parent should read and profit by:

"They constitute a set of books whose contents will delight children and at the same time satisfy the legitimate ethical requirements of those who have the children's best interests at heart."

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books does not merely furnish highly entertaining reading for the young. It supplies the foundation for a liberal literary education. Your children will be eager to read these stories. They will read them because they like them. They are in a very real sense the wellsprings of all literature.

Parents are invited to write to-day for full particulars of The Young Folks' Shelf of Books and of the easy payment plan

P. F. Collier & Son Company, Dept. 6074, 250 Park Ave., New York

WILL YOU Accept $75.00 a Week?

This great nationally known corporation, the leader in its field in America, is now allotting exclusive territory on either a Spare-Hour or Full-Time basis to honest salesmen and saleswomen who furnish good references and who can handle successfully our various lines.

You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere

Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

This is a life-time proposition on a very liberal and immediately paid commission basis, offering an opportunity for you to secure promotion in just a few months to a District Managership position where you will put out your own sub-salespeople and build up a permanent business of your own, worth from $6,000 to $12,000 a year.

All necessary samples, stationery and advertising are furnished at our expense.

Address immediately in full as follows

SALES MGR. DEPT. K
The Process Engraving Company, Inc.
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 24

believe that anything could happen in this town that would give me the least bit of a surprise. But this thing you're in is a new wrinkle. It's outside my experience. I'm not trying to scare you out, but I am trying to get it deep into your head that you're walking on a tight-rope a mile in the air, with people at both ends of the rope with knives in their hands, ready to cut you down."

"I'm not underestimating the situation a bit," I told him. "Think it's about time to start?"

"No reason for putting it off. Remember, you're Sidney Jenkins, and you've an engagement with Calhoun. You're ahead of time because something important came up."

"Will you wait right here for me?" I asked.

"Don't be silly. I'll be on the sidewalk outside Calhoun's house. Let's go."

I chuckled as the taxi in which we rode turned off Fifth Avenue at Eightieth Street.

"Why the giggle?" demanded Morgan. His voice was harsh and strained.

"You know, I'm prepared to shoot my way out of Calhoun's house. And you are aiding and abetting me in this illegality. But you wouldn't let me carry a weapon without full legal authority. I can use it with your blessing, but I can't carry it without the sanction of the law. What a cinch it would be, if you'd get in a brawl, to hang six months or so on you for violating the Sullivan Law. There's little enough that's safe in the game we're playing, so it does no harm to look the cards over and see that they ain't marked."

HE REACHED over and gripped my hand suddenly. "Here's where I get out, Al. Calhoun lives in the middle of the block. I'll park myself twenty yards from his front door. But it's just as well for you to ride up by yourself."

His grip grew tighter. "Good luck, Al."

He knocked on the window, and the taxi drew up at the corner of Park Avenue. Without a word he stepped out of the machine, and a moment later I was deposited before Calhoun's residence. I was smiling at Morgan's parting words as I rang the bell. "Good luck" could mean so many things in this particular instance. It might mean a wish that I escape with my life or it might mean a prayer that I settle finally and in my favor the strange campaign waged against me.

A strange impression of unreality took hold of me as I stepped into Calhoun's house. Probably it was due to the fact that my mind was so intent upon the stake in the game which I was about to start with him. Anyway, the uniformed man who opened the door seemed like an actor. The hall itself looked like a stage setting, and my own voice sounded like the voice of someone else.

"Mr. Calhoun in?" I asked.

The liveried man didn't answer my question.

"Your name, please?" he asked.

"Jenkins, Sidney Jenkins," I replied.

"Mr. Calhoun does not expect you until eleven," he said.

I assumed a brusque impatience of manner. "I know that, but something came up that brought me here earlier. Something very important. Isn't he at home?"

The man eyed me with a searching curiosity that was unmenial.

"I'll find out," he said.

He ascended a short flight of stairs, turned out of sight on a landing and was absent two minutes. That was more than enough time in which to slip the safety catch on the lock of the door. It might be that I would leave in a hurry, and I wanted the door to open at a touch of the knob.

"Mr. Calhoun will see you now," the servant said as he returned.

I followed him up the flight of stairs, turned upon a landing, and was ushered to an open door. For one moment my heart misgave me. Then I boldly stepped into the room. The servant closed the door behind me. I was glad for that. He would not hear Calhoun's ejaculation of surprise when his master saw that I was not the announced visitor.

But there was no ejaculation from the lips of Calhoun. In fact, I found it necessary to restrain a cry of surprise.

I don't know exactly what I had expected to see. Morgan had told me that this was the new type of politician-lawbreaker, but somehow our minds reject mental images with difficulty.

And certainly Calhoun did not fit any image which I had mentally created of him.

He sat before a workmanlike desk. Behind his left shoulder was a standlamp which illuminated the papers on the desk and which also fell upon his countenance. Even though he was seated, I could see how frail he was. Undersized and thin almost to emaciation, his hands were almost like those of a cripple whose infirmity has denied him any physical activity. The skin of his face had the same waxy pallor that one associates with living things which never see the sun. It was drawn tightly over the bony structure of his face, lending him a curiously mummified appearance. His white hair added to his sickly appearance. But all of these things were nullified by the blazing vitality of the black eyes which looked at me. And his voice was crisp with youth.

"What brings you here ahead of time, Jenkins?" he asked.

His manner had all the insolent assurance, the unconscious insolence, which power adopts when it addresses weakness.

There was an overhead light in the room, so it was not inability to see me clearly that made him accept me as Jenkins. Morgan had read shrewdly the man whom I impersonated, and rightly judged that Jenkins boasted when he laid claim to familiarity with Calhoun. Calhoun didn't even know Jenkins by sight, which made things easier for me at first.

Inspiration, or something which I took to be that, prompted my reply.

"The Runyon-Gorham matter," I said.

Above the black eyes his white forehead frowned.

"Now, what do you know about Runyon and Gorham?" he demanded.

It was enough, this question of his, to prove that Morgan's surmise or information had been correct. This man behind the desk was involved in the circumstances that had enmeshed me.

A danger that has become defined, that has taken on the personality of flesh and blood, loses a large proportion of its fear-inspiring quality. I smiled blandly at him.

"Not much about Runyon, but a lot about Gorham. You see, Mr. Calhoun, I'm Gorham."

I KNOW why actors like to play in melodrama. For I enjoyed my part in this real melodrama. I think I almost wished an audience were present to hear my quiet tones, to note the easy assurance of my manner. All of us are children and like the feeling of triumph which the ability to surprise engenders in us.

"You needn't ring for a servant," I cautioned him.

The black eyes never left mine. But I could not tell whether surprise or fear or rage was expressed in them. He was a lot cooler than myself; that much I knew.

"What makes you think I'll ring for help?" he asked.

"You hire gunmen to do your dirty business. I imagined you'd keep a few handy around the house," I retorted.

"Imagination is a great but sometimes dangerous gift, Mr. Gorham," he said. "It brought you here—but why?"

"Let me ask the questions," I suggested.

Now, for the first time, he smiled. There was something grotesque about his smile. One does not expect a mummy to evince merriment.

"What do you want to know?" he inquired. "And you needn't be so tense, Mr. Gorham. I suppose you are armed and prepared to use a weapon. But I assure you that, so far as I am concerned, there will be no occasion for violence."

"That's cheering news," I said. "It's pleasant to know that one can go a quarter of an hour without fear of sudden death."

"You could go the rest of your life, Mr. Gorham, if you chose to leave America," he answered.

"It wouldn't be a matter of choice; it would be a matter of compulsion, Mr. Calhoun," I said. "And I came here to find out why compulsion was being exerted."

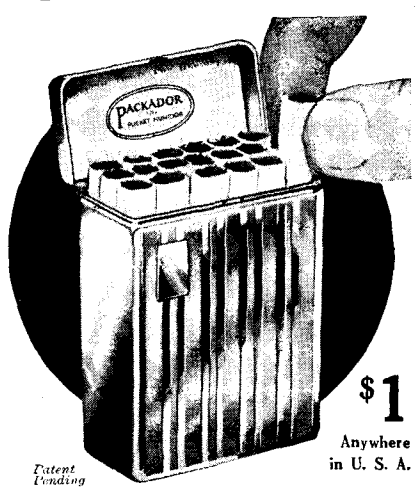
"You have interfered in matters

Here's a couple of runners listening in on the M. G. and Colonel planning tomorrow morning's push. "Dammit!" says the old Gen, we must make our objective if it takes a loss of five thousand men—ten thousand—fifteen thousand!"

"Liberal old ————, ain't he!" says Mike the runner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pocket Humidor



Patent Pending

$1 Anywhere in U. S. A.

WHAT about the cigarettes you offer to your friends? Are they often ragged . . . broken . . . dry? PACKADOR takes a pack o' twenty, wrapper and all. Preserves original flavor. Keeps your pockets crumb-free and your cigarettes perfect. Made of featherweight non-tarnish nickel silver in natural highly polished finish or in red, green or gray morocco and alligator brown leatherine finish.

Send No Money

Mail the coupon—pay the postman. If you don't like PACKADOR after 5 days return it. Money back. Indicate finish.

PACKADOR The POCKET HUMIDOR

ALFRED VESTER SONS, INC.
13 Mason Street, Providence, R. I.

Send me one PACKADOR in the finish checked below. I'll pay the postman $1 plus postal charges. Money back if I don't like it.

Name.....

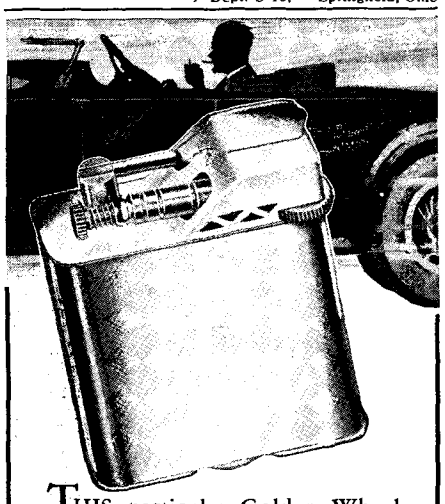
Address.....

N. Silver ☐ Red ☐ Green ☐ Gray ☐ Brown ☐

BOYS WANTED!

I want boys in your town to sell magazines in their spare time. Easy work, pocket money and free prizes for energetic boys. Write me to-night.

JIM THAYER, The Crowell Publishing Co. Dept. C-10. Springfield, Ohio



THIS particular Golden Wheel Lighter is called Stormking because it can't be fooled by the wind. Many men and women who light up out-of-doors prefer it. Yet there are many other popular models of this famous, precisely-built lighter. See them at any smart shop. Each carries a lifetime guarantee.

"Surest thing you know"

GOLDEN WHEEL

The Lighter with the Lifetime Guarantee

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.

Providence Rhode Island

where your interference is resented," he said.

"Resented by whom?" I demanded.

"Well, by myself, if you must know," he told me.

"Would you mind telling me just how I have interfered?" I asked.

Again he smiled. "I don't propose to go into a long explanation of my business affairs, Mr. Gorham. The details would bore you, anyway. Isn't it sufficient that you are an unwelcome intruder?"

"An American citizen, who is obeying the law, is supposed to be free to do what he likes in his native land," I said.

"Theory and practice are very different things, Mr. Gorham. But when large affairs are in question, certain theoretical guaranties vanish. You would be extremely wise if you forgot theories and accepted practicalities. I speak as a practical man."

"What's Runyon got on you?" I asked.

"What makes you think anyone has anything on me?" he countered.

I waved my hand. "This room. The pictures; that bit of tapestry—you haven't much in common with a man like Runyon."

"One uses what tools are handy," he said.

Again something that I took to be inspiration guided my choice of words.

"But this time you're a tool yourself, aren't you?" I charged.

For the first time there seemed expression on that strange face.

WHEN he had smiled it was as though a breeze rippled the surface of waters so deep that they were, to all intents and purposes, untouched by the current of air. But now his inner self was stirred.

"Tell me why you say that," he ordered.

"It's not difficult to see," I replied. "I don't know much about you, except that you're supposed to be a tremendous power in the city of New York. This room, your voice, everything about you shows that you have not come from the gutter. Or if you have, you have removed the gutter stains. Yet you are allied with Runyon, on whom the gutter stamp is ineradicable. There must be a reason for such an alliance. Now, I am a stranger to you. Yet you have been actively conniving in attempts to drive me out of America. The reason for those attempts lies in the fact that I am supposed to be engaged to Miss Yvonne Candace."

"Well, aren't you?" he interrupted.

"Miss Candace and I are casual friends who haven't met each other twenty times all told," I replied. "But even if we were engaged, it would hardly explain your eagerness to get me out of the country. Somehow I cannot see you in the rôle of Cupid. It would seem to me that matrimonial matchmaking would be something a trifle outside your varied interests."

"Let's not bring sarcasm and sneers into this diverting discussion, Mr. Gorham," he said.

It will explain something of the curious power of this man when I tell you that his resentment at the jeer that had crept into my voice caused me to blush.

"I'll stick to barest facts," I promised. "And the facts are these: you are definitely backing Kenneth Runyon in his efforts to marry Yvonne Candace and her thirty millions."

"Doesn't that statement, coupled with the other vague charges you are making, condemn itself by its own absurdity?" he demanded.

"It ought to, but unfortunately it doesn't," I replied. "That facts are absurd renders them none the less facts. But let's not quibble. You've admitted your interest in Runyon. And I have told you that I do not believe that matchmaking interests you as deeply as the facts would indicate. Runyon has something on you."

"Well, for the sake of argument, let's admit that you're right. What then?"

"I don't know," I frankly told him. "But aren't you afraid that I'll be getting something on you?"

"Suppose you went to the police and told them all your guesses and surmises? Would they take you to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue?"

"I rather think they would," I admitted. "That is why I haven't gone to the police but come to you."

"But to what end?" he asked.

"I'll be honest with you," I said. "Someone asked me what I was going to say, what I was going to do."

"You took the precaution of letting people know where you were going?"

I laughed at him. "Naturally. But I didn't answer their questions. You see, I've never encountered anything quite like this in all my life. I doubt if any other man has. So there are no precedents for me to follow. The best a man can do in a matter like this is to act upon the experience of other and perhaps lesser affairs, or according to the dictates of his impulses."

"And what are those impulses?" he inquired.

"I can boil them down into a few words, Mr. Calhoun," I said. "My liberty of action, my life itself, is being threatened by you. I don't propose to let anyone threaten me or menace me. If I'm going to be shot in the back, I think that I'll shoot someone in the face first. And I think, Mr. Calhoun, that you're elected."

"You mean to say that you intend to kill me here and now?" he inquired. There was not the slightest sign of fear on his face or in his voice.

"I mean to say exactly that," I told him. I don't know myself whether I was bluffing or not, for quick and blinding rage had suddenly swept over me.

"Why not kill Runyon instead?" he quietly asked.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Battle of Palm Beach

Continued from page 12

two up. On the fifth hole I drove into the trees on the right, had to shoot back toward the tee to get out, landed in a trap and lost the hole, 7 to 6. Then my caddie told me there was a ground rule providing that you can throw the ball on to the fairway from the woods with a penalty of one stroke.

"I wish," said I, "that you had waited till I was back in New York and written me about this rule."

"Why?" said the caddie.

"Oh," I said, "just so that I'd get mail from somebody besides the Near East Relief."

Mr. Tunney called my attention to Mr. Rickard's habit of asking his caddie, "How many have I had?" and his caddie's unfailing conservatism.

"Well," I said, "when you shoot as fast as Tex, it is hard to keep up with yourself."

"And, besides," said Mr. Tunney, "he can't bother with amounts under a million."

Mr. Rickard is what might be termed an aggressive golfer. He never gives the ball a chance to get set. He socks it while it is still reeling from the previous punch. There was one hole on which he made seven shots while Mr. Tunney was looking for a yellow tee, evidently his favorite. There was a green on which he made six putts while Mr. Rice was changing cigarettes.

Mr. Goldberg and I halved the sixth, seventh and eighth holes and he won the ninth, making us all even at the turn.

We spent the night on the tenth tee while seven girls took flashlights of Mr. Tunney. The gallery seemed to think Mr. Goldberg ought to be funny, and he accommodated them with a drive that held the world's record for broad farce till I stepped up and outdid it. Mine was aimed at Johnny Weaver, but missed him. Tex didn't start counting on this hole till Rube and I were both in

(*Continued on page 52*)

PAIN FREE FEET

in 10 minutes—or costs you nothing

1 *Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.*

2 *A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.*

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. For severe cases an exceedingly soft cushion rubber lift is attached to the brace and is urgently advised. Slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe.

Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. **Write for free book on foot troubles.**

JUNG'S *The "Original"* **ARCH BRACES**

3 *You walk, stand and dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes with comfort. Feet are permanently well.*

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co., 383 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send me one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR *SEVERE* CASES —with cushion lift	FOR *MILD* CASES —without cushion lift
☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
☐ VICTOR (*long*) $2.50	☐ MIRACLE (*long*) $1.50

☐ Money enclosed ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.

Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....

Name.....

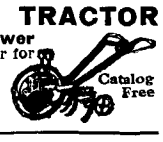
Address.....

City..... State.....

Canada: M. L. C. Bldg., Montreal. Add 25c to above prices.

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower

A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.



Catalog Free

American Farm Machine Co.
1056-33rd Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

THIS SIX ROOM English-Type **Bungalow**

NOW $865 FREIGHT PAID

Save more than ever

We Loan You Money to Build

We ship you this modern home complete, lumber cut-to-fit, and ADVANCE YOU CASH to help you build. You pay us in small amounts monthly—about what you pay for rent. This year, prices are lower than ever. Our customers claim average savings of 47% compared with what local contractors charge.

COLOR BOOK OF Sterling Home Plans 25¢

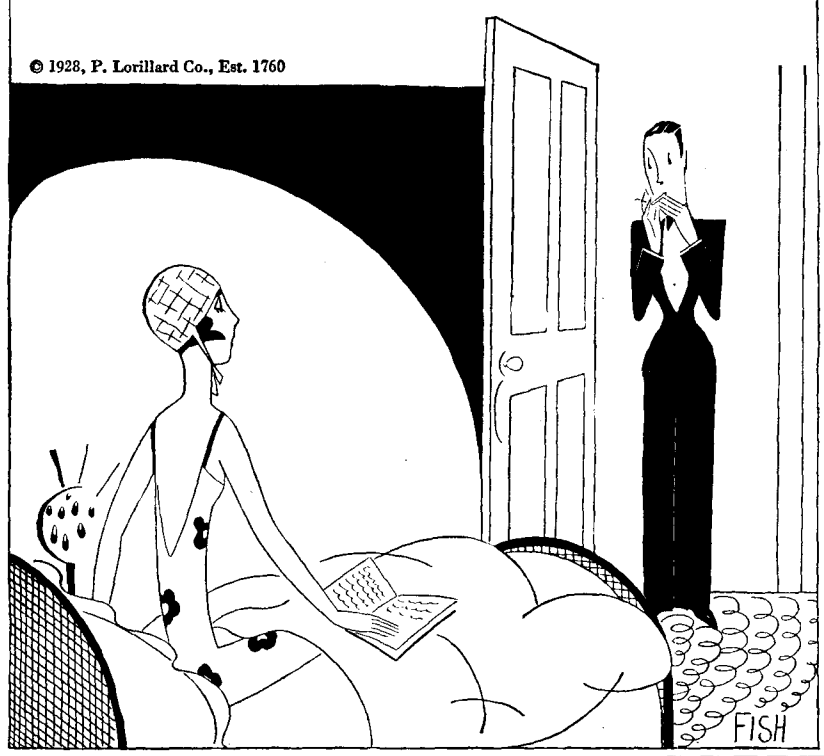
PAY AS LOW AS $16 PER MONTH Payments are even lower on other Sterling homes. Send 25c in coin today for beautiful Color Book of Sterling Home Plans and see how easy it is now to make your dream of a home come true.

INTERNATIONAL MILL & TIMBER CO.
838 S. Wenona Ave., Bay City, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you dash into the wrong hotel room by mistake . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD Cigarette.

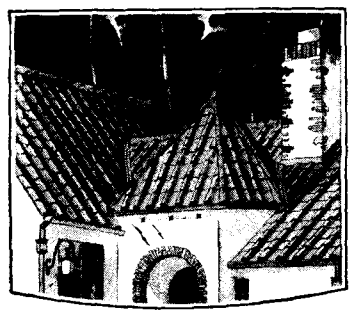


250 Most gorgeous, brilliant, beautiful assortment **GLADIOLUS** **25c** Every color and shade imaginable including many choice kinds not usually offered at a low price. **250** small bulbs (bulblets) for only **25c**, **1250** for **$1.00**, postpaid.
BURGESS SEED CO.
372 G. B. Galesburg, Michigan.

White, Cream, Buff, Yellow, Orange, Apricot, Shell Pink, Lilac Pink, Deep Pink, Rose, Lavender, Scarlet, Crimson, Maroon, Purple, Mottled, Variegated and Suffused.
CATALOG FREE

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT
World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

$2 and it's yours Free Trial
All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. *Limited time, so write today.*
International Typewriter Ex. 314 W. Lake St., Dept. 1014, Chicago



LEADCLAD
Spanish Tiles
Long Life *and* Beauty

All the beauty of clay tiles, without their high cost. Leadclad tiles and other roofings are made of copper bearing steel with a heavy jacket of everlasting lead. Light and strong, non-breakable, lightning and fireproof. With Leadclad gutters, downspouts, flashings, etc., added, you have a complete roof in every detail unequalled for beauty and enduring service.
Write for free catalog.
WHEELING METAL & MFG. CO.
Dept. 1-D Wheeling, W. Va.
LEADCLAD
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

When white water roars a challenge

When the rapids swirl and leap about you; when the swift current carries you on at express train speed, then you'll be most grateful for the perfect balance of your "Old Town Canoe."
"Old Towns" are patterned after actual Indian models. Famous for their steadiness and durability. Light in weight too. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.
New catalog gives complete information about all models, including sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also racing step-planes, baby buzz hydroplanes, etc. Write for free copy today. Old Town Canoe Co., 843 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.
"Old Town Canoes"

The Battle of Palm Beach

Continued from page 51

a neutral corner, and he won it with a six to Rube's eight and my nine.

On the eleventh Mr. Rickard almost staged a heavyweight elimination contest not on his program. His spoon shot whizzed not more than half an inch past Mr. Tunney's mouth, cutting the fourth syllable off an adverb. It was on this same hole that I missed the ball entirely and Dave Noyes conceived the idea of calling me Mr. Whiffen. I was in a trap in eight and picked up. Mr. Goldberg took a seven, making me two down. I won the next two holes and we were all even.

The fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth were all halved by the too heavy betters. On the fifteenth each member of the foursome sank a putt of thirty or forty feet, but even so Mr. Rickard, racing across the green like a greyhound after a hare, stole the scene with six putts as rapid as machine-gun fire.

The eighteenth, 345 yards, par four, Mr. Goldberg and I hit pretty good drives. He flubs his second shot, and I have a great chance, but gain only eight yards in two attempts and am forced to punt. I am finally on the green in seven. Mr. Goldberg is over the green and up against a flagpole or something in four. Mr. Tunney tells him he can move his ball away from the flagpole. He does so and hits it on to the green, fifteen feet from the cup. Mr. Rice is unable to recall any rule that permits moving the ball, so Mr. Goldberg places the ball back against the pole, hits it on to the green twelve feet from the cup and sinks the putt that spells mother.

"Well," I said, smiling through tears, "what shall we do now?"

"Let's go somewhere and get our picture taken," said Mr. Goldberg.

"Let's wait till tomorrow for that."

"Isn't this tomorrow?" said Mr. Goldberg.

The Dirt Disher

Continued from page 30

Love with Negro Servant—Robbed of Her Virtue After Spelling Bee."

Occasionally the ghost of the torch-bearing George Wilkes walked through the editorial rooms and into the columns of the Gazette. At such seasons Mr. Fox led crusades against evil in high places. For example: "Washington Unmasked — Horrid Predicament of Pretty Treasury Girls — Senatorial Satyrs." Also: "Queens of the Lobby —In the Interests of a Certain Railroad Company—Salary $400 a Month —Captivate Susceptible Statesman with Feminine Blandishments—Curious Wire Pulling Behind Scenes at Albany. . . ."

Among Mr. Fox's many discriminating readers was the great Jesse James, who in December, 1879, wrote from Sempronius, Texas:

"Have been on the move so much lately that I have not received the Police Gazette regularly. Please send me a copy here and greatly oblige, Jesse James."

Again Mr. James writes from St. Louis in April, 1880:

"I saw one of your papers while traveling in this city, and concluded to let you have my portrait and that of my brother Frank. We know that it is not exactly a safe thing for us to do considering the way we stand in the community, but fear is something that does not trouble us much. Both portraits were taken a long time ago, and we considered them good at the time. When they are printed we will be out of the way of anyone who will trouble us. Good-by."

For several years Mr. Fox's pet hate was John L. Sullivan, although they became firm friends after John showed what he could do with Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss. He was acclaimed America's champion slugger and thereby won the belt, a magnificent sash with large frogs of gold and diamonds and emeralds, for which Mr. Fox had paid $4,000 and offered to the ultimate winner of the scramble for the title.

It was in Harry Hill's Gentleman's Sporting Theatre in Houston Street, New York, one evening that Mr. Fox learned to dislike John.

John was at a table drinking stout with a quartette of hangers-on, and Mr. Fox, resplendent in a silk hat and broadcloth, was at the end of the bar "opening wine."

At Mr. Fox's elbow lurked a member of his editorial staff. There was always a member of the editorial staff at Mr. Fox's elbow immediately to execute any stray idea Mr. Fox's volatile mind might produce.

It was noticeable that Mr. Sullivan was taking no part in the brisk conversation at his table. Suddenly he glared scornfully at the crowd and bellowed his famous tocsin:

"I kin lick any —— in the world."

This arresting observation sounded clear above the merry din, and a respectful quiet fell upon the room. Mr. Fox looked over at Mr. Sullivan.

"Barney," said he to the nearest waiter, "go over to Sullivan and tell him I'd like to see him."

Barney demurred, whereat Mr. Fox turned to the member of his staff and bade him go fetch the Boston Strong Boy. Carefully refraining from standing within swinging distance of Mr. Sullivan, the messenger delivered Mr. Fox's invitation.

"It's no longer from him to me than it is from me to him," roared John. "If he wants to see me, he can do the walking."

Mr. Fox devoted much of his time for several years thereafter to finding and backing pugilists who, he hoped, would humble John Lawrence Sullivan. He set Paddy Ryan to the task, and Paddy was slaughtered. He built up Frank Slavin, and John massacred the Australian. He found Jake Kilrain, and John polished off Jake too.

And then Mr. Fox put his pride in his pocket and went to see John, after which they were fine friends.

A Bad Move

AT THE height of the Police Gazette's success Mr. Fox decided to go in for model tenements. He bought a row of rat-inhabited tenements in Chinatown and spent thousands of dollars on marble stairs, steam heat, hot and cold water, gas, bathrooms and artistic decorations—bronze statues of Ike Wier, the Belfast Spider; Yankee Sullivan; Mlle. Du Puy of The Star and Garter; Miss Libby Ross, the Champion Lady Boxer of the World, and other master folk. There is every reason to suspect that Fox Flats were models. In addition they were to rent for $10 and $15 a month.

Perhaps New York, particularly that section of New York, was not quite ready for such high-mindedness; at any rate, there were riots in Fox Flats from the very start.

Mr. Fox's representatives did their best to see that the tenants should be not only deserving but respectable.

But among the original tenants was Barney Blood, a nationally celebrated burglar known as the Piano Tuner. Barney had just come from Sing Sing and had thoughts of settling down. Unhappily habit overcame him the night before he moved into Fox Flats, and he robbed the residence of a gentleman in Westchester.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The police decided to arrest Barney on general principles, which explains the first of the riots in Mr. Fox's model flats. In spite of Mr. Fox, the flats got an evil name. In groups the bronze statues were sold by the tenants for beer money or the rent. In one of the buildings the tenants sold most of the plumbing. Whole bathrooms were disposed of for $5, and what may have been the last straw was the sale of a flight of the marble stairs.

But most of Mr. Fox's annoyances came of his frankness in the columns of the Gazette. There was a young woman named Fairfield whose ambition to gain a foothold on the concert stage led her to offer her voice free for a few nights to the proprietor of the Thalia Theatre in the Bowery. Unable to risk missing a bargain, the proprietor agreed.

Mr. Fox's dramatic critic reported in the Police Gazette that a fearful outrage was about to be perpetrated upon a public which deserved better things.

Full of Years and Experience

THUS upon the lady's initial appearance before a paying audience she was bombarded with vegetables and defunct small animals and driven back to private life. But not for long.

Blaming her failure on the Police Gazette, she managed somehow to engage a small room beneath the editorial offices of that journal, and for three days she sat there singing her repertoire unaccompanied. Threatened with a nervous collapse and the resignation of his staff, Mr. Fox sent for the lady and purchased her silence with $100 and a ticket to Philadelphia.

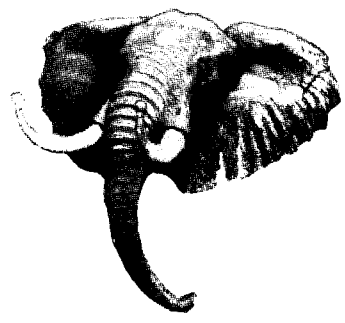
At least four times he was arrested by agents of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the last time being fined $500 for publishing "indecent advertisements." Innumerable libel suits were filed against him, but few of them reached trial. No one knows how many times he was in imminent peril of murder or at least a terrific beating, but the records produce only one successful assault upon him, and the reliability of the record is contested.

Richard Swayne Arthurson of St. Louis, said the Gazette, "eloped with a married woman, was arrested, convicted and fined $15. He then returned to his wife, with whom he lived for a week, when he eloped again. This time he chose a maiden, having learned, as he said in a letter to Mrs. Arthurson, that there is no law against running off with unmarried females."

On the morning following the rumored meeting of Mr. Fox and Mr. Arthurson the proprietor of the Police Gazette appeared at his office minus a front tooth, but a black eye to the good. He explained that he had been struck by an elevated railroad train, and to prove it he filed suit against the Metropolitan Street Railway for $100,000. The suit was never tried.

Mr. Fox died in 1922, full of years and experience. The $2 he had when he disembarked from the great ship Tuscarora had grown to nearly $2,000,000.

In this Issue



PROMOTING PATRICIO
By Peter B. Kyne.
A short story . . . *Page 5*

SWEDISH PUNCH
By Merle Thorpe.
John Barleycorn is the same wherever you find him . . . . . *Page 8*

OLD BILL. *By Courtney Ryley Cooper.*
A short story . . . . . *Page 10*

THE BATTLE OF PALM BEACH. *By Ring Lardner.*
In this corner: Tunney, Rickard, Lardner, Rice, and Goldberg . . . . . *Page 12*

NO MORE PARTIES. *By Don Marquis.*
A short short story . . . . . *Page 13*

THERE AREN'T MANY MORE. *In pictures* . . . *Page 14*

IN BETWEEN TIMES. *By Grantland Rice* . . . *Page 16*

YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW LIFE
By William Dudley Pelley.
A love story in which a budding author blooms too soon . . . . . *Page 17*

GLADDER RAGS. *By Elizabeth MacDonald Osborne* . . *Page 19*

FREE, WHITE AND FEMALE
By Clarence Budington Kelland . . . . *Page 20*

THE LADY LEARNS TO SHOOT. *By John B. Kennedy.*
Katharine Cornell falls in with the current theatrical fashion . . . . . *Page 22*

THE WOMAN HUNTERS. *By Arthur Somers Roche* . *Page 23*

THE DIRT DISHER. *By Walter Davenport.*
About Richard Kyle Fox, who owned, among other things, the Police Gazette . . . . . *Page 26*

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? *By Milton C. Work* . . *Page 34*

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . . *Page 36*

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR. *By Jack Binns* . . . *Page 38*

THE HIDDEN HERB. *By The Gentleman at the Keyhole* . *Page 47*

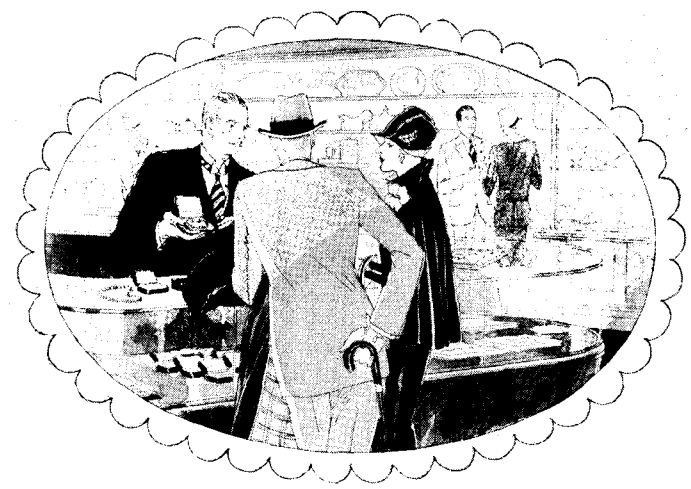
BIG FIGURES. *By Edwin E. Slosson* . . . . . *Page 49*

EDITORIALS . . . . . *Page 54*

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck, *President*
George J. Kennedy, *Vice President*
William P. Larkin, *Vice President*
Albert E. Winger, *Treasurer*

As stars set the sky a-sparkle, jeweled gifts brighten the lives of those we love . . . Jewels become more precious . . . more endeared with each passing year.



For GIFTS *that* LAST

Consult your Jeweler

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
William L. Chenery, *Editor*
Charles Colebaugh, *Managing Editor*

Country Bumpkins and City Slickers

IF YOU still carry around the ancient illusion that the great cities are unique in wickedness and governmental corruption, call to mind the recently published conversation between Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana and Warren T. McCray, his predecessor in office.

McCray testified that when he was governor Jackson had offered him a $10,000 bribe for the appointment of a friendly county prosecutor. There's nice politics for you.

The Indiana scandal is just a part of the Ku Klux mess. The Klan is a small-town and country organization although at one time it was dominant in Indianapolis and powerful in other cities. Its leaders were country boys. Governor Jackson's first public trouble arose out of a trade for a horse.

The Klan's sponsors said it was organized to teach "patriotism of the purest kind" but what it actually preached was racial hatred and religious intolerance. It sought political power by the devious methods of unscrupulous politics including the use of money to influence votes.

None of the great cities has had more shocking scandals. San Francisco in its unregenerate days, New York in the Tweed era, Philadelphia with its Republican machine, Chicago with its bipartisan bosses—what great metropolis has a worse exhibit of human nature than has the placid Indiana countryside?

The truth is that politics and morality are much the same in the city and in the country.

When William Lorimer was put out of the Senate because of the bribery associated with his selection, Chicagoans were supposed to have paid the bribes but rural legislators took the guilty money. At the meeting of any state legislature, unscrupulous "interests" find their stanch supporters among the country members.

The belief that the countryside is the seat of virtue and the city the center of iniquity goes back in this country to Thomas Jefferson although leaders of all parties have continued to give voice to the doctrine up until the very present.

It is not now true and it never was true.

A man's place of residence has little to do with his character. Two thousand years ago men asked: "Can there any-good thing come out of Nazareth?" and the ages have answered that the one man universally counted good did come out of Nazareth.

Political sharpers are country-bred as well as "city-broke"

Furthermore, the same Indiana countryside which bred unprincipled Klan politicians gave to the state the fearless editors who exposed and denounced corruption.

The same West which produced an Albert B. Fall, willing to give away his country's possessions to his friends and to receive their gifts in exchange, sent to Washington so honorable and courageous a man as Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, able and alert to defend the nation's interest.

No locality has any special claim to morality, experience or wisdom. Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin but George Washington preferred to have his clothes made in London. Both served well their country.

In the future also we shall be able to rely on many diverse sections for honorable leaders and we shall have to watch the rascals whether they are country bumpkins or city slickers.

Who Wants to Fight?

WHEN Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy, told the house naval affairs committee that the people might as well get ready to spend about $160,000,000 a year on a $3,000,000,000 capital ship building program, he shocked a good many conscientious Americans into a long thought about the chance of another war.

Last summer President Coolidge invited Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy to meet with the United States at Geneva and get a scheme to reduce naval armaments by applying the Washington conference ratios to auxiliary craft not included in that treaty.

France and Italy declined. Great Britain and Japan came to the meeting.

The fruit of this conference was the most belligerent exhibition of self-defense since the Great War.

Nothing was done.

The British have a naval problem made for them by centuries of empire building. We have our own unique problem, just as complex, expensive and vast.

Britain is competing against the world; the United States is winding up to blow out of the water the strongest possible naval force that can menace its coast.

Naval battles are won in shipyards between wars. But they are avoided at council tables. The United States is floundering along to the point where it will have to take its head in its hands and think through to a choice between the shipyards and the council table.

The Hatteras Lion

WHILE a gale swept the Atlantic Coast, Captain Bannister Midgett, who had spent fifty years in saving men from death in storm, died recently in a remote life-saving station off the North Carolina coast.

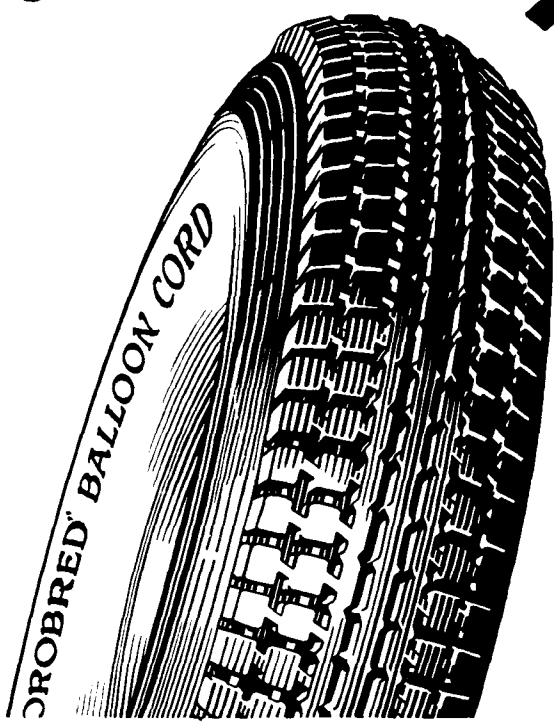
Although the seventy-year-old veteran had shared in the rescue of more than one thousand persons from a hundred sinking ships he was an obscure man.

We take heroism for granted. The struggle of parents with meager means to educate children, the effort of widows to support their offspring, the battle of thousands to offset the penalties of ill health—these are routine of life, of which but few are singled for praise and yet such routine courage is the very strength of the race.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the man who *steps* on the gas-*jams* on the brakes—

—takes corners in a hurry



TIRES built on yesterday's pattern won't do. Today you have quick starting, fast traveling, sudden turning at high speed, instant stopping with four-wheel brakes. These things put a tremendous strain on tires. Strain that may easily result in a blow-out—disaster!

Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built to stand the strain. They have the unflinching ruggedness that defies terrific punishment. Rawhide toughness that resists cuts and punctures. And above all, amazing stamina that carries on and on—far beyond the commonly accepted standards of tire endurance.

Under engineering methods that brook no compromise, Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built to the limit of quality for insuring the limit of safety. Nothing is left to chance. Nothing is sacrificed to cut expense. Nothing is left undone to add the last degree of strength, sturdiness, and security.

STABILIZED—to stand the terrific strains and speeds of modern motoring.

Banish your dread of tire failure. Be free from the fear that holds you back when you'd like to enjoy all your car can do. Get the thrill of driving on Dayton Stabilized Balloons. Put them on your car today.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
Dayton, Ohio

Dayton STABILIZED BALLOONS

THOROBRED

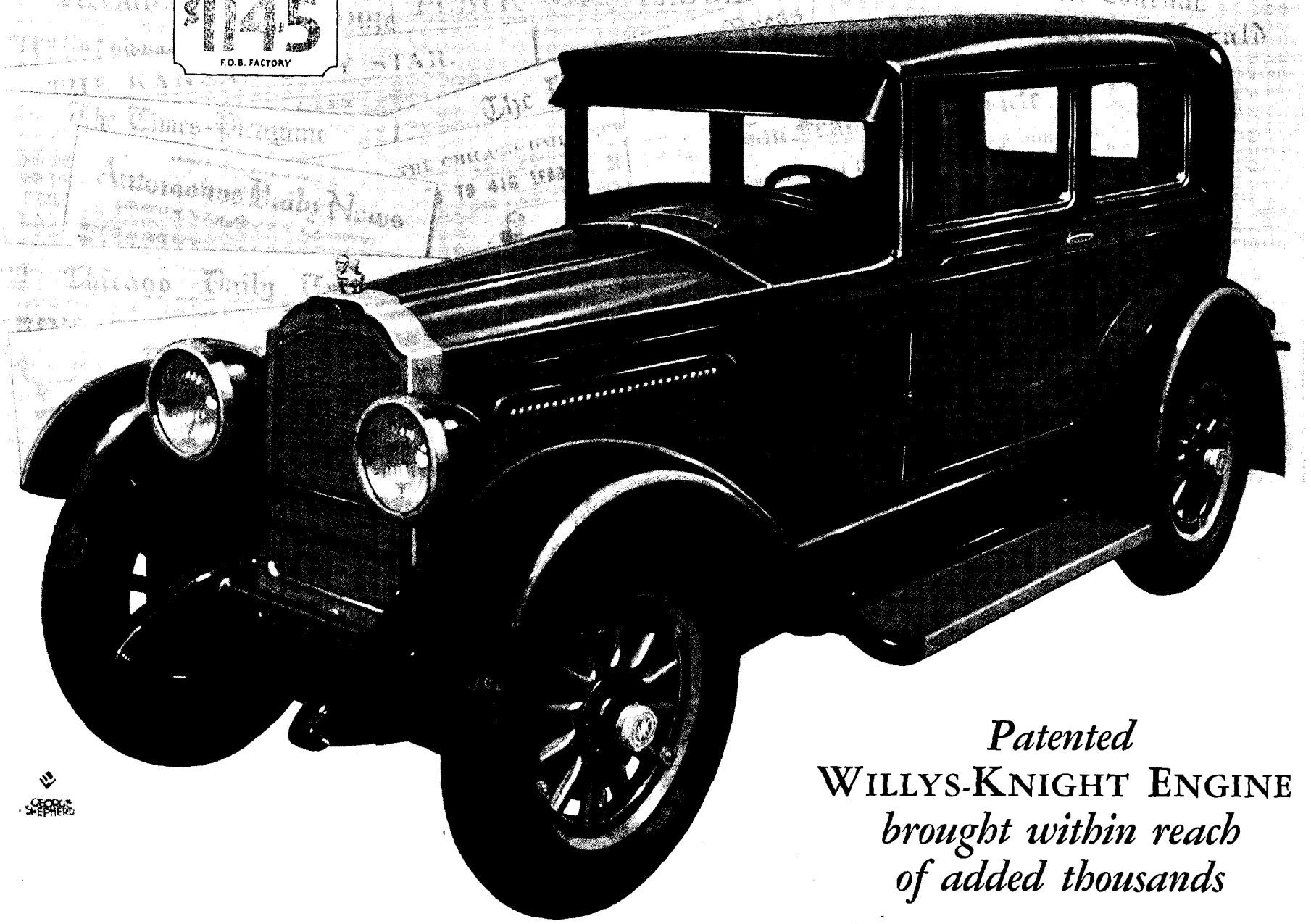
Makers of Dayton Thorobred Extra-ply Cords for large diameter wheels, the pioneer low air pressure tires of America. Also makers of famous Dayton Maximaire Fan Belts, chosen by 85% of America's automobile and truck manufacturers as original equipment.

Dayton Thorobred Tubes—famous companions to Dayton Tires.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT NATIONAL HEADLINER!

$1145
F.O.B. FACTORY



GEORGE SHEPHERD

Patented WILLYS-KNIGHT ENGINE *brought within reach of added thousands*

THE beautiful, new, Willys-Knight Standard Six, from the moment of its introduction at the National Automobile Show, has won an enthusiastic reception that literally blankets the nation.

The superiority of the *patented* Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has long been accepted. Naturally, it costs more to build this advanced motor. It is only today, after fourteen years of experiment and progress, that we have reached our goal of incorporating this superior engine in a low-priced Six maintaining all of Willys-Knight's quality supremacy.

The Standard Six is building up still further the esteem in which Willys-Knight has long been held. It inherits the qualities which have won world-wide prestige and the praise of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners. The new car is distinguished by typical Willys-Knight brilliance, sturdiness, economy, simplicity, quick starting and ease of control.

High compression with any gas

The simplicity of the *patented* Willys-Knight engine is responsible for its remarkable efficiency. Two metal sleeves in each cylinder move smoothly, silently up and down, one within the other, in a protective film of oil. There is no complicated valve mechanism with springs, tappets and cams. These sleeves combine with the spherical cylinder head to form a perfectly sealed combustion chamber. As a result, the Willys-Knight engine gives *high uniform compression* at all times, at all speeds—*and with any gas.*

Two other advanced Sixes

Willys-Knight Special Six—improved, finer; now with added refinements and beautiful new color options. Willys-Knight Great Six—one of America's most luxurious cars. Now, a larger, more powerful engine insures even higher speed and flashier pick-up.

Willys-Knight Sixes range in price from $1145 to $2695, in the Standard Six, Special Six and Great Six divisions. Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice.

The Perfected Whippet—$535

Rounding out the great Willys-Overland line, the 1928 Whippet still leads the light car field—and is even further ahead today than ever before. In performance records, in features of mechanical and engineering superiority—many of which were first brought to the light car field by Whippet—and in proved merit in the hands of its owners, Whippet's leadership is most convincingly established. Now, at new low prices of $455 to $585, Whippet is more than ever the leader in light car value. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto. Canada.

WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED